00097265

THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY

Town Hall, Bombay.

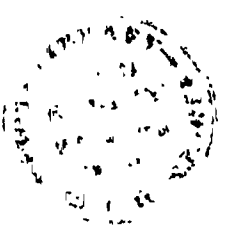
Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 March, 2016

&c.

BY

97265

THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

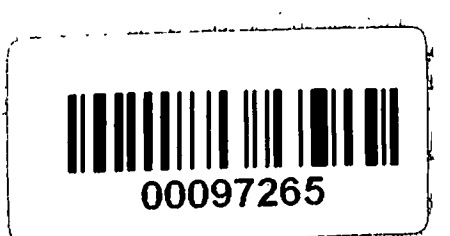


LONDON:

THOMAS BOSWORTH, 215 REGENT STREET.

MDCCCLII.

114.
Wor/&c.
97265



TO

THE LADY CLEMENTINA VILLIERS.

MY DEAREST CLEMENTINA,

To you I venture to inscribe these pages, only wishing they were more worthy of having your name prefixed to them. Were I to say, in common phrase, I do this as a slight tribute of admiration for your many talents, virtues, graces, and accomplishments, I should, indeed, have need of the "&c." which gives a name to my little work, as the enumeration would be far too long for any Dedication page. The only alternative would be to sum up all in the one word — Perfection.

Ever yours most affectionately,

THE AUTHORESS.

PREFACE.

My book of American Travels was called "Travels in the United States, &c.," and that "&c." I propose now, in this little work, to take up again, at least to a certain extent; not as though it merely applied to other countries which I then visited, but as though including remarks and impressions, thoughts and feelings, "&c.," that would have made the previous work too long, had they been therein introduced. I do not mean, however, although thus taking the hint of a name from my published letters (much of the matter of this is from unpublished ones of the same period), to con-

fine myself solely to what might have possibly been indicated by that particular "&c." in any respect. No! I intend to avail myself of all the illimitable comprehensiveness of this invaluable little hieroglyphic, and of those much-involving Latin words it stands for. So that this, in fact, may be said to be "&c. &c. &c. &c. &c." Slight extracts from journals of former travels not published, reminiscences, fancies, associations, anecdotes — anything, in short, may find a place in this "&c." What a great deal, by the way, is often laid on the patient shoulders of the said "&c!" All the unknown, the dimly and vaguely understood, is constantly dismissed with an — "&c." I may possibly return to the subject of this inestimable sign in the course of this little work, or at some future time, so shall only now say, as "&c." is infinite in its application, I shall use it exactly as I please, for all subjects, themes, &c., may belong to it! There is nothing that it cannot reach and include; and I shall

commence my unpretending book, hoping I may, in some measure, successfully penetrate into a portion of its mysterious depths, and slightly demonstrate its capabilities, though I cannot venture to wander far, in these light pages into its deep, unilluminated recesses, and into its unexplored abysses and labyrinths, rich with long-accumulated treasures and stores unimaginable; for, generally, people having once consigned things to "&c." leave them there: but I trust I may rescue a few things and thoughts from its capacious jaws without presumptuously endeavouring to display all its inexhaustible capabilities; for, indeed, as I before said, "&c." is infinite, and wholly unbounded in its application to mammoths or mites, &c. Nay, the universe, &c., may be contained in it; ay, and infinity itself, &c. &c. If, as I much fear, I fail to do any sort of justice to the name I have selected, I hope my amiable readers will excuse errors, oversights, &c. &c., that they will take the will for the deed, &c. &c. &c., and believe

how anxious I am to please them, &c. &c. &c. &c., and that they will receive my sincerest excuses for imperfections, inadvertencies, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., and accept all the usual understood assurances of an author's stereotyped doubts, misgivings, fears, hesitations,—"sense of inadequate execution,"—"consciousness of failure,"—"trust to their indulgence," — "unaffected humility," &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MISSISSIPPI	1
II.	SOMETHING ABOUT THE STARS	22
III.	A LITTLE ABOUT CAVES AND CATARACTS	27
IV.	ABOUT BLACK AND WHITE	32
V.	ARABESQUES AND MARABOUTS	49
VI.	AN UNINVITED GUEST	69
VII.	INVITED GUESTS WHO DECLINE	79
VIII.	A MOORISH PRINCESS	93
IX.	DIDO, ST. LOUIS, &c.	103
X.	HOW DO YOU DO?	121
XI.	BLACK GHOSTS	131
XII.	A MOORISH WEDDING FESTIVAL	141
XIII.	THE BASTINADO	151
XIV.	ROUGH ROADS	162
XV.	ORANGE-TREES	167

CHAPTER		PAGE
XVI.	THE AGE	185
XVII.	PACKING	192
XVIII.	SOME THOUGHTS ON NIAGARA	210
XIX.	A LITTLE ABOUT OUR COUSINS	221
XX.	CHOCTAWS	230
XXI.	NAMES	240
XXII.	STEAM IN AMERICA	249
XXIII.	YELLOW FEVER	280
XXIV.	A FAREWELL	294
XXV.	TRAVELLING	314
XXVI.	RESCUED SLAVES	335
XXVII.	THE KING OF MOSQUITO'S THRONE	362
XXVIII.	A BLOOMER GHOST	373
XXIX.	MANGOES	386
XXX.	PINGUINS	405
XXXI.	OLD JUAN	415
XXXII.	LOVE AND A LANDAU	437
	LINES ON THE EXHIBITION YEAR	446

ERRATA.

P. 4, line 24, *after* monsters, *insert* that are, and *after* poisons, *insert* for the show-booth.
7, line 12, *instead of* ; *put* ,
10, line 16, *after* freely, *insert* also.
15, note, *read* It was written at.
59, line 10, *for* wall, *read* side.
65, line 2, *for* enchanting, *read* bewitching.
91, line 25, *for* in, *read* from.
102, line 14, *for* came, *read* comes, and *dele* a *before* mahboub.
170, line 23, *after* day, *insert* her contemporaries.
172, line 1, *for* this, *read* the, and *after* resemblance *insert* in their hovels.
203, line 4, *for* . *read* , *after* him).
246, line 6, *for* they, *read* our predecessors.
252, last line but one, *for* ; *read* , after bays.
304, line 10, *for* ever, *read* perpetually.
312, the verse *beginning* And far should shed on every side, should come just *before* the last verse in p. 313.
350, last line but two, *for* . *read* ,
438, line 16, *after* mind, instead of ; put , same p. line 17, *for* absent-mood, *read* absent mood.
439, last line, *for* check-strings, *read* check-string.

&c.

CHAPTER I.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, *&c. &c.*

I DID not at all repent having taken the President's advice about going to St. Louis. It is such a wonderful city; and after terrible visitations of cholera and fire, shortly before our arrival there, it was rapidly recovering all its business and prosperity, and rising again, like a very large, gawky, and herculean phœnix, from its ashes. General Taylor told me he remembered it all dense forest, except where a very poor French town stood! I was not so much surprised at *his* recollecting it thus, but I was more astonished when *his son* repeated the same thing to me a few days

ago. We went one day to look for a prairie while we were staying at St. Louis; but after driving I know not how many miles, we could not see any real, *bonâ-fide* prairie, for enclosing during the last twelvemonth had gone on to such a marvellous extent (and cultivation, of course) around St. Louis, that prairies are no longer to be found in the neighbourhood, nor any such idle do-nothings. The country, though that we did see was very interesting to us, from the singularity of aspect it presented,—though there was a sort of slight, heaving, rolling look about the ground, I think a little like the swell of the ocean, it yet had the appearance of almost boundless plains, quite boundless to sight, stretching away in all directions like a vast, unbroken sea—a green (in most parts) and growing Atlantic, not a hill to be seen; and as the clear atmosphere of America displays every distant object with vivid distinctness and truth, and brings the remote apparently near, you may imagine the enormous extent of country exhibited to the eye. The tide of emigration sets in very strongly to that part of the United States, and this is abundantly evident on every side. Irish and Germans almost inundate the country; the latter, how-

ever, I believe are by far the most numerous thereabouts; and you frequently hear Americans declare "the Dutch are eating up the whole country," meaning the Germans in this instance, though it is very common to hear foreigners in general called Dutch in America. I asked once whom they actually meant by the Dutch, for I had heard Russians, Prussians, Swedes, and others, called so indiscriminately, and observed it constantly in their journals. I was told they generally included under the head of Dutch all Europeans who could not speak English, Spanish, or French. I am altogether disposed to be very well contented with the choice I made in visiting the West, and the great rivers; these mighty rivers are worlds in themselves, and unlike everything else (and thus we have seen the extreme South also). Then I should have been sorry indeed to have missed that Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, as marvellous *in its way*, perhaps, as Niagara with her descending seas and mountains of spray-cloud; but, of course, no comparison can strictly be instituted between those two wonders. I was very much struck with one scene on the Mississippi, and that was the junction of the Father of Waters

with the beautiful Ohio. The day was dazzlingly bright and sunny, the waters glittered with ten thousand splendours. Methinks the magnificent marriage of these two majestic streams was as the meeting of yore of the two mightiest of earth's monarchs on the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold: it seemed a gorgeous yet solemn festival of Nature; and at the time we beheld it all was glory and beauty around. But there was one part of the scene like a dull stain on a lovely picture, and that was where, just at the junction of the two kingly rivers, the ill-fated town of Cairo stood, or rather tottered, on its swampy foundations. This unlucky place is supposed to be one gigantic fever-trap; and though many attempts have been made to foster and encourage its growth and prosperity, it still remains stunted, unwholesome-looking, and a failure. Among the generally rapidly-rising and large and flourishing towns of the States, it seems like those dwarfs,—those little frightful formations of *malice prepense*,—those manufactured monsters, stopped in their growth by rum and brandy, and such allowable poisons, or the wretched trees that the Chinese check in their natural developement by poking them

into strangling flower-pots, and divers other cruel contrivances; but here it is Nature herself that plays these tricks with this unfortunate production of man's hands. The houses themselves look almost as dismal as tombstones, and, hastily and rudely built, seem to refuse to go up much higher, as though they felt such should, in fact, be their vocation: fitter for the dead than the living the place certainly seemed; the ground is said to be almost under water at some seasons of the year. We were told Cairo was originally built by an English company, who had formed high expectations regarding it, imagining it would be found to be most advantageously situated. Many were ruined by this unfortunate speculation. Then it was taken in hand by a fresh set, I believe with the same result; and Cairo the cadaverous looks like a beacon to warn people away from the dangerous rocks and shoals of speculation. A friend of mine, speaking of the great love of speculation in this country, told me, that in returning to New York, after a rather short absence, he inquired after an acquaintance of his, who had apparently vanished:—"Where is Mr. So-and-So? what has become of him?" asked

he. "Bust!" was the brief reply. "And Mr. Such-a-one, by the way, I have not seen or heard of him anywhere; what's happened to him?" "Oh, he's bust too!" The informant announced this in the most careless, tone possible, as if he were speaking of a couple of soap-bubbles.

Notwithstanding all this, I should not be surprised if some day Cairo became a flourishing place, they are such wonderfully enterprising people, the Americans; and difficulties and disasters often seem only to stimulate their spirited perseverance. On to the siege they rush, over heaps of their slaughtered and wounded companions, as if to avenge the fate of these fallen and doomed ones. "Impossible" Napoleon declared was not French; but in America it really seems only to mean *more* emphatically, "Look alive there, and go a-head!" We went in a very splendid steamer from St. Louis to Memphis, where we stopped a day or two. This vessel was of enormous length and size; the sleeping cabins, which, in fact, were really comfortably-sized little apartments, were adorned with the costliest silk curtains, and a profusion of gilding; and everything—which is better

— was well arranged, commodious, and nice. As to the large saloon, it was most gorgeously decorated, quite a blaze of gold, draperied with satin and velvet of the most resplendent colours and elaborate patterns; and they did not, I assure you, allow the passengers to starve amid all this splendour, for they gave them breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper, when an almost endless variety of food was provided for them, and from the most substantial roast and boiled to the most aerial soufflets and whipped creams; everything seemed excellent; we might perhaps almost literally say, that under all these accumulated delicacies the tables groaned, for they were probably in a very rickety state. Magnificent as the "Bostona" was, she was in a most dilapidated condition, which we knew not till we embarked in her. It was not from age or from neglect, however; but she had had the misfortune to be lying next to the unfortunate "Louisiana" when she blew up, and the "Bostona" suffered very severely from this. Her captain was killed on the spot, the clerk was thrown down, and remained senseless for many hours, and he was still very ill, and suffering greatly from this; he

looked, poor man! very much like a ghost. The vessel was considerably injured, but started at once on to St. Louis; some carpenters and workmen were busily at work on her still, repairing her almost all the time we were on board. We found numerous traces of the devastation that had been caused. All the magnificent chandeliers in the ladies' great saloon were broken, quantities of furniture damaged, jugs and basins, like veterans, covered with scars; and when my poor child attempted to take possession of her berth at night, crack, crick, crack, was heard, and down partially came the berth, as if civilly anxious to meet her half way, and like Mahomet's coffin it remained, swaying between heaven and earth. She came down a great deal faster than it did, in "considerable" of a fright; and to gain redress had to re-dress, of course, when the carpenter was sent for, to "fix" it. This was happily arranged, and the superb silken curtain closed on the scene without further disasters. However, a similar tragedy was enacted soon after by our maids in the next cabin (and, probably, in all in their turn, though not by general desire); they found their berths equally untrustworthy, and

bent on performing little practical jokes of their own. They had been thus loosened by the terrible shock the vessel had sustained by the neighbouring explosion. We stopped at Memphis (in Tennessee); it is the *dépôt* of Western Tennessee, and its commerce is large, more than 120,000 bales of cotton being shipped from this place every season. A United States navy yard has lately been established here, and the buildings are now in course of completion; it is built on a bluff on the left bank of the Mississippi. The immense quantity of pigs and other animals the steamboats carry is prodigious. One of the great boats in which we took a passage really seemed like a Noah's ark, and we almost began to wonder there was *not* an elephant and *not* a camélopard on board; but then, certainly, the animals were not in pairs, but in scores, the pigs preponderating vastly; the magnificent steamer seemed part palace and part pigstye. Exactly under the most splendid sleeping state-cabins, gilded bowers with rose-coloured hangings, were the state-styes for the respectable quadrupeds aforesaid, for aught I know, gilded and rose-coloured also. One's olfactory nerves would not allow one to ignore the fact,

even had one been deaf to the voice of these charmers; and those particular pigs seemed to me the most communicative and conversable, chatty porkers that ever walked on four trotters, grunting and squeaking incessantly, but, it must be owned, rather in a peevish and complaining tone; they would hardly let the rest of the menagerie have a word. Cows, calves, sheep, chicks, &c., were forced to listen in respectful silence. The drivers of those garrulous animals appeared to have caught the infection of their loquacity; they did nothing but sing, swear, or quarrel all day and night. Though they sung, there seemed no harmony amongst them; the pigs were evidently swearing on their side pretty freely, and the chorus they made altogether was totally inimical to sleep. It is a pity they cannot divide such very live and lively stock a little more from the human passengers; however, we become accustomed to anything in time, and the third day or night the squeaking and grunting and hallooing in the regions below were scarcely noticed. Had the parting porkers afterwards held out the trotter of friendship, unanathematizing, we might have accepted it.

When first we passed the plantations, and saw the rows of wooden sheds, the quarters where the slaves live, we could not imagine what they were. At a distance they look a little like something between a sepulchre and a sentry-box; they look clean, however. A lady on board one of these boats, before I went to St. Louis, was very anxious to know if I was going to take a farm anywhere in her neighbourhood; when I answered in the negative, her astonishment knew no bounds. "*Not* take a farm!—My! I thought, of course, you were come here for that." She then was kind enough to make the most particular inquiries after all my relations—nay, interested herself about their pursuits and employments, and even their pecuniary affairs—which was very friendly! Then she asked about my plans, prospects, past and future life, and was desirous of knowing where I had last come from. "London," I told her. She was more surprised than ever that I was not going to take a farm when she heard this; "For," said she, "an Englishwoman came about a year ago to take a farm nigh to where I live, and she was from *near* London; so of course I should have guessed you were going to do so too. Do you

know her?—Mrs. Smith's her name?" "No, I do not." "Well, that *is* strange, though!" This inquisitive lady was really, however, a pleasant and good-natured person, and gave me a great deal of interesting information (in return, I suppose, for what must have been the very uninteresting answers I gave her to her interrogatories, which responses were naturally of rather a meagre description). She described to me some singular old Indian mounds near her place of abode; and told me she remembered when she was a child seeing a huge great bear swim across the river (of course, there are no such things in these neighbourhoods now), very near her father's house. She informed me she lived now at Marietta, which, she said, was named after poor Marie Antoinette (who, I think, had presented the bells for its church), and gave me some interesting particulars about it. I was quite sorry when my amiable companion disembarked, for after the little cross-examination was over she was very entertaining and agreeable. It would be foolish, indeed, to take offence when none was intended. At Memphis we were almost snowed up; I was told by a gentleman who had constantly been in

this part of the world, that he did not recollect such a fall of snow here above twice in his life. How unnatural it seems to see negroes in the midst of snow and ice, though they did not seem to suffer more than others from cold, and, of course, are all natives! This incongruity struck me more particularly in the Alleghanies, however (perhaps because it was the first time I had ever seen the jetty colouring of the African relieved against the white glare of snow); there they appeared to shiver amid those bleak, rude, exposed scenes. At a town not far from the Mississippi, I was amused by our hostess telling me, in the most patronizing manner, during a visit she paid me, that, upon the whole, she approved of the conduct in general of our gracious Queen; and she appeared to think this astounding announcement would be almost too overcoming to my feelings as a loyal British subject, and was a most amazing condescension for her, as an American, to stoop to. It was pronounced in a very majestic manner too, and with as much dignity as if it was a speech from the throne. It would not have had so odd an effect had it not been for the freezing pomposity of the

tone in which these gracious sentiments were delivered. On board one of the steamers there was a particularly nice family of children; the eldest girl seemed about fifteen, and she was a very intelligent and apparently amiable girl. They were all in the deepest mourning, having lately lost their father; the poor mother seemed in very delicate health, and in great grief. They were attended by several female slaves, with whom they seemed on the most friendly and familiar terms. One of these slaves in particular seemed to be very free and easy with the young lady I have mentioned. I asked her if this negress always called her by her Christian name, "*tout court*," as I observed she did in addressing her. "Oh yes," she said, "and I wish her to do so, as she has been all her life in the family. She knows I like it, otherwise she would not do it." We were not far from Natchez, and she told me in the spring and summer the flowers all about that part of the country were in splendid profusion; and the magnolias, roses, heliotropes, jessamines, and camellias, she described as perfectly enchanting, especially the former, from their delicious perfume; the

magnificent magnolia trees grow wild and to a great size in the South. We liked our stay at Natchez very much; we had quite summer weather there. Natchez is on a steep *bluff*—at least, the greatest part of it; it was formerly the residence of the Great Sun, or principal chief of the tribe of the Natchez, and it was with his permission the French built Fort Rosalie here in 1716. The French garrison were afterwards surprised and slaughtered by the Indians, and almost all the inhabitants of the village in 1729. This place is a very busy cotton mart, with an extensive and fast-spreading trade. I am sorry to say they appear to treat the poor mules there very cruelly, urging them evidently beyond their strength, with heavy loads, up the precipitous hills, with the roads sometimes frightfully bad—a deep, miry slough. The poor creatures must be worn out rapidly under such treatment by their unfeeling drivers (usually negroes). I am afraid there is a great deal of cruelty to animals here too,* for I have lately read a shocking account of the brutality of two drivers. They tied their carts together at

* This was written at New Orleans.

the back, and then barbarously flogged their horses to try their relative strength. I know not whether there are any laws here for the prevention of such cruelty to the brute creation; but if not, I think it would be very beneficial to both masters and mules to have such enacted without delay. I do not remember in the North or the West to have seen any similar instances, except in a few isolated cases. Much as I admire the *tout ensemble* of the Mississippi river, I cannot bestow any praise on the colour of its turbid, thick, muddy-looking water. It is reckoned very wholesome, however, to drink, repulsive as it looks; and certainly it ought to be so for one reason: it looks marvellously like an enormous running stream of apothecary's stuff, a very strong decoction of mahogany-coloured bark, with a slight dash of port wine to deepen its hue; it is a mulatto-complexioned river, there is no doubt of that, and wears the deep-tanned "livery of the burnished sun." You might think all the snuff in creation, and a great deal more, had been emptied into it. Apparently my grandfather's excellent advice to Lady Holland about Napoleon's snuff-box, "Give it to our own majestic stream!" had

been followed here by millions of not patriotic repudiators, but reformed snuff-takers. The first time I saw it on the dinner-table in huge jugs and bottles, it looked to me like a plentiful supply of cold mulligatawny soup, or of very dark gutta percha in a melted state, neither of which beverages appeared to offer a pleasant substitute for clear crystal water for quenching the thirst. On a goblet of the seeming gutta percha being presented to us we discovered our mistake, and, strange to say, the unpleasant-looking tawny liquid was found to have no disagreeable taste whatever.

An American gentleman, proposing Father Mathew's health the other day, gave this toast (which in his case, we presume, is always toast-and-water), "The Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew — the Mississippi of Men, the Father of Waters!"

It would have been strange, indeed, if once, on that great national race-course the Mississippi, we had not seen or taken part in some little match or handicap, or joined in a steeple-chase over snag-fences and sawyer-hurdles. I assure you we were not so unsportsmanlike; and, accordingly, found ourselves engaged in one of the former descriptions of race in the

promising young steamer—but I will not give the name—whose gallant captain was in no wise deterred by the late awful explosion of the "Louisiana." It was impossible for any one who, like me, had resided so frequently within two miles of Newmarket, not to take a great interest in this animated race. It was a beautiful, bright, clear day; the decks of both vessels were crowded with the passengers, and all looked gay and cheering, except the "colours of the riders;" they generally displayed, at least in their faces, the most pallid and livid hues, and not unfrequently a ghastly white,—of course, especially the ladies of the party, though nobody likes to find himself suddenly, unceremoniously, and without so much as "by your leave," tossed into the middle of next week, required to make an extemporaneous and expeditious aerial voyage, without any assistance from a balloon, and all in order that steamer A. may arrive sooner than steamer B. at Whiteville or Brownville. Yet I believe I am wrong, and that they *do* like it, or it would not be done. Be this as it may, certainly almost all the *ladies* on board were huddled together at one end of the boat, as far

as they could get from the boilers. One presently came to me, and asked me if I was not frightened. I said, "No—not for our boat, at least;" as I could not think there was any danger, considering how very new our steamer was. "Oh," cried my interlocutor, "that's nothing, for they often put old boilers in new boats; and besides, the opposition boat is a very old one indeed, and will most likely blow up; and if she does, it will be just as bad for us every bit as if our own did, for you see how close she is to us!"—close indeed, for the steamers actually seemed to graze each other's sides. After the little dose of comfort thus considerately administered, I did not quite feel devoid of a certain trepidation and anxiety, though I could not resist taking an interest still in the race. It was a very fine race. Now we darted a few feet before the other, now that other came panting and puffing past. However, there was a great deal of crossing and jostling I think, which leads to me to form a conclusion that there is no regular jockey club, or regatta club (or whatever it ought to be), yet established to decide matters of that nature in this part of the world, which is a pity, when these sporting events come off

so frequently. On we went—splash, splashing along, while the black and tan waters of the Great River looked quite gay and glad with the sunshine, and the animated struggle on their cloven surface. It was neck and neck, nose and nose—how would it end? Some doubtless thought, with heavy hearts, in a decided *dead* heat. But no such thing. Our colt of a steamer, fresh as a four-year old, began to leave her venerable opponent behind; our captain made a good Chiffney rush, and we won; the opposition boat, rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of "Old Hickory," was distanced. They really should see to having winning posts on the banks, or measured distances, or something of the kind. The passengers then left the positions they had taken up, to avoid being *taken up* a little higher; and as we did *not* blow up, nobody blew up the captain for the little alarm he had given us. Generally in the newspapers of the towns on the banks of the Mississippi, you see long lists headed thus, "Snagged," and "Burst their boilers"—a melancholy column.

How much I feel that foreign travel, instead of diminishing real, heartfelt sentiments

of regard and home affection, only increase them. We

"Draw at each remove a lengthening chain;"

and, in the language of my favourite Wordsworth, remain

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!"

the Heaven and Home which almost seem to mingle and meet in that dear, far-off horizon —seen, not by the bodily but the mental eye. But I must not prose any longer to-day, or poetise either.

The company on board the steamer amused themselves in various ways; among other things, a number of them dressed up as Spanish grandees and grandee-esses, and, divertingly enough, mimicked the formalities and extravagant airs and graces of the olden time, keeping up the characters exceedingly well. They also played a variety of games *de société*, and sang many songs very nicely. One lady was a very charming singer.

CHAPTER II.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE STARS, *&c. &c.*

WHEN we were at Washington we attended a *soirée* of the planets (in other words, paid a visit to the handsome observatory). Messrs. Saturn and Neptune were at home, and their remarkably spacious suite of apartments being thrown open *as usual*, they displayed a most regal magnificence, even in this republican country. I had often seen the first-named gentleman's portraits, but never himself through a large telescope, till the other night. What a gorgeous world it looked—all lustrous and shining as a huge lump of Californian gold! If its reality at all consorts with its appearance, what "diggins" must they have there! Whenever this go-ahead nation annexes Saturn, and it is admitted as a state into the Union, I should

particularly like to pay a visit to *those* mines. To be sure, it is rather distant, a little farther off than California; but a few years more of steam and electricity, and — Nous verrons! — "pas à pas on va bien loin!"

After we had looked at the majestic spectacle our exalted and hospitable hosts presented, a person who had silently followed us into the room quietly stepped up, and took a long look through the telescope. This individual, who appeared to have received a card from their highnesses, proved to be our Irish "Hack-driver," who had composedly come upstairs, and now took his turn of gazing. When he had finished, he looked prodigiously grave and solemn, as if he were making some abstruse calculations, and was not altogether satisfied with Newton's theory, or the late discovery of Le Verrier; but he preserved a total silence on the subject, sager than Coleridge's wiseacre, who had, for a long time, during a serious and recondite conversation, nodded *à la* Burleigh, and looked like a male Minerva; but, at last, overpowered by the sight of some fascinating apple-dumplings, burst forth with, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

If any ladies and gentlemen in Saturn were returning the compliment we were paying them, and looking at our little workaday world, with what different feelings surely they must have been gazing upon it, from those with which we watched *their* sumptuous world, always in such *grande tenue*, with its two rings, and its eight jewels of moons! What a sorry exhibition we must make with our one poor maid-of-all-work, our one little drudge of a moon, who is scarcely allowed time to "tidy" herself, such a hard place as she has of it,—and so lonely too! No wonder Sir Philip Sidney, and every body else after him, should talk of the "sad steps and slow," with which the poor fag climbs her attic, or her (very wide) area stairs. How I should like to look at the sublime Saturn through Lord Rosse's telescope; this skyey sultan, with his moon-faced harem, must look magnificent indeed through that. But, then, who ever

> "Gazed and saw them shining,
> And turned to earth without repining?"

However, to "turn to earth" and earthy things somewhat abruptly, before I close this star-struck chapter, let me strenuously advise

all future travellers in the United States, to divest themselves as much as possible of all superfluous luggage — "impedimenta," as Julius Cæsar happily called it (*he* was evidently contented with a small carpet-bag, and carried no hat-box to stow away his laurel wreath in, which appeared to do duty on his "bald front" in the capacity of *chapeau*). Here trunks have a peculiarly severe life of it; and though they may be "as hard as nails," yet they generally come considerably crippled out of the *mêlée*. They are tossed about with unpitying violence, like a new species of leathern shuttle-cocks, and must have nine lives, like the feline race, to survive it at all. Let those who love their portmanteaus then, leave them at home when they cross the capacious herring-pond.

What a pretty town, in a pretty situation, is Georgetown! While Washington makes one think of "coming events casting their shadows before," Georgetown is a respectable little reality, well filled out, and substantial. Idealists and realists may both thus please themselves in this diversified neighbourhood. Georgetown college, founded in 1791, under the direction of the Roman Catholics, has two

large edifices well situated. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal commences here; it is in contemplation to extend it to the Ohio River; it has recently been continued to a place called Alexandria. I find a very romantic story indeed attaches to my Alleghany acquaintance, Madame V——l. But, inquisitive reader, I am not going to confide it to you — don't think it — though it *is* very highly interesting; the circumstances of the case were so exceedingly extraordinary.

A good wind-up this to such a chapter of stars, I flatter myself; almost as convenient, too, as that all-including — &c.

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE ABOUT CAVES AND CATARACTS, *&c. &c.*

In that wonderful "Mammoth Cave" that I visited in Kentucky, unhappy Dame Nature gave one much the idea of a poor prisoner—for debt perhaps — we have all heard of the debt of nature, and she seemed unresigned, and uncomfortable, incarcerated in that giant den. She appeared, too, as though assiduously trying to amuse herself by fabricating as close a copy as she could contrive to make inside, of those works and wonders of hers in which she takes most pleasure outside. Thus, here you see a sort of Brummagem firmament, ingeniously executed in gypsum and spar, and such materials, with sun and planets, &c., to match; and there a kind of pinchbeck garden of flowers, which (perhaps to express the poor

captive's grief, in the fashion of arms reversed) she has made to stand, like mountebanks, on their heads. These flowers and stars she cannot have in the cave, except as counterfeits; she has an assortment of fictitious clouds also. But for the waterfalls, and rivers, and gulfs, and bats, and pits, she does not manufacture *them* in mock show; she *has* them already there in a noble profusion! But notwithstanding she is thus surrounded by some of her proud, legitimate productions, and by elaborate representations of others, you feel, somehow or other, a profound pity for the "poor prisoner;" and for a length of time after your voluntary temporary incarceration in these dismal, thrice-terrestrial precincts, you cherish a wide-spread, tender commiseration for all miners, moles, and mummies, and all mortal remains below the sod. Methink the bleakest desert were lovely and cheerful compared with this world of dreariment, even supposing you could have gas-fittings in every part, or the electric light itself perpetually. Wonderful, indeed, it is, with its frowning fastnesses and recesses, its mysterious deep rivers, its singular illusions, such as the Star-Chamber (whose lofty roof seems glittering with crowded celestial lumi-

naries), and Cleveland's Cabinet, adorned with floral miracles; and with its yet unexplored stone wildernesses and sparry labyrinths, extending, it is conjectured, for hundreds of miles; yet meseemeth, it is far more wonderful than pleasing on the whole. Walking in this gigantic cavern is the roughest imaginable work; you have to go up and down very rude, inconvenient ladders, to creep along the uneven ledges of precipices, to climb hills, and descend into vales. The ground is generally exceedingly rugged, so that after walking for some time, the soles of the feet feel as if they had been well bastinadoed. We suffered a good deal from this, although we had extremely thick-soled boots, with which we had provided ourselves at Elizabethtown, and which, indeed, well deserved, like the Cave itself, the appellation of "Mammoth."

As I said before, this great cavern is almost as marvellous in its way as Niagara; but its way is different indeed, and far, far less delightful and absorbing — *selon moi*. Of course, one feels they cannot be compared together; and yet one *does* mentally compare them, strange to say, for more impossibilities are done than people are quite aware of: and a

friend of mine told me, she admired the Kentucky Cave infinitely more than the Giant Cataract, and that she was far more astonished and overwhelmed by it altogether, than by the first sight of the stupendous waterfall. This very much astonished *me;* but tastes are proverbially capricious. After our gloomy walk in the frowning cavern, remembrances of Niagara, and its glories, crowded in upon my mind with singular force and rapidity; and what would I have not given for its stirring, stormy grandeur, to dissipate the sombre impressions and doleful associations of that almost bottomless pit (I should mention, that it is supposed by some persons to spread not only under the greater part of Kentucky, but under a portion of Tennessee also), with its fearfully gloomy avenues, and stony valleys of the shadow of death? Why, I think even Proserpine, notwithstanding the artificial fossil-flowers that might tempt her, by reminding her faintly of the plains of Enna, would prefer the banks of rushing Phlegethon to the melancholy majesty of these silent, oppressive regions, with all their lugubrious fascinations! I certainly longed heartily for "one hour" of the last beauteous thunder-storm we saw at Niagara.

How glorious did it look from the balcony of the house where we were staying, and what a contrast did that balcony present to one I had left behind me in England, where often I have sat in summer evenings watching the play of innocuous lightning, and inhaling the breath of sweet mignonette. *Then* was I wont to exclaim, "Great are the united charms of mignonette and lightning!" But greater did I find those of Niagara and lightning combined. Think a little what they must be! More than summer lightning, however, was that which we saw flash forth, as if a thousand worlds were on fire at once, behind the tremendous sheet of the "Great Water."

By the way, not only in the Monster Cave does Nature mimic *herself;* she seems also to wile away her heavy time by copying the work of man's hands. Here you find a Chair, there a Coffin, and there a splendid and a truly sublime Temple, extraordinarily perfect.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT BLACK AND WHITE, *&c. &c.*

I AM well aware that it is necessary to tread carefully on this delicate subject, and to mind what one says in black and white about white and black in these days; but I shall take courage, as I only intend to repeat one or two things that were told me by an esteemed friend of mine in the South, and which I thought highly interesting. She was telling me one day of a visit she had paid to the North, and I happened to ask her if she did not find the slaves she took with her on such occasions become very discontented with their situation afterwards, "Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed; "on the contrary, they generally detest the North, where they find themselves utterly uncomfortable and wretched." I was

surprised at this, and said so. "I ought perhaps first to tell you," she replied, "that it is two or three years since the circumstance I am about to relate to you took place, and, I believe, that a very material and remarkable change has *now* taken place in these particulars. After I had been in one of the largest cities of the North for some days, I asked Betsey" (a slave) "how she liked it? She burst into tears and said,—'Oh, let me go back—let me go back to the South, I am *so* miserable here.' I was surprised at this burst of grief, though I well knew how little consideration or kindness was shown to coloured people in the free States, and asked her what occasioned her such bitter sorrow? She told me, with many sobs, she had never been so harshly treated in her life. On my questioning her farther she gave me the following curious particulars,"—My friend then went on to tell me that the poor slave informed her, that on receiving some money from her master a short time before, expressly that she might visit an interesting public exhibition near the hotel where they were staying, she went there full of glad anticipations, and producing the necessary sum at the entrance was prepar-

ing to go in, when she was suddenly and roughly checked by the door-keepers, who had just caught sight of her inky countenance, and who unceremoniously took her by the shoulder to turn her out, "Get out with you, no Niggers admitted here." Distressed and disappointed she quitted the place, believing this was some especial regulation adopted only by the managers of this particular exhibition. Pensively she wended her way along the street, thinking she might find some other place of public entertainment a little less exclusive; the day was very hot —one of the most broiling days of the broiling American summer—she espied a confectioner's shop hard by, where the exquisite ices looked thoroughly bewitching. She meekly entered and asked for an ice in gentle accents; with equal suavity the busy shopman responded, and hastily proffered her a most tempting-looking water ice. The *un*-fair damsel could have found it in her heart to snatch it as hastily, thirsty as she was, and somewhat fevered, too, by the late untoward circumstances, her fruitless walk, and deep mortification. However, good manners prevailed, and she quietly took the pleasant refreshment, and was just about to raise some of it to her lips, when the well-

known proverb of "many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip," was cruelly exemplified in her case, for the shopman, who at the same moment happened to raise his eyes to her face, with an ejaculation of horror, seized upon the all-but-vanished ice, and waved his hand with tragical emphasis, while apparently the excess of his emotion deprived him of the use of words. Poor Betsey stood with her defrauded mouth still wide open,—chilled sufficiently without the ice, for an undefinable terror seized her—a painful silence ensued. At last the indignant confectioner, who had borne off the ice, broke it by an angry attack on the unconscious offender, "Why, how *dare* you presume to come here? You must know we do not sell dainties to niggers; take yourself off this instant—out with you!" But poor Betsey ventured to remonstrate, she did not know the regulation—might she have the ice this time, and she would never pollute these fastidious precincts again? Vainly did she implore him, her piteous accents were pathetic enough to have melted all the ices in the tyrannical pastry-cook's shop, but the pastry-cook's soul was crusted, not with pie-paste, but adamant. He authoritatively commanded this blackest of delinquents to leave the shop in-

stantaneously, and accordingly she did so, after being hastily informed by him that if he was guilty of the weakness and wickedness of giving way to her humble entreaties he would lose all his customers entirely. "Do you suppose if I admitted black people here, and sold ices to them, that any white person would ever come near my shop again? why, it would be the ruin of me!" She proceeded, sadly disheartened, on her thirsty, broiling way—hotter than ever seemed the day—the disconsolate damsel, overwhelmed with humiliation and disappointment, could scarcely support herself. She had promised herself so much happiness and enjoyment in the Free States—was it all come to this? She had to go on an errand of business to a distant part of the town, and felt quite unequal to the exertion of walking farther; an omnibus drew up close to the pavement, she resolved to take her place in it, she was so rich!—for, strange to say, she could not, with the best intentions so to do, get rid of her money! The conductor hurriedly, of course, opened the door—hurriedly gave her the preliminary shove. Before she seated herself, she turned the light of her countenance upon him for a

moment, to tell him where she wished to alight, and he *was* enlightened. In his agitation he continued jamming the door to with one hand, while he desperately plucked the unlucky candidate for admission out with the other; she, in her private opinion, inclining to think that she had better be whole and undivided on one side of the door, although that was the outside, extricated herself as ingeniously as she could, and stood wondering and bewildered on the step. Not long did she remain in ignorance. The poor creature was to pay the full penalty of her benighted epidermis and understanding. "What! do you think we carry Niggers in our 'busses?—why, if we did we should have nothing else to carry." And he obligingly tried to assist the poor woman from the step by a sharp push; but Betsey, with tears, besought him to allow her to enter, she was *so* tired. Alas, his heart resembled his own water-proof wearing-apparel, it was of the "washable beaver" order, —it turned tears thoroughly; nay, it seemed to become more invulnerable and firm from the watery contact,—white tears, perhaps, might have had a rather different effect, but mere black tears—a few blots of ink

were as likely to soften that hard heart. Are these tears, then, black? are they not of as clear a crystal, as pure a pearliness as was Cleopatra's "unanswerable tear,"—that "timid tear" which caused the loss of a world? But we must find our way back from the fascinating Egyptian to the despised Ethiopian; she, poor soul! dejected and unhappy, had but one wish in her heart,—to return to the Slave States!—for there, as my friend proceeded to assure me, the coloured people are subjected to no such galling mortifications, privations, and insults. At different public entertainments they have comfortable places reserved for and assigned to them, and such persecutions as this poor martyr to a bad complexion endured, are out of the question. However I must repeat, this happened about three years ago, and an immense change is now, I believe, taking place gradually. This strong and singular difference that existed till lately between the practice of the Northern and Southern States with regard to the general treatment of the coloured population, has been described to me as originating in the Free States, in the consciousness of a want of a clear, positive line of demarcation between the

white and black inhabitants; they were afraid the latter should presume too far, and look upon themselves by degrees as quite equal to their white co-citizens. The Americans have, it is well known, an insuperable aversion to admit any real and natural equality between the two races, — the dread of encouraging any possible amalgamation between the African and the Anglo-Saxon races, therefore, where the vast distinction of slave and free existed not, urged them to resort to those severe measures to discountenance to the utmost any prospect, or even any appearance of the sort. Thus these endless petty mortifications and deprivations, (some of them, perhaps, insignificant in themselves, but overwhelming in the aggregate,) like the sour and bad "*Chasse-Cousin,*" that vinegar-like wine given to "poor relations" to disgust them and wean them from their rich cousins' table, were employed to discourage the unfortunate Negroes, and make them feel daily and hourly their uncomfortable position, and the immense difference between them and the white portion of the community. In the Slave States, of course, there could be no occasion for any wary precautions of the kind, the distinction was too

glaringly marked, and any approximation to equality was too palpably impossible. I was not aware till the same friend told me of the fact, that there is a strong dislike between the Indians and the Negroes; the former having a saying, that "the Great Spirit made first Indians, then white men, then dogs, and then Niggers." The Negro, on his side, turns up his flat nose at the Red Man. They cordially detest each other. I should imagine, from their relative characters and positions, the contempt and dislike originated in the haughty Indian, and was merely reciprocated by the Negro. In the course of conversation, my friend mentioned some remarkable facts which caused me to think, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the institution of slavery as regards the slaves themselves, in some respects it appears to be very prejudicial in its effects to their masters. This lady told me that it was often the case that Southern boys of good family were sent to the Northern States to be educated, and that frequently they were found so ungovernable and overbearing, so violent in their tempers, and so irascible and unruly, as to necessitate their removal from the schools in which they had been placed.

This she attributed, it appears to me, with much justice, to their early-acquired habits of domineering over slaves, of being surrounded by numbers of these helpless creatures, ever watching their slightest caprices, and obedient to their least commands, treating them with the deference due not only to beings of a superior station, but of a superior race. Their warm Southern blood is not likely to have its inflammable ardour moderated by this early training. It must be remembered that these particulars were related to me by a lady who is herself a Southern slaveholder. Such statements have more weight emanating from such unimpeachable authority.

A little black page belonging to my friend was one of the quickest and best of that genus I have ever seen. We observed that he appeared to have a dread and horror of the Indians, of whom there are a great many near the town where my friend resides. When, as was not unfrequently the case, for we several times visited an Indian camp attended by him, —he found himself in close contact with these objects of his apprehension, he would twist about sometimes as if positively writhing under

the infliction; rolling himself into a compact black ball, like a sable hedgehog. So much for "rouge et noir" here.

I was told the other day, that the slave-dealers —those who sell slaves from one master to another—are looked upon with almost universal abhorrence and contempt, even in the Slave states themselves. I do not remember to have seen this fact mentioned in any book yet, but my information came from persons of the most unquestionable veracity. I was positively assured that these traffickers in human beings are *cut* publicly, and avoided by common consent, as much in the South as in the North. I was shown a magnificent, solitary-looking mansion appertaining to one of these gentry, who had amassed a large fortune; and my informant, on pointing it out, said significantly, "It is a handsome house—very! You see carriage-drive, portico, and all; but carriages of visitors never go there: that house is avoided and solitary, always, as you see it now." It was related to me, that the widow of one of those rich dealers took courage a little while ago to make her appearance at a grand ball in one of the great Southern cities (I am pretty sure it was at New Orleans).

She shone forth ostentatiously bedizened over with diamonds. Everybody shrunk away as she approached, and offensive remarks were murmured pretty audibly around her, "Stained are diamonds that were bought with the blood of Negroes!" "Do not those pearls make you think of petrified tears?" &c. At last the lady "concluded" to leave the room. My informant was a slaveholder, but spoke with the greatest horror of those who make this frightful trade their profession. This may seem to some inconsistent, and, perhaps, affected; but I fully believe it is thoroughly sincere and genuine, and, I am disposed to think, natural. That it is actually the case I cannot doubt, after what I have been told on the subject: and I believe any one who made inquiries at New Orleans or Mobile, would readily assure themselves that such is the fact.

When we were at New Orleans, nothing struck me more than the thoroughly French air of the French streets. In the Spanish quarter nothing particularly Castilian attracted the attention, but the *Grande Nation* in the Gallic municipality seemed visibly present. There

is a French look, sound, tone, smell—everywhere the same shops, dresses, figures, faces, and odours, that you meet in every city in *la belle France.* Try to forget a moment what hemisphere you are in, and look at the large French windows of that Hôtel Meublé. Might you not think you are in the Rue de la Paix at Paris? Look at the inside of the beautiful apartment too, with its gilding, vases, clocks, and rich furniture, might you not easily imagine yourself to be in one of the splendid hotels of the Rue de Rivoli? The French part of New Orleans, in short, is a little Paris; and, without the *agrémens* of revolutions and barricades, the people appear to be as French as they ever were or well can be; and this being the case, it is more surprising that they should so perfectly well agree and harmonize with their Anglo-American fellow-citizens; but even without destroying the tone and traces of particular nationalities, the Americans have pre-eminently the art of making all peoples and kindreds pull well and smoothly together with them. Only in the case of the Cork and Connaught men do they fail, and these they cannot reconcile to

each other; a feline and canine "*entente cordiale,*" it appears, would be easily arranged in comparison.

As I am speaking of the capital of cotton (New Orleans), I must observe how pretty the cotton looks growing. We are so accustomed to hear of the endless cotton transmogrifications of Manchester, we seldom think of the lovely material as it appears in its native haunts. I brought away a miniature bale of the President's cotton from his plantation, just as it came off the tree before it was subjected to the process that separates the seed from the lint; it is a beautiful specimen.

And now I must leave New Orleans behind, which, by the way, the Mississippi appears to think of doing also. Some apprehensions, it would seem, are entertained on the subject. The fact is, from what I learn, the bed of the river is constantly being raised, and the more the river's channel is upraised, the more will the clogged current become enfeebled, it is said; and in time of flood, therefore, the more will the lazy waters be heaped and gathered above. Supposing this to happen, the absence of an active current in the lower portion of

the river powerful enough to drain the channel above, would, so to say, be equivalent to interposing an obstacle to the stream, which, under the circumstances, would most probably increase so much at some particular points, as to give it strength to burst through all barriers, and then to force a fresh path to the Mexican Gulf.

New Orleans, then, in the midst of her still unchanged dank swamps and rushes, would be left indeed, like a fair widow, to her *weeds*, and would probably find herself as disadvantageously situated as she now, with justice, boasts of being favourably so. The staple productions of Louisiana are cotton, rice, and sugar. The sugar-cane grows chiefly on the Gulf-shores, and on the mouths and bayoux of the delta of the Mississippi.

Should this mighty river remain true and loyal, and not leave the Crescent City to her fate, what an entrepôt, what an emporium, New Orleans will naturally become, when this marvellous valley, endowed with resources almost incalculable, and fertility almost inconceivable, is teeming with industrious and energetic millions (as, no doubt, it will be,—it could contain and sustain one hundred and

fifty millions), and when not only the Mississippi and its glorious tributary streams, but the principal tributary streams of those tributaries too, shall be literally covered with thousands and thousands of vessels, bearing great part of the surplus wealth of the innumerable and diversified products of the enormously-extended valley, whose cultivable regions are ten times the size of England and Scotland put together! Its immense, exquisitely-arranged, and complicated system of rivers alone, is a marvel and is a miracle,—all uniting their fertilizing streams in the great Father of Waters, and so rolling past this, at present, highly-favoured city to the Gulf of Mexico.

No longer does New Orleans seem a place far out of the world (as we should phrase it); the wonderful extension of the electric telegraph of the United States has, indeed, "changé tout cela." Through its magical instrumentality the New Orleanists are made aware of the latest fashions in costumes and constitutions at Paris nearly as early as the New Yorkers. But without the Ariel-like agency of the electric telegraph I had an example the other day of the late great improvements in the modes of intercommuni-

cation. I was at New York, and just returned from Canada, where I went almost immediately after landing in the United States. There I had stayed a month, and by adding a few days for travelling, I may have been in America some six weeks, and I received a letter from a dear friend in *Africa*, telling me she had just seen in "Galignani" of my having sailed from England for North America, to visit Niagara and the Lakes. How rapidly did this travel through France in a Paris newspaper to Africa (Tunis), and come over to me in *America!* This letter contained a friendly invitation to me to visit my kind friends again in Africa, after I had closed my tour in the United States. We live in a fast age, assuredly!

CHAPTER V.

ARABESQUES AND MARABOUTS,

&c. &c.

In these locomotive days, when "all the world and the rest of mankind" are peregrinating perpetually, hurrying from Cochin China to the Falkland Islands, and from Spitzbergen to Timbuctoo, in the shortest possible space of time, taking a waltz round the world till they are giddy, and gracefully jumping over Alps and Pyrenees, as if those respectable old mountains were molehills;—when you suddenly meet your friend in Piccadilly whom you believed to be at the South Pole, and who really was there a very little while ago;—when finding London one morning rather more foggy than usual, and rather dull (and that the friends you were perhaps

dining with two days ago have severally gone off for a week's holiday to Mesopotamia, Seringapatam, New Zealand, and Crim Tartary), you order a cab, take a small paper of sandwiches, &c., reach a station — a port — and transport yourself for a week or ten days to New Guinea or Madagascar:—in these restless, rapid days, I do not see why poor authors are to be expected alone to be jog-trot, methodical, slow, and formal—why they should be condemned demurely to arrange their chapters with prim regularity, and not be allowed to jump in a couple of pages from one side of the world to the other;—it is tyranny and the vilest despotism, and I am about to rebel against any such arbitrary rules. However, mine will be but a very paltry jaunt, after all—a very little hop, skip, and jump from "New Orleens" (as the less refined of the Yankees call it) to Carthage — that is, to the site of old Carthage —to an ancient Moorish castle, built on the plain where that mighty city *once* stood. There I passed some very pleasant days, and there (with Memory's help) I will pass a little time now. When I call the many-domed building I allude to "ancient," however, I must observe, that in the venerable spot

where it stands it is looked upon as the merest mushroom. . . . . .

Yes! authors must assert and exercise their rights. Mr. N. P. Willis, I think it is, who aspiringly anticipates the day when travellers will be enabled to leave their fleshly tabernacles behind, while their immaterial spirits shall go a-roaming, first hanging up the soul-cases, perhaps, on a peg in the hall, with their extra great-coat, spare umbrella, or ancient blunderbuss,—or, if they prefer it, leaving them neatly folded up in some spacious drawer, with a little packet of Indian patchouli to keep away the moths. Mr. Willis and his brothers of the pen (and sisters too), however, need not wait for these days, surely. Every author should at once provide himself with a Phantom yacht and a Phantom balloon, and, independent of companies and custom-houses, and passports and permits, wander, as on the wings of the morning, whithersoever he chooses. And let steam do its best, I would bet very heavy odds ever on the author, though his wild balloon may seem scarcely air-worthy, or his Phantom yacht may quiver to every breath, yet boldly dare every storm. Why! he would be at the farthest point in the

planet Neptune before yon steamer reaches Hong Kong, if he chose; and as for this little button of a world, the real difficulty is *not* to overleap and lose it altogether. So, chapter after chapter, I am determined to stroll as I list, now at the South Pole—now in Greenland—now anywhere—everywhere. *Apropos* of Mr. N. P. Willis's pleasant anticipation of future voyages and travels, even for the million, without the hitherto indispensable *impedimenta* of the body, doth it not seem that this agreeable arrangement is occasionally reversed at present? and do we not frequently meet interesting pilgrims on their peregrinations, who decidedly appear to have hung up their souls on the peg at home, and sallied forth adventurously with their clayey coverings only, the immortal, intellectual portion left under lock and key, and the earthly frame wandering far and wide? . . . But away, on a flash of fancy, to Tunis! I am wafted thither at once by an airy machine of thousand-thought power, and gaze around me delightedly at the well-known but extraordinary scenes. Gladly do I look on thee again, thou ancient home of Moorish chieftains,—with thy multitudinous domes and thy graceful courts! Ancient, did I say? Tush!

people have peculiar ideas concerning the Ancient and the Modern who dwell on the site of the venerable Carthage. After I had been under the hospitable roof of my esteemed friend, the late Sir Thomas R——, a few days, I happened to remark to him that the Abdellia appeared to me to be of great antiquity.

"Oh, no, no!" said he, "quite modern."

"Indeed!" I rejoined; "it is then a sheer impostor, with its time-honoured air and grey, solemn aspect. I should have certainly thought its massive walls and lordly roofs were of great age."

"Should you, indeed?" he replied. "Why, it is not above five or six hundred years old!"

Another time, when, after visiting some remains of old Tunisian walls, and the great cisterns so vast and so wonderful, we came upon a fine aqueduct, and I stood gazing on it with admiration, Sir Thomas glanced on it somewhat contemptuously;—"Do not waste any time in looking at that modern thing!"

"Modern!" I exclaimed, a little surprised at the enterprise of the exemplary Bey of Tunis, but then I reflected he had travelled—visited Paris, and so it was possible—but I was

interrupted here by Sir Thomas's continuing, "This part was built by Charles V."

Here, therefore, we may expect to hear the Crusades talked of as the late war in Palestine —the days of Alfred spoken of as just a little while ago—the Reformation as a year or two since—and as to the times of the reigns of the Charleses and Jameses, William and Mary, and good Queen Anne, it is possible they might be mentioned as "now-a-days." It would scarcely have surprised me, if, after a little experience of the modes of speaking of dates, and estimating time in fashion on the plains of Carthage, I had listened to accounts of how hoops and powder worn "at present" change the whole appearance; or had I been told that "now-a-days, when people travel in coaches-and-six in a week from London to York, you know, just now—that is, just before this last new fashion of steam that is turning up."—Of course, I took care not to show such mushroom tastes again too rashly by admiring any such raw affairs as Charles V.'s spick-and-span, bran-new aqueduct, that would have smelt so of paint had it had anything of the kind about it.

We paid a visit one day to a very charming old Alhambra-like country-house; and, by the

way, I must just mention, *en passant*, what I have been told in Tunis concerning some of the high-born Moors of old families, (if I may call them "old" here, without being certain that their pedigrees reach up clearly to Noah, or resemble one I have been told of, beginning "Adam and Eve Percival.") I have been assured that they still possess the keys of their ancestors' lost palaces in Old Granada, and that they set a high value on these mournful relics! This reminded me a little of hearing at Venice of a descendant of one of the great families there, almost in beggary, sleeping always with the keys of his huge, empty, half-ruined palace under his pillow, (when he had one). The country-house I have alluded to was uninhabited, and rather desolate-looking, but wondrously lovely. The rooms and saloons were quite enchanting, of such graceful shapes, and so exquisitely adorned with the most lavishly rich and diversified arabesques. Beautiful, indeed, were those airy, fantastical, delicate, dreamy arabesques! I could not help thinking of my old aversions, paper-hangings, in comparison,—those villanous, unmeaning insults to our tastes and understandings, in modern Europe, particularly in England! Can anything exceed

their preposterous absurdity, except their hideousness? Horrible straight lines, detestable Vandykes, infinitesimal and interminable dots, spots, sprigs, twigs, hooks, crooks, rings, squares, ovals, with frightful stiff paths leading to nothing, and nothing leading to frightful stiff paths again, then abominable zig-zags and wrigglings, and precise little twirlings, all formal and all frightful. No matter what they have to deal with, they always contrive to make everything look equally angular and ungraceful, methodical, hateful, and unmeaning. One might almost think they have succeeded in squaring the circle, for even their circles look as if they had sharp corners and straight lines. Here and there, you may detect, if you are a genius, something meant for a flower—poor desecrated thing!—a rose, perhaps; a rose with prim leaves, woodeny and hard, and stuck up as if in the pillory—carnations with backboards, and honeysuckles trained round pokers, or lilies that seem to have been pitilessly drilled by a starched serjeant. But the worst of all are the perpetually recurring straight lines, wearing out the unfortunate gazer's patience, for, somehow or other, you *do* gaze at the dull exhibition. Verily, methinks, paper-hangers must have a great

deal to answer for! With their odious, terrible, straight lines, they must have disgusted many an ardent young spirit, and taught it, from sheer contradiction, to love the devious path, the bold but crooked way, the winding, serpentining road, to haunt haply the labyrinthine paths of error, even to wander far astray, peradventure. Paper-hangers might have excruciating nightmares of their own ugly pet performances, if they did but know the mischief they do.

A friend of mine once told me she had suffered sometimes in a very extraordinary, and she thought truly inexplicable, manner. She said, that before going to sleep, at times she had felt, as it were, her head suddenly swell to an enormous size, so as to press against the walls (the *papered* walls) of the room, and as it seemed to her, to stretch the room itself to an immense size; meanwhile the walls appeared to waver, and to quake, and to heave like the surface of the sea in a ground-swell. She thought this inexplicable. Not so did I. What was it but the horrid ruled lines, and the uncompromising patterns, in all their unbending preciseness and perpendicularity, on the walls, that thus affected her miserable

head. They had impressed themselves, mayhap, on her sensitive brain, till it was, so to say, ruled and lined like an old account-book, barred and crossed like a portcullis, or a prison-window, or a gridiron; it struggled vehemently to escape from the irritating bands, and bars, and ligatures, and coils, and the hateful repetition and reduplication of repetition, and the monotony—the barren, senseless, meaningless monotony of those marks and mockeries, (while enclosed, perhaps, between two deeply-traced stripes were stuck supernaturally-methodical-looking sprigs, and spikes, and ramifications of regiments of spikes and sprigs, multiplied distractingly on the four sides of the apartment),—vehemently for awhile, but vainly it struggled. Half asleep and almost unconsciously conning over this dullest lesson of lines and patterns, the vexed brain had thus reflected the wearying display, superficially stamped with the preposterous hieroglyphics, till it was unpleasantly affected by this sort of second-hand tattooing, and did not at all quietly take thus being made a duplicate pattern-card of:—whence the curious symptoms detailed. I never experienced anything like this; but often have I been put out of all

patience by those egregious decorations of our civilised apartments. Walls have ears they say. Well, that doesn't much matter if walls have no sense and understanding,—no show of judgment whatsoever, plentifully besprinkled, as they are with idiotical absurdities, and intolerable mystifications,—perfectly besotted, in fact, our walls are, and utter drivellers and dotards. How often,—oh, how often have I wished to see unfolded before me, on the spacious wall of some beautiful room, a noble representation of a mountain, a forest, a glowing sunrise, a seaward view, or a distant horizon, all vague, and grand, and mystical! Mont Blanc, perhaps, with his crown of shimmering snows, or a panoramic view of beauteous Stamboul, the Golden Horn, and the crowding caiques of the Bosphorus—and what was the reality? What did the ample walls display to my earnest gaze?—the most wretched of fiddle-faddling patterns, twisting and twiddling about, crinkum-crankum, in and out, and up and down, some zebra stripes, and then some zig-zags, on which I gazed full gloomily and discontentedly—exhilarating sample of the paper-maker's skill—a paper, in short, of indescribable devices, carved and slashed about like Kate the shrew's sleeve,

and with about as much meaning in it. Another I have had the good fortune to behold was most like a very wilderness of fried parsley, kept a little within bounds by regiments of hop-poles. Have you, oh highly intellectual reader, not often gone to bed in drowsy peace of mind, in a chamber disfigured by such sevenpence-halfpenny a-yard outrages on common sense and taste? Have you not, under such circumstances, occasionally felt that the odiously absurd designs and devices on the wall on which your half-closed eyes were indolently fixed, became, in a manner, stamped and impressed on your slumberous thoughts and drowsy faculties? Yes, they unconsciously, but too faithfully, reflected those abominable inanities; and if the image-chamber of your brain was papered throughout literally, it could not well present a more pitiable and painful aspect. Before you actually dropped off to sleep you were cherishing (unwittingly taking the hint of the stale, unprofitable, heterogeneous hieroglyphics on the walls) all sorts of zigzagging hopes and Vandyked anticipations; and dwelling on a host of lozenge-shaped memories, or, perhaps, those reminiscences might seem artfully cut into innumerable small

octagon forms; and you were indulging in countless crinkum-crankum, cork-screwing, curled-up little fantasies, all fitting into one another, like the pieces of a child's map; and complacently pondering over divers scallopped, and sprigged, and skewered sentimentalities; and forming little running resolutions of the exact fiddle-faddling pattern before mentioned, frittering away into all kinds of odds and ends, and crotchets and quavers; and entertaining sharp-elbowed triangular ambitions, remarkably clear and well defined: and so, instead of fair visions of this beautiful world, hill and dale, or sea or forest, you are haunted in your first dozy, dreamy hours of sleep by the most unmeaning of sippets, and scallops, and swallow-tails, and sprigs, and sprays, and shoots, and specks, and stripes, and sprouts, and shreds, and snip-snaps, adorned with borders prim as those of an old maid's nightcap, and flourishes that look like pig-tails galvanised, and jags, and tags, and flimflams, and semi-quavers standing on their heads, and bodkins on three legs, and demented-looking clothes'-pegs, and broken-backed toothpicks, and nondescripts of all shapes and no shapes. I have seen some of these precious imaginative

papers, apparently producing a most abundant crop of cocked hats and tweezers alternately (the cocked hats somewhat collapsed) and agreeably diversified by something bearing a strong resemblance to a deformed tadpole on tiptoes. Of course, this improving and interesting design was repeated over and over again,—myriads of collapsed cocked hats, alternated with countless hosts of uncompromising, rigid-looking tweezers, and innumerable armies of humpbacked tadpoles; in another room, overwhelming multitudes of boot-jacks, literally placed on tenter-hooks, nevertheless seemed dodging round and round the room, thousands of families of unpleasant-looking pill-boxes—at least such appearances they dimly bore; while, instinctively, my bothered brain laboured hard to attach *some* purport to the bewildering, cabalistic signs of those most mystical of mystics—paper-stainers. If ever in future ages, some enlightened nation should take it into their head to try to decypher and unravel the meaning of some chance-preserved paperings of our time, how puzzled would they be! What an eccentric and recondite people would they think us!—those abstruse wrigglings, those deep caricatures, apparently of the homeliest objects, those

extraordinary paroxysms of invention, they would think must have some profound significance; they would rake their brains to find out their meanings as much as we seem to have racked ours, to avoid allowing any meaning whatsoever to give a grace to our decorations, and a charm to our every-day life. Look at that well-covered wall beside you, my excellent friend, lounging in your comfortable arm-chair, whose chintz cover has, at least, the merit of intending to represent, a crowd of Brobdignag butter-cups, and portentous periwinkles and polyanthuses. Does not the wall beside you seem blossoming out into a rich field of minute warming-pans and full-bottomed cauliflower wigs, mingled with small extinguishers, gracefully interlaced and interlinked by some mysterious process with each other; and as usual, of course, their name is Legion, extinguishers extinguishing extinguishers, warming-pan warring wildly on warming-pan, wig—wig—wig *ad infinitum*. How, indeed, could you ever be weary of contemplating and re-contemplating such an enchanting prospect, such a lovely vision? Have you never seen one sublime paper-hanging that bears a striking similitude to a vast assemblage of gibbeted grasshoppers, in blue

spectacles, crowned with pudding-bags, and joined by a series of pepper-castors to a host of patchwork pen-wipers. Another seems like a collection of green and yellow spatter-dashes jostling against curling-irons, with thimbles stuck knowingly on their tops, interspersed with father-long-legs, whose lengthy limbs are, some *en papillotes*, and some twisted in corkscrew ringlets. At times, after the eyes, strange to say, have become a little tired of dwelling on such exquisite flights of fancy, a pin-cushion has actually seemed a picturesque affair; and as to the fire-irons, poker, tongs, and shovels, they appeared to be gracefully fascinating and romantic objects. The French understand these things better than we do. How often have I admired the forms of shadowy statues, artistically delineated on their walls, or battle-scenes, or panoramic views of cities and countries.

I remember at Naples being much struck with the decoration of a splendid palace belonging, if my memory serves me rightly, to the late Queen Dowager of the Two Sicilies; the truly regal suite of rooms on the ground-floor were entirely painted over with lovely views of her native country—Spain. The Escurial was

represented on a scale of great magnificence; and it is impossible to describe the enchanting effect of these rooms, thus exquisitely pictured over from floor to ceiling with the most enchanting scenes of nature and art. The enormous number of large windows in front afforded a bewilderingly beautiful view of Naples, (the palace was on the height overlooking that splendid city), and of the matchless bay and islands—Vesuvius, terraces, orange-gardens, vineyards, hills, and towers,—and *yet* so charmingly executed were the Spanish scenes on those magic walls, that constantly the eye was witched away from the reality of beauty to look on its almost equally brilliant representation. Why not, in our foggy, and ofttimes sunless England, have the surfaces of our walls shining with such glowing delineations and lovely visions of golden skies, lapis-lazuli lakes, flowery valleys, and purple mountains? Do we really prefer crinkum-crankum, and namby-pamby miz-maze, to such inspiring and exalted shows? But whither have the arabesques of this Tunisian country-house led me? Let me return to the fair Regency. Frequently, in our walks, while we were in that part of Africa, did we pass the marabout-houses—

these small buildings are the tombs of the marabouts—*i.e.* saints, and are looked upon with reverence by the people. Many of these marabouts are mad people and idiots, and we had the felicity of seeing one,—a famous one, I believe — who was most particularly mad, and very especially ferocious. This was in the city of Tunis. We had visited the bazaars, and other notable places, and we suddenly came to a kind of large square; just as I was about to enter this, my companion eagerly seized hold of my arm, and stopped me:—

"Take care,—take care! there is the terrible ferocious saint! She bites, and throws stones, especially at Franks, and might murder us. Do not let her see you, but just peep at her round this corner. Do you observe what respect the people are paying her, and how she is amiably flinging stones at them in return? If she spits at any one, they consider it a high honour, and a mark of saintly favour."

I gazed with horror at the crazy marabout, (who was a black woman); she was decidedly in a paradisiacally primitive costume; and her linendraper's account, and bill for haber-

dashery, millinery, and mantua-making, could have been "nothing at all to speak of;" indeed, the chief part of this lady's attire consisted of a pair of rather huge gold bracelets. To judge by her outward actions, a good many people were high in favour with the demented marabout. No need of my friend's whispered recommendations to conceal myself well from the sight of the insane idol of the crowd; for I did not feel at all ambitious of receiving any of those distinguished marks of marabout esteem alluded to above, and should have been sorry, indeed, to have approached any nearer to that particular fountain of honour! After looking a very little while at this sad exhibition of benighted folly and superstition, we pursued our way, while the air around us still rang with the horrible hootings, shoutings, screechings, yellings, and imprecations of the Moorish saint. After all, this reminded me a little of the Swiss superstition respecting the "crétins," who are looked on as persons particularly favoured by Heaven. The marabouts, I was told, sometimes die quite rich, having constantly presents and money given to them. Sometimes, I should imagine, under the circumstances,

there are a few sham marabout lunatics, as there used to be in olden times pretended fools, when jesters and fools were in fashion. To an idle man or woman it must be rather a tempting life; plenty of food and money showered upon you, and abundance of reverence and respect, all you can want or wish found for you; and absolutely nothing to do, except to fling stones at your neighbours and devoted admirers, if you should be pleased so to do, and require a little gentle exercise, and refreshing recreation for mind and body.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNINVITED GUEST, *&c. &c.*

PERHAPS it will be necessary to say that in this chapter I am still at Tunis, as I have lately so vehemently asserted my authorial right in these days to fly about as I list, (and whereas I may be at Timbuctoo in one chapter,—find myself at Kamschatka in the ensuing one) my pen has folded its wing here and pulled up for a season. Having briefly stated this, I proceed to give an account of an unexpected arrival one evening, which took place at the Abdellia just as we were about to walk into the dining-room; Sir Thomas R—— and I were leading the way, the rest closely following, when we suddenly descried at the end of the broad corridor a black object that was advancing with the utmost precipitation, apparently afraid of being too late for dinner

and losing the first course; the distance between us and this apparition seemed diminished as by magic. All the party, except we uninitiated strangers, manifested very considerable trepidation, consternation, and horror; Sir Thomas told me hurriedly to make way for the distinguished stranger, which, on his part, appeared to be driven on by any number of furies. We all remained jammed against the wall till he passed. In the surprise and flutter of the moment (in addition to my being short-sighted), I had but a very faint notion of what this uninvited guest might be,—whether otter, jackal, hyena, panther, lion, or young tiger, (I own I thought he looked decidedly tigerish),—however, this point was soon cleared up,—it was a wild cat!—a creature that seems to be particularly dreaded at Tunis, residents there having emphatically assured me, they had rather that hyenas, and even lionesses, should make them a friendly call than mistress wild-cat aforesaid. Great, then, was the terror and emotion displayed after the first shock; the amiable lady of the house almost swooned with fear; the children shrieked and fled; the servants ran about in

confusion. Mr. R—— advanced with intrepid bravery, but Sir Thomas checked gently, yet peremptorily, all these complicated movements, and hurried the whole party to the dining-room.

There preparations were rapidly and effectually made to resist a siege, if fate should so ordain it;—happily we were well *provisioned* for the nonce; barricades were raised, and doors were securely barred and bolted, and all proper precautions taken with promptitude and resolution; then a detachment of servants, armed with sticks and staves, were sent under the command of generalissimo the butler to dislodge the enemy, (who, however, had, by the way, according to etiquette, entered the drawing-room, and there he appeared to wait the arrival of the hostess, to introduce him to her friends, and lead him hospitably to the banqueting hall; the lady, however, sent her excuses, and begged to intimate distinctly that the room would be preferred to the company of the feline visitant.) All the sticks and staves presently returned, the enemy had been routed with loss, and, defeated, he had fled ignominiously, and not a scratch had been received by the triumphant victors. It was remarkable that

at this juncture the appetites of the party underwent a sudden and surprising improvement; it was discovered, moreover, that they were all singularly valorous; their spirits, too, were raised in a very striking manner, and anxious looks were no longer cast towards the door; this was especially the case with the juvenile portion of the company (for the children always sat with us during dinner); little Peter still showed a pale cheek, but regained his vivacity, and, apparently suspecting that his late trepidation and serious discomfiture had been observed, thought it incumbent on him to enter into a slight explanation of his conduct and feelings. This very engaging little gentleman was about five years old, and as, besides his prettily imperfect pronunciation of his mother tongue, he had the habit of constantly translating literally from the Arabic (in which he chattered away most fluently), his discourse was often exceedingly amusing and original; on this occasion, he began by suddenly exclaiming with considerable emphasis,—

"Me *wish* it had been lion, if it had been lion me would have broken him. Me like lions, tigers, and big hyenas,—(with great dignity and earnestness,)—tigers, lions, and

hyenas very good, but—but—me afraid from saints and cats!"

The conjunction seemed a singular one rather, but the saints thus alluded to were the fascinating marabouts before mentioned, and impressively he repeated, as the image of the yelling fury of the previous day rose to his fancy, accompanied by that night's terrible visitor,—

"Yes, me very afraid from saints and cats!"

It was pretty, by the way, to hear those charming children jabbering away the rich Arabic to one another, and to their old Jewish nurse, Marsala; and interesting to observe how they translated Arabic idioms and expressions into English. Their mother told me she heard one of the little ones contradicting the other one day with the most pompous and stately Arabic gravity and solemnity, thus—

"By the beard of my father—no!"

"In the name of the Prophet, why not?"

Little Peter did not wholly make a vain boast when he declared himself so ready to confront tigers and beard lions in their dens; when still younger his mother had found great difficulty in breaking him of a rather unpleasant

habit he had of snatching up every scorpion that came in his way, and bringing it straight to her; by some extraordinary chance the child escaped being stung. I am not sure whether it was he or his brother, a few years older, who, when hardly able to toddle, contrived (in the way that shrewd, quick children do contrive so often to do things no one for a moment believes they can by possibility accomplish) to all but unfasten the door of a cage in which a powerful lion was confined, which Sir Thomas, I believe, was about to send off to England; having patiently and perseveringly almost accomplished this pleasing feat, the exulting child paddled off to his mother, this time *minus* the accustomed scorpion,—

"Go look! I've opened de lion's cage door *quite* wide open."

And so he very nearly had, but the lion happened to be, luckily, asleep or in a brown study, and had not found it out, so no harm was done. But to return to our feline friend and his adventures. That evening after tea Mr. R—— and I engaged in a game of chess; the night was a rather cold one; the curtains of the comfortable drawing-room were carefully drawn; the chess-table was close to one of the curtained windows; and whilst playing, once or twice we thought

we heard a suspicious, rustling sound in or near the curtains. We looked behind, but nothing was there; indeed, on our first return to the drawing-room, we had made an examination, in case the unwelcome visitor should have effected another entry—though this was unlikely, as after the hot battle of brooms, and sticks, and stakes, and pokers, the biped belligerents protested they had secured every door and window most carefully. After playing a good while at chess, passing the time in agreeable conversation, &c., the little party broke up, and we all retired to our rooms; (excepting Mr. R——, who had to sit up to copy some letters and papers for his father). I was nearly asleep when I heard a confused sound in the passage,—a rush—a rattle—a struggle—a hissing sound—a sound as of driving something violently away—ha! wild cat again to a certainty! I listened; after a little time all was still; it was evident, if enemy there was, he had again been forced to beat a retreat. The next morning, what was my surprise to learn that I had been quietly playing at chess the evening before under the very claws and whiskers of the imminent wild cat! This creature was reposing behind the looped-up drapery of the curtain, where it formed a sort of

rosette and frontispiece amongst the hanging folds—exactly above our unsuspecting heads crouched the fiery wanderer of the woods. Imagine a little what our consternatien and dismay would have been had he sprung rattling down upon our chess-board, checkmating both combatants pretty sharply, and scattering kings, queens, bishops, knights, and castles, like so much chaff. The *moves* would have been remarkably rapid ones, I opine, in that case, on our part, and really the consequences might have been serious. The doors and windows were all closed, and the fierce animal would have found itself, of course, unable to escape; under those circumstances it is a habit of this creature to fly at the eyes and throats of those who are near him with the utmost fury and ferocity; and it is this which makes him so dreaded by the inhabitants of the country: in short, it is when he is at bay that he shows himself a truly formidable assailant; and such would have been his situation had he taken it into his head to make his tragical appearance *before* the curtain on the adventurous night when I was all unconsciously marshalling pawns and knights in battle array beneath an impending wild cat.

The hero of the final catastrophe informed us that as he was sitting copying the letters he thought he heard a curious noise, a shaking and rustling of the curtain close to him; however, he continued at his task, but finding the room rather warm, I believe, he opened the door; immediately after, a scuffle and a rush were heard, and down sprang the great black wild cat from the top of the curtains where he had been secreted, and away he scuttled, making straight for the door,—a path and destination which the young gentleman thought very far preferable to the road to his eyes. Probably, the creature had watched till the means of egress were made apparent, herself preferring safety and a quiet life to scratching out eyes. Mr. R—— thought it only civil to "speed the parting guest," and therefore energetically pursued its flying steps with encouraging cries, and the sound of blows echoing along the wide corridor. Thus ended the eventful visit of the uninvited guest, who came just in time for dinner without getting any, and who stayed for tea, but lost it by playing all the evening at "*puss in the corner.*"

I saw no more of wild cats at Tunis, but from the specimen I *had* seen I heartily con-

curred in the private opinion of little Peter respecting them, who ever and anon repeated musingly, "Me *do* like hyenas and big lions" (there I differed from him), "but me afraid from saints and cats; oh! so much afraid from saints and cats!"

This darling child, never hearing his own name among the Mahometans, by whom he was surrounded, imagined none bore it but himself, and was wont to say, "There is one Peter in heaven (St. Peter), and one on earth!"

CHAPTER VII.

INVITED GUESTS WHO DECLINE,

&c. &c.

Some years ago the Bey of Tunis made a regal present to my late friend, Sir Thomas R——; it was not, however, a snuff-box set round with diamonds, nor a set of the splendid horse-accoutrements of Tunis, nor a ring of the richest jewels, nor an order, nor a sword, nor a seal, nor a miniature. No; it was a lion,—a very magnificent, powerful, and stately beast. Sir Thomas not having any regular zoological establishment, was slightly puzzled to know what to do with his mighty *cadeau*, but lions are not looked upon with quite so much fear and respect in Tunis as in England.

Sir Thomas decided on placing the lion, well secured, in the Consulate for a short time, previous to sending him, I believe, to England,

which he thought of doing, and he was placed under the charge of an experienced person, who took care that he should be very strongly incarcerated. One day, however,—whether this noble animal was a leonine .Hobbs, that is, a pendant to the American Mr. Hobbs of lock-picking renown in the present day, or whether, by some accident or faulty construction of the barrier that secured him, he got free, is not known; but, in short, one day, to the astonishment and horror of his keeper, the majestic lion was discovered perambulating the passages and inquisitively looking in at the various chambers of the mansion, quite a gentleman at large. The unfortunate, terror-stricken guardian rushed into the nearest room, locked himself up, and, flying to the window, threw it open, and with his body half out, thundered forth a general invitation to the passers-by to come and participate immediately in the hospitalities of the Consulate.

"Come in, good people, I beseech you, come and help me; there is a lion loose in the house!"

But the ungrateful people no sooner received this kind invitation to have the honour of meeting his majesty the king of beasts, than

they seemed suddenly to recollect divers prior engagements, and scampered away in all directions; without even sending their compliments and excuses. It was evident they did not relish the idea of the small party so flatteringly proposed to them; and in the meantime a charming concert was beginning to be got up in an impromptu manner by the glorious guest, who was in every sense the great Lion of the day. Hark, to that earth-shaking, Consulate-battering roar! Lo! he nears the door of the apartment, where the miserable dragoman is trembling in every nerve; the door is locked, indeed, but the poor wretch thinks in distraction that if the mighty beast should happen to have the mind to burst it open he certainly has the body to do it. Nearer and nearer—is that lion actually knocking at the door? The last thing poor Hamet thinks of doing is asking him to walk in and to sit down. So, again, he flings himself half out of the window, again yells forth the tempting announcement to the multitude (by this time, though, the street was pretty well thinned), "A lion loose here, a lion loose; oh, come in, good people,—come in."

But the best of people do not like to take

a "lion loose" by the mane; and though, as I said before, at Tunis these noble savages are not so uncommon, and seem not so much dreaded as in our little island, yet, perhaps, on this occasion the astonished Moors, not knowing exactly how a lion came to be thus domiciled in the English Consulate, might think it was the far-famed British lion himself, having run away from Britannia, come to look after his interests in that part of the world, and hugely resolved to snap up Tunis at a mouthful; for they were not accustomed to see the lordly animal, as benevolently represented in "Punch"—mild and sweetly domesticated,—the very creature you might like to disturb playfully during his after-dinner nap, or to tantalise divertingly with a proffered bone. However this was, they fled, though a few soldiers collected round the door, but dared not venture in. At last, braver than the rest, a powerful and herculean negro nobly volunteered to enter the house, and secure the roaring prowler. He provided himself with a large strong blanket, and, persuading two or three others to follow him, dauntlessly rushed into the house; with singular skill he caught suddenly and enveloped the lion in the thick

folds of the blanket, who, perplexed and blinded, did no harm to any one; and, in short, by dint of extraordinary strength, courage, and address, the brave negro succeeded in consigning the animal again to "durance vile." Sir Thomas, I believe, sent back the royal gift to the Bey, who has a sort of lion-preserve near the city. Although it is true that this strolling lion occasioned a great deal of dismay and anxiety, yet, as I said, before, in general you are struck by the careless tone in which such creatures are spoken of at Tunis. One day Sir Thomas remarked to me, that he had a short time before had the pleasure of sending off "a couple of ostriches, some deer, a lion, *and a few other little things*, to Lord Derby, for his collection at Knowsley."

Lions do not approach the neighbourhood of Tunis (the city), but are found about sixty miles off by those who may wish to cultivate their society. Hyenas often pay a visit to the environs of Tunis in the summer; Lady R—— told me she had frequently had a select party of them in her garden on a fine summer's evening. "Tea in the bower" under those circumstances must be more liable to disagreeable interruptions than where you are exposed

to having a caterpillar in your teacup, and earwigs in your cream. Hyenas snapping at your bread and butter, might catch your fingers too. However, Lady R—— assures me she does not dread them as she does the wild cats; the former not seeming to have such a decided *penchant* for human society as the latter, and not being so desirous of making themselves pleasing in their *eyes*.

While I was at Tunis we went one day to pay a visit to the Vice-Consul's wife, a very agreeable French lady. At luncheon we were waited on by a particularly intelligent-looking negro, Mourzouk by name, which name I think he takes from the place where he was born; the lady told me to remark this man, "He is the very best and most grateful creature in the world," she said; "and, in fact, I may truly say that he has saved my life, for, during a dreadful illness I had lately, it was his indefatigable attention, unceasing zeal, and never-flagging care and exertions, I fully believe that, under Providence, preserved me in being. There never was a more affectionate, devoted, and unselfish disposition, or a nobler character than his."

I looked at Mourzouk after this flaming

and evidently heartfelt panegyric; he had all the distinguishing outward characteristics of the African race; there was the singular conformation of head and jaw (that conformation gradually becoming so rare among the American slaves, where insensibly, from contact with civilisation, from ameliorated modes of living, and a certain developement of the moral and intellectual faculties, there is gradually observed an approximation to the form of the head and face of the white races); there was the blubber lip, and the flat, wide nose, but, notwithstanding these disadvantages of feature, there was a fine, honest, open, benignant expression of countenance, and a goggle eye, all beaming with quick intelligence and candour. Mourzouk was evidently a black diamond of the first water; and I believe there are many such.

People pay visits at Tunis in rather a curious way generally. On ordinary occasions you go —not exactly down your friend's chimneys, but something very like it; you walk from roof to roof, and make a descent where you will down a steep little staircase, communicating with a small door in the terrace roof; as there is neither knocker nor bell provided, the *visitée* has no chance of saying, "Not *at*

home," and occasionally this must be tiresome and inconvenient; indeed one of my Tunis friends told me, she found it often very unpleasant, when engaged in the various indispensable avocations connected with a well-managed household. As for us, we had a very agreeable walk on the roofs, — which are beautiful, paved with broad stones, and often decorated with little avenues of orange-trees, beds, and parterres of flowers, and clusters of all kinds of sweet, flowering plants, the orange-trees affording a delightful shade in the heat of the day, and the flower-beds the most odoriferous breathings. After we had thus promenaded for some time, we met the daughter of the American Consul, who, like ourselves, was taking an agreeable little prowl. She invited us to come down the chimney, or through the trap-door, and see her father and mother, which we had much pleasure in doing. The American Consul's lady told me it was so long since she had been in the United States that she had almost forgotten her own native place. After spending a short time with Doctor Heap's amiable family, we ascended once more to the roof, and again proceeded to pay a visit to Mrs. Ferrier.

One could not help, however, feeling a little Paul Pry-ish, thus continually and almost literally dropping in, but we were soon quite reconciled to these slight peculiarities of Tunisian customs. One thing at Tunis which we became reconciled to without much effort or difficulty was the admirable national dish called *kouskousoo;* it is a delicious kind of food, made of a very great variety of materials and ingredients, and is supposed to be highly nutritious and wholesome. The Moorish women eat enormous quantities of this, in hopes of making themselves corpulent, which is reckoned here a great beauty. They seem to succeed, from some specimens I have seen; and a friend told me of one famed beauty, who, by all accounts, had certainly crammed herself with kouskousoo to some purpose; "For," said my informant, "her huge double chin, or rather chins, hung almost down to her waist." Imagine those stair-like flights of chins descending in lines of wavy wagging to that waist, which to be in any proportion of pinguidity must be of such a size as would take one a week to walk round it. When this fair Moorish Lambert moved from one end of the room to the other, (and she seldom or

never attempted to go beyond the boundaries of her own chamber), or walked a single step, she was invariably seen, like a patrician coat-of-arms, between two supporters,—in fact, she was absolutely obliged to be assisted along and sustained by two strong persons; and had she lived in the days of the Great Prophet and paid her respects to him, Mahomet might have triumphed in having the mountain (or, at any rate, *a* mountain) come to him after all. Notwithstanding her awful size, and the trembling tiers of chins sweeping in a perpetual avalanche to her waist, my friend assured me, this female Falstaff had still a lovely face, though the delicate features must have seemed to be reposing imbedded on a pillow formed of the hugely plump cheeks. Besides the fattening properties of the kouskousoo, which they delight in, the total want of exercise renders these fair Tunisians the fattest of the fat, if not altogether the fairest of the fair. I was assured, it is no uncommon circumstance for a lady of the higher class never to leave her house,—nay, to remain cooped up from one year to another in one suite of apartments. Speaking on this subject to one well acquainted with all the usages and peculiarities

of Moorish life, she told me of a female friend of hers who, though in good health, has not been out of four rooms for seven years. It often happens that their own mothers may live next door, and yet they may not set eyes upon them for years: nay, there have been instances of the mother living even in the very same house, and yet not seeing the daughter for months or years; whatever may be the influence of old customs and habits, this certainly does not argue very favourably for the warmth of family affection in that ancient country.

I saw one enormously fat woman while at Tunis (not the one of many-chin notoriety); she was dressed, of course, in the Moorish fashion, her upper garments being loose and light, of a pale pink colour. She seemed like a constellation of feather-beds, and gave one the idea of being lost in her own immensity; and when she spoke, her choked, suffocated voice seemed to come from the centre of the earth almost; her eyes appeared buried in vast protuberances of plumpness; and she must have had incessantly a fine prospect of gently-undulating hills of cheeks before her. Methought she could see a great deal of her vasty face without the help and instrumentality of any looking-glass—a

pleasant privilege would this be to many, peradventure. But her hands struck me with the most utter astonishment, the fingers were exceedingly taper at the points, and very nearly down to those taper tips swelled immense cushions of fat, so that each finger had a little the appearance of a thick round pincushion terminating in a single pin, and that a black one; for, as I frequently remarked in Tunis, the henna, or whatever other composition they make use of there, is black. This has, of course, a frightful effect, and very different do Moorish hands look from the graceful, rosy-tipped little Constantinopolitan ones. But to return to my pink hippopotamus. Her hands, notwithstanding their being so preposterously plump, were decidedly well shaped had the globular fingers been a little longer; but the black tips about as far as the first joint had a remarkably droll effect (I think her finger-dye was about the blackest I saw), as the rest of her hand was extremely white, as hands go in Tunis. She looked as if she was slowly mortifying from her finger-ends, or turning, like the plants of ancient forests, to coal, or becoming gradually Hottentotified, beginning with the extremities of the limbs,—gently budding into negress, but at present only bordered with black, like a

mourning column in an afflicted newspaper,—in short, tipped with sable like ermine fur. I could not assuredly admire this magpie style of fitting up the fingers. The decorations were decidedly in bad taste; besides, one could never look at these jetty-tipped hands without thinking this might be a device of the enemy to conceal other stains, which should have the application of soap and water rather than that of henna. Certainly, one thing, however, the poor Tunisian ladies cannot be suspected of, and that is, inky fingers; so not to hide *such* sable marks was this fashion invented of putting the first joints of their fingers into deep mourning; but whatsoever the cause the effect is frightful.

Just imagine any one unaware of this custom suddenly catching a glimpse of the coal-black tips under a shawl, though such an accident is not likely to happen here! Imagine a little farther, if an unconscious gentleman was about to put the ring on the finger of his supposed fairest one, and at the critical moment he saw this jetty joint pop forth, (like the conjuration of Beelzebub in a box), but this, too, is not likely to happen at Tunis, now that the days of Soldan's daughters falling in love with Christian knights are pretty well over, "lately

come to an end," or "gone out the day before yesterday," as they might say here, on these plains of old Carthage. The fat lady I have described was by no means the only female porpoise I saw in that land of double chins and dimples half-a-foot in depth, but one such description is enough.

I must, however, give a little account of a visit we paid to a Moorish princess who was the reverse of all that is usually reckoned beautiful in form, I mean at Tunis. She was very refined-looking, slight, "*svelte*," and graceful as the fawn, yet she was the chosen and chief wife of one of the highest personages in the Regency, the heir to the throne. I observed that I thought this selection of his argued a refined taste; and the person to whom I addressed this remark, replied, "Very; but, however, he was married before this to four negress queens successively; this last alliance appears certainly to indicate a decided change of taste." The present lovely wife of the heir-presumptive is said to be of Turkish birth; she has decidedly Turkish features, and appears to mix the Stamboul with the Moorish costume very gracefully. She has a remarkably haughty and queenly air; but I shall leave the fair Lilla Mahbouba for another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MOORISH PRINCESS,

&c. &c.

The house where the lovely successor of four negress queens resided was a very handsome one, with a splendid *patio* and very broad open corridors, which on our arrival were densely crowded with a little female army of slaves, all chattering in the most distracting way together, each dark dame appearing to prattle with a hundred-magpie power,—the din was deafening. There seemed to be a "revolt of the harem" going on; however, the demonstration only arose from the interest and excitement occasioned by our visit. The colours of of these plumeless parrots were exceedingly various, ranging from the deepest lamp-black, or Indian ink, to olive, almost verging on a tender pea-green, lemon-colour, and a faint

crocus-yellow; there were divers browns, too, more or less dingy snuff colours, and many-shaded tobacco tints. There were some splendid feminine specimens of the negro race, especially one magnificent-looking woman of towering stature and fine form, whose dazzling teeth seemed to glitter like lightnings on snow, and whose great eyes flashed with almost intolerable brilliancy, and rolled so wondrously that you began to think their connexion with the head was only a temporary and voluntary, and purely accidental arrangement, liable at any moment to be broken. Altogether she was a very imposing-looking being, and was gaudily dressed in the different colours of the rainbow, with an immense deal of pretension and display. As I looked at her and remarked her airs and graces, the forwardness of her manners and the apparent consciousness she possessed of her lamp-black loveliness, I could not help thinking that the fair Turkish houri—remembering the quartette of negress queens—might have felt a little jealousy of this strapping black belle, but Lilla Mahbouba seemed to look with a kind of gentle scorn on everything and every body. In spite of a rather indolent and *laisser aller* manner, she evidently ruled her extensive

and populous household with a rod of iron. She had allowed the inquisitive and eager slaves to assemble in the room where she received us, and the clatter and clamour they made, instead of diminishing in the least, seemed constantly to increase. At one moment, when they were all shrieking together, like half a hundred railroad whistles, in the eagerness of their dispute and discussion concerning the daughters of Satan who had come to pay a morning visit to their beautiful mistress, the latter checked their distracting hurly-burly by one thunder-black frown, one significant wave of the hand, and one expressive and indignant monosyllable; they suddenly, instantaneously, became mute and mum. If an enchantress had appeared all at once among them, and by a stroke of her terrible wand had deprived them (hideous barbarity!) of the powers of speech, and bade them remain suspended in the same attitudes and respective positions, the effect could hardly have been more singular. For a short time motionless they stood as a set of black and canary-coloured statues, one with her finger pointing wildly in the face of her next neighbour, a little as if threatening to gouge out the great black eye that almost starting

out of the menaced head appeared to meet the warlike finger half-way defyingly, and to require the smallest possible assistance to enable it to take leave of the socket. Another with both arms tossed high in air seemingly was, Cassandra-like, prophesying woe, such as evil-eyes and other dreaded disasters, from the ill-omened visit of the unhallowed Franks. Another, again, stood with her eyes and hennaed hands still raised in bewildered wonder; and a fourth was stricken into stone while crouching down to inspect stealthily the shoes and stockings of the strangers. A fifth was seen with her mouth as wide open as it could be stretched conveniently, as if to swallow a Frank or two instanter, and thus prevent them doing any mischief. A sixth, a negress, remained with *her* mouth grinning from ear to ear, displaying huge teeth as white as driven snow. Thus they stayed awhile like the suddenly slumber-stricken statues in the halls of the Sleeping Beauty, till recovering from the freezing effect of the fair princess's angry frown and imperative signal, the attitudes changed by degrees; the pointed finger gradually dropped from the level of the staring black eye; the wildly-tossed arms slowly subsided to hang

somewhat droopingly by their owner's sides; the upraised eyes and hands sunk by smooth degrees; the wide-stretched mouth closed without swallowing down a luckless Frank, and appeared as firmly shut for a time as if an attack of locked jaw was threatened; the grinning mouth ungrinned itself half, and then remained awhile stationary, with the corners turned down, and a most pitiful sort of grimace, bringing to mind that mysterious expression, "laughing on the wrong side of the mouth," which if ever mouth did, that one seemed to do then.

This was not the only time that the lovely Turk showed a certain truculence of aspect that betokened, haply, a shrewish temper. Her charming little daughter, who was seated beside her mother, having peeped behind her to catch a better view of some little Franks who were in our party, was most sharply admonished, while the fierce frown appeared again, and seemed even more terrible than before; the poor little thing shrunk back and seemed breathless with terror; I am therefore disposed to infer that the beauteous Lilla Mahbouba is not the mildest of mortals. Very lovely she was; her features exquisite, her

eyes, complexion, and teeth, resplendent; her jetty hair was short in front, cut straight, and square where it hung on the cheeks; and it shone like black glass. She was extremely gracious to her foreign guests, taking us all over her house, and to her bed-room and dressing-room. At Constantinople they told me they had no regular bed-rooms and no regular beds, merely sleeping on the divans and couches; but at Tunis it seems very different, they have not only beds, but the most luxurious and comfortable that it is possible to imagine. Lilla Mahbouba's bed was of enormous size and of a semicircular shape, fitting into a kind of alcove; the bolster and pillows were disposed also semicircularly round this luxurious couch; and the princess told me (through the lady who kindly interpreted for me) that if restless she could thus quietly travel round the bed, and take up an entirely new position, and have a refreshing new view of the apartment. This vast couch made one think of the far-famed Bed of Ware—it was, indeed, a little room in itself. The chambers were redolent of the most delicious perfume; the friend who accompanied me told me it was chiefly the henna that was so odoriferous, but

I think there were several other exquisite scents intermingled with it. If it was the henna only, the Cairo venders may well call "Flowers of Paradise, O henna!"

Of one thing the lovely Moorish princess was most particularly proud. She beckoned me up mysteriously to a sort of toilette-table, and, opening a little drawer, ostentatiously displayed a few common-looking matches, which, with apparently childish delight, she ignited, observing scrutinisingly the effect this marvel might produce on me. She appeared amazed that I was not more astonished and confounded, repeating the experiment and gazing steadily at me. At last, as it was getting dark, she lit a candle, and though her slaves rushed forward, she motioned them away, and chose graciously to light us herself on our little tour of inspection to the remaining apartments of the house. One of the last rooms we saw was the chamber of the child, pretty little Fatima; she had a semicircular couch, too, if I recollect rightly, like her mamma's.

Before we departed, Lilla Mahbouba told us she was going on a kind of visit of condolence to the city, to the wife of the Bey, whose mother was just dead. She did not seem to like the idea of this formal visit much. The funeral,

we were informed, was to be a very magnificent one, but no Christian eyes on any account might be allowed to gaze upon it. During the progress of the stately and imposing ceremony the Christians are commanded to shut themselves up in their houses and not to glance for a moment on the mournful pomp of the state-procession; the Bey himself, I was assured, would follow the remains of his deceased mother to the tomb on foot. When we quitted Lilla Mahbouba, she most earnestly pressed us to come and see her again; and it was only after promising her that, if we could manage it, we would pay her another visit, that she seemed inclined to let us depart; this, however, was not so great a compliment to us as it might be supposed. From want of occupation, amusements, and resources within herself, poor Lilla Mahbouba was evidently as a-weary of her life as "Mariana in the South" herself; and anything that tended a little to change that dull monotony and stagnant sameness, was welcome and delightful to her. On our departure, pretty nearly the same scene was enacted as on our arrival, the corridors and balconies were filled to overflowing, and white turbans and green, blue turbans, and pink, and yellow, and crimson, and lilac, and purple, and scar-

let, and violet turbans, pushed, and squeezed, and waved, and swayed, and nodded, like a vast bed of the gaudiest tulips in a high wind, —as full of gauze, flutter, feathery lightness, and airy vanity, as the heads they contained. This turban seemed thrown into an agony of apprehension and prophecy again—(touching the evil eye of the Franks); that one seemed shaking and quaking with anxiety, and this with curiosity; this waved a gracious adieu, and that wagged a rather scornful defiance: and when I looked once more at the thronged balcony, before we finally took leave, there were all the turbans still wagging, waving, nodding, bending, bobbing, swaying, and crowded so close together, that they seemed to be melting and mingling into one immense rainbow; and one huge head appeared to be nodding and shaking at our vanishing party, and gleaming in the torch and lamplight. So the bonnets parted from the turbans, and we wended our way peacefully home. Poor turbans! what did they do to amuse themselves that evening while we were happily engaged with music, chess, rational conversation, books, drawing, and newspapers? That their time often hangs heavily upon their hands, I cannot doubt; but yet I believe they have but little

97265

care, little anxiety, except to help these weary, plodding hours along their way, and this they do by the help of a frequent change of decorations, many a cold collation of sweetmeats, a vast deal of gossip and chatter, a little embroidery (Lilla Mahbouba showed us the lace-like ornamental work on a part of her dress, done by herself), and then they seek their semicircular couches, and dream away like the wisest, wittiest, and most civilised and educated. Yes, in dreamland Fatima is as accomplished and learned as Madame de Stäel. Before I say farewell to Lilla Mahbouba, I must mention that I was told the name came from a "mahboub," an eastern coin (Turkish, I believe), made of the finest gold, without alloy, therefore the designation has a complimentary significance.

I heard some very pretty names while I was at Tunis, amongst them were, Halluma, Jessamina,—this is especially, a negress name; black Jessamine would have a rather odd effect, but we have seen it in London,—Cobah, morning-star, Nissery, white rose (perhaps this may be another nigger name)! There is one name that sounds when spoken exactly like "Malbrouk;" it is, I believe, really "Mabruck," signifying "good luck."

CHAPTER IX.

DIDO, ST. LOUIS,

&c. &c.

As we wandered over the plains where old Carthage once stood in her might and grandeur, how many thoughts crowded upon the mind! Abundance of food for thought there is, indeed, there; what contrasts—what changes—what variety—what mysteries, and complications, to run over in the mind; but a brief list of the names, simply, of celebrated individuals who have fretted their hour on this Carthaginian stage, may well fill the mind with wonder. Here, once drew the breath of life, and looked on the teeming earth and on the glowing sun, Dido, the unhappy queen, Hannibal, Amilcar, Asdrubal, Hanno, Agathocles, Regulus, Syphax, Jugurtha, Scipio, Julius, Belisarius, Solyman the Magnificent, and in later days, Charles V., and St. Louis:

Grecians, Phœnicians, Romans, Numidians, Goths, Vandals, Arabs, Spaniards, Turks, and Gauls. Well may one ponder there, over the memories of mighty empires—some that have passed and left but faint shadows of their greatness behind. "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?" Eighteen hundred years ago, the columns which we saw strewing the mighty plain shot upwards in their strength and pride; these columns, so humbled and so lowly now! Of the Punic Carthage not many interesting relics remain, though a few very ancient coins and seals, found lately, are by some supposed to have belonged to that mighty city. (I believe I am correct in stating this, though I am sorry to say that I have forgotten a great deal I learnt on the site of Carthage; and my classical lore is very jejune.) Roman relics are numerous there. How those vast periods of time seem to oppress the imagination! yet what are they compared to the mightier geological periods? and what are these mightier geological ages beside the vast cycles occupied by rolling systems in performing their great revolutions—what, indeed? How diminished seem our periods of time, how dwarfed our

earthly empires, when one thinks for a moment of our whole solar system, with distant Neptune revolving in his majestic orbit at a distance of two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles, gradually moving towards a point in the far constellation Hercules;—and that *unknown sun*, too, may not that also be moving with its mighty train of tributary suns and systems toward another point in another still grander constellation; and that again,—and so on for ever, though Sir William Herschel pause baffled! Atoms compose our world—worlds in their turn seem the atoms composing other vaster worlds. A few reflections like these, and the imagination, drawing a long breath, takes up the slight burthen of eighteen or nineteen hundred years with a smile, and lightly flutters over the desolate plains of the once imperial Carthage.

How terrible a tragedy was that which was enacted here in the olden time, when for seventeen long days the glorious city was burning,—when somewhere between seven and eight hundred thousand of the unfortunate inhabitants were exterminated, taking into account the women and children sold as slaves,—and horror, and gloom, and distrac-

tion, and ruin frowned on every side—and now how different! Ruins, indeed, there are, but beautiful ones that cause only emotions of pleasure and delight in the place of pangs of grief and bitterness,—hardly ruins, indeed. Eighteen hundred years ago, when these wonderful Carthaginian columns stood erect, and pointed to the sun, they could scarcely have been more firm, more polished and beautiful; than now. We saw quantities of exquisite sculptures (chiefly collected by the French), during our ramble over the widely-extended plains. There were beautiful representations of vine-leaves, roses, acanthus, pine-apple, and other most florid, delicate, and elaborate designs, marvellously perfect. One magnificent head of Juno, in white marble, was shown to us. It was colossal, quite perfect, and very beautiful. It had been given by the Bey to the French consul. We afterwards went to see seventeen large cisterns, in wonderful preservation; some of them had water in them still. We penetrated very far, indeed, though in some parts the rough paths rendered this a laborious and fatiguing task. There are some very picturesque points of view in the old cisterns, glimpsed from under their massy arches.

An artist, a Frenchman I believe, a short time before we were there, had taken a series of sketches from them, which I heard were very effective and interesting.

It is very evident at Tunis, that the French were extremely desirous of extending and strengthening their influence there. Louis Philippe certainly prosecuted with ardour the cherished plan of making the Mediterranean a French lake; and he let no occasion slip by which that object might be furthered. The Bey had been earnestly requested to give up a piece of ground to the French, on which they proposed to erect a chapel to the memory of Saint Louis. They stated their desire to build this chapel on the very spot where St. Louis breathed his last. He expired of the plague on the plains near Tunis. After some demur and difficulty, the Bey was persuaded to return a favourable answer to their repeated solicitations. Shortly afterwards his highness left the neighbourhood of the city, on a journey to the interior of his dominions; on his return, to his serious displeasure, he discovered, that instead of building a monumental chapel on the plain, as they had proposed to do (in short, upon the spot where St. Louis had actually expired), they were

erecting what appeared to him to be a fort, in the most commanding situation that they could by possibility find. "In the holy name of the Prophet, what is this?" exclaimed the Tunisian prince, exasperated and confounded at the duplicity and presumption of his French friends. "In the name of the Prophet, are these sons of dogs building for Allah or for the devil?" He lost no time in representing that he could not allow a fort to be erected by foreigners in his country; and the discomfited Gauls immediately set about converting it into a chapel, but still retaining the commanding site they had so unwarrantably seized upon; and there stands the chapel, crowning a very considerable elevation, overlooking all the surrounding country, and probably easily convertible into a fort at any time if it should suit their purposes and interests so to do. To the Church militant belongs that monumental chapel to a certainty; and St. Louis, or any other saint, as the Bey seemed to opine, had remarkably little to do in its construction. From its very commanding situation, the views from it are eminently beautiful. There is a lovely garden round it, that looked brilliant the day we were there (about Christmas time) with scarlet geraniums, pome-

granate blossoms, and other charming productions of nature. As far as the shade of St. Louis was concerned, it might easily become reconciled to the spot selected for the memorial temple.

French influence in Tunis has, I believe, altogether declined very considerably since the days of the late king, who certainly worked hard for the prosperity and the interests of France. He was accused of labouring incessantly for the aggrandisement and advancement of the various members of his family; it might be so, but to do him justice, I believe France was never forgotten.

In enumerating the many renowned personages who have trodden on Tunisian ground, I have omitted several notabilities and celebrities, whom I will now proceed to mention: these are, my great-great-grandmother-in-law, Lady Mary Wortley (for whom I was occasionally taken in America and in the West Indies!); Queen Caroline, not a very charming pendant to poor Queen Dido; Alexandre Dumas, the well-known French author; and Holman, the blind traveller.

When Queen Caroline was at Tunis she was lodged in the Bey's town palace, the exterior of which we saw the other day, and

which has nothing remarkably striking about it, except, I think, some quaint representations of lions. Prince Puckler Muskau (the same whom we used to call Prince Pickle-and-Mustard in London some time since) was at Tunis a few years ago, and I believe wrote a book about that part of northern Africa. I heard a great many particulars about Holman, the blind traveller, when at Tunis, from persons who had seen a good deal of him. It appears he was in the habit of drawing very largely on the compassion and benevolence of his friends, expecting them to sacrifice their time and convenience very seriously in order to attend to him, and act as his guides, secretaries, &c. His journal, it appears, was entirely written by means of the friendly assistance of those among whom he happened to be thrown in the course of his extensive wanderings; and these services and good offices were, by all accounts, a little too much claimed as a right, in place of being solicited and acknowledged as a favour. A friend of mine, who had for some time patiently fulfilled the somewhat onerous duties of this imposed secretaryship, told me, that at all times and on all occasions, whatever her own household or social avocations, and employ-

ments, she was expected to be ready to act as scribe, and to be prepared to be particularly well scolded if she did not give the most complete satisfaction; at times the attention would slightly wander, and then the reproof was very unscrupulously and energetically administered. Much allowance, however, was undoubtedly to be made for one suffering under the burden of so heavy an infirmity, but it certainly would seem that under the circumstances it would have been a judicious step for the sightless traveller to have taken with him on his peregrinations a regular secretary, or some relation who would have acted as one.

We paid a visit, by the Bey's kind permission, accompanied by Sir Thomas and Lady R——, to his immense country palace, the Barda; it is near Tunis, a sort of town in itself, about three thousand people live within the *enceinte* of its walls. Some of the rooms were very handsome, one in particular was of great size, and very sumptuously decorated: that saloon (as well as almost all the numerous rooms in the palace) was literally overstocked with splendid presents munificently given by Louis Philippe to the Bey during the sojourn of the latter in Paris; of course out of the merest feeling of amicable good-will—no little design

—no diplomatic manœuvring, and no object to gain! Who could be ungenerous enough to dream of such a thing? In the meantime, Louis Philippe, apparently taking more pleasure in the society of the Mahometan ruler of Tunis than in that of the most Christian of kings and princes, as a mark of this disinterested esteem and friendship, actually showered upon him such stores of clocks, vases, prints, pictures, tablets, knick-knacks, snuff-boxes, marble-tables, busts, figures, frames, and ornamental objects, that it seemed as if he thought he would furnish his friend (in case by *any chance* he should be dispossessed of the Beyship of Tunis), with the means of immediately opening an old curiosity shop, or a very well-provided stall in one of his own bazaars. You are obliged to walk carefully through the crowded rooms of that palace, or you would be in danger of smashing some of Louis Philippe's thickly accumulated gifts at every turn; you thread your way through stacks of Parisian clocks, legions of painted china vases, forests of gew-gaws, armies of busts, hecatombs of statuettes, mounds of ornamental lamps and avenues of mosaic slabs; then you are told to look up at the ceiling, to admire the splendid chandelier which the

French King presented the Bey with; then you are bade to look down on the ground to observe the beautiful carpet which the same sovereign had pressed on the acceptance of the fortunate prince; and after that you are counselled to examine particularly the walls, and admire the prints, and the pictures, and the tapestry, given by the same unsparing hand. So often had the attendant to repeat the name of the "King Louis Philippe," as he was asked where this or that splendid article came from, that at length it sank to a sort of abbreviative grunt, all huddled into one compendious but almost incomprehensible monosyllable, as the Tipperarians are said to pronounce the name of their fair native place, "Pra." The Rue de la Paix must have looked rather jejune and impoverished after the Bey's return to Tunis, and there must have been alarming symptoms of a short crop of clocks, a terrible famine of china vases, an inadequate supply of some of the first necessaries of Parisian life, such as objects of *vertù*, knick-knacks and *bijouterie*—the true French "bigotry and virtue" of the present day, as Mrs. Caudle hath it. I was particularly struck with one of the royal presents, and that was, an admirable full-length likeness of Louis

Philippe in gobelin tapestry, so exquisitely done that we took it for an oil-painting till we were told it was tapestry. We saw two very handsome carpets given by our Queen to the Bey; but in the marvellous multiplicity of the Gallic presents, these poor carpets seemed indeed, as it were, glad to hide their diminished heads beneath the benevolent feet of the passer-by. The room in the palace that charmed us the most was a very extensive gallery with immense quantities of windows, displaying a beautiful view,—it was a grand room that. While we were there, servants entered bearing trays of coffee and refreshments, by the Bey's kind orders; the trays, and cups, and soucoupes, the Turkish zarf, and filagreed fingan, &c., looked Tunisian, but I make no doubt they were all presents of Louis Philippe: the poor Bey must surely have had a sale of all his own old effects, and goods, and chattels, or where could he have stowed them away, when all these glittering intruders from Paris were poured in on him—I may almost say—so unmercifully; for to find house-room for them it would appear as though he must have parted from all his former goods and possessions? Although the prince was not

residing in the royal mansion when we visited it, yet it presented a very animated and busy scene, swarms of people were pouring in and out, and the din of steps, and clatter of tongues, seemed almost incessant. A great number of camels were hobbled outside, waiting, I suppose, for their respective masters; and I could not but pity the poor beasts, they looked so uncomfortable, with one leg tucked up so awkwardly; this little arrangement added very materially to the usually ungainly and uncouth look of the camel. Uncouth and ungainly though they may be, however, I own I have a great admiration of camels in general; they have so very much character about them, such decided originality, such strong expression, though not always of the most amiable kind it must be owned. I saw some uncommonly handsome camels at Tunis, and one that Sir Thomas had that was usually at work near the house drawing water, was a perfect study; nothing could exceed its humpy grace and dignity, and the turn of its neck and head was beyond description stately and majestic. It was an extremely good-tempered beast, and would eat out of the hand with condescending affability, after turning round its stately head in the most imperial manner possible. We

gave it the rough, sharp leaves of the prickly pear, which we were told it liked, and it made light indeed of the formidable spikes which were thickly set on it,—it certainly looked much as if it were making a luncheon on a *chevaux-de-frise*; but the said *chevaux-de-frise* appeared very much to its taste. The most vicious-looking camels I ever saw belonged to an encampment of Bedouin Arabs, which we happened to stumble upon one day during a long walk; there were a good many of these animals, and almost all of them appeared particularly unamiable and cross-grained. Such countenances! they looked like so many hump-backed assassins, sullen, fierce, and savage. I was going, maugre its ungracious appearance, to try and make friends with one of these cut-throat-looking camels, when the Arabs hastily rushed forward, and with many expressive signs and gesticulations, warned me not to attempt to meddle with any of them. Those Bedouin Arabs themselves seemed the very reverse of their unsociable beasts of burthen, they were all friendliness, good-humour, courtesy, and complaisance; it was no fault of theirs, if some of their well-intentioned acts or offers of civility were rendered nugatory by the force of perversely adverse circumstances. Seeing us

a little fatigued by our walk under a hot sun, they proffered us a draught of water in a horribly nauseous pan, tasting strongly of some skin in which it had been carried (also I think 'twas tainted from the bowl which actually contained it being the reverse of cleanly), so that, although the children who accompanied us were exceedingly thirsty, they could not drink it. They then hospitably invited us into one of their black-looking camel's hair tents, which we could by no apparent possible means have contrived to crawl into. If we had been made on the telescope principle we might have had a remote chance of introducing ourselves into the low and narrow abode in order to die immediately of inevitable suffocation, or could we have rolled our self into a compact little ball, like an unintrusive hedgehog; as it was, it was not to be accomplished, though we made one or two insane attempts, plunging down, for it was beyond stooping, as if about to practise a Chinese salutation, and rap nine times on the floor with a rat-a-tat such as a finished footman executes in resounding Belgravia. At length, with battered bonnets and heads the worse for wear, we desisted, and looked with bewildered amaze on the assembled denizens of the

marvellous tents, wondering,—perchance, as the wiseacre wondered, how the apples ever could get into the dumplings,—how the inmates could have forced themselves into those camel's hair marquées. The tent must surely be stretched upon them, like the dresses of a famous beauty of "auld lang syne," who had all her gowns made upon her. Finding these kind intentions on their part were unfortunately frustrated, the good-natured Arabs next resorted to the charm of conversation, by which to amuse their foreign visitors; but alas! we understood but little indeed of their flowing Arabic—"Wakkader, wakkader!" which I believe means "Softly, softly!"—we *could* just attempt to say, as I boldly attempt to spell it now, but little more than that, except a feeble attempt at "good morning" and "good night," and other such parrot phrases. However, the Arabs seemed quite amused and interested by our eloquence. After a little while we all parted excellent friends; and when we stopped and looked back at the encampment, with its camels, and its swarthy groupes, glimmering through the olive-trees, and its strange, black-looking tents, I thought a more picturesque scene I had seldom beheld altogether. Though the tents were not desirable

or pleasant as habitations, they had assuredly a capital effect in the landscape; and as to the kneeling camels, though they were truculent enough in aspect, and not agreeable to approach, the intervening space beautified them amazingly, and they became enchanting deformities in the distance, and absolutely rather benignant-looking than otherwise; for truly sings the poet, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But I own I have a great partiality and weakness for camels, ill-tempered or good-tempered. What an Oriental air they give to the landscape, although there may happen to be nothing else in the neighbourhood that reminds one of being in the East! Camels have I loved and honoured ever since in old nursery days I looked with pleased awe and wonderment at their strange forms shadowed forth in the rough illustrations of some child's Scripture history, profusely adorned with wood-cuts; there at the well, as here, crouched the stately creatures, while the damsel with the pitcher on her fair head approached to draw water, and to give it to the turbanned stranger. Were all camels as cross-grained as those belonging to that vagrant horde, and twenty times as ugly, I should still entertain an affection for them, for the sake of those cherished

old associations; and never did I get tired of admiring them crouching down at the wells, so abundant in this country, or in long strings plodding patiently along under their various burthens. I have said "patiently," but I believe that quality is denied to the camel by some writers. Yet, surely, they must be patient, groan, and grumble, and grunt as they may, to support at all (in addition to their other burthens), the perpetual burthen of that grotesque hump,—poor hunchbacks of race and kind! It really seems hard art has as yet done nothing for them in these days of backboards and spine-improvers! The Arab men whom we saw at these Bedouin tents were literally almost black with exposure to the weather, the burning sun, &c.; the women seemed even more deeply tinted, if possible, and utterly smoke-dried, and they were tattooed in all directions, as if they were afraid their natural ugliness should prove too perishable and evanescent, and they were anxious to render it as permanent as possible; however they were all good-humour and smiles, and they warmly seconded their husbands and brothers in offering us impossible hospitalities, and entertaining us with incomprehensible discourse.

CHAPTER X.

HOW DO YOU DO?

&c. &c.

We were walking one day at Tunis when we met a stately-looking old Moor in a field, (a sort of Moorish farmer I believe he was), who came up and accosted the kind friend who was escorting us about. As he seemed to have a very long narrative to tell, we all remained stationary for a considerable time; in the middle of this discourse, to which I observed ever and anon my friend gracefully bowed her head, and murmured a few Arabic words, she turned to me, and said,—

"I am afraid you will be tired, but I must wait, though he is only saying 'How do you do?' In their way he is wishing all sorts of good wishes, and paying the usual compliments of their salutations. We must remain till he has said 'How do you do?'"

We remained accordingly, with exemplary patience, through act the first, act the second, act the third, and fourth and fifth acts; for after certain intervals, probably to recover breath, the how-do-you-do orator began again, and yet again, till one wondered what remote member of the family he could be asking after. He must have got to the hundredth cousin an hour ago. Was he going back through all the branches of the genealogical tree, inquiring whether any of them had lately revisited the glimpses of the moon, or had rested well in their silent homes; whether their bones were still in fair preservation, or their ghosts if they had reappeared, in as good condition as ghosts might well be in. Now the gentle lady who is being asked after her health, and the health of all her kith and kin till she is sick, meditates a flight, and with a brief earnest expression of thanks, attempts escape; but the Moor, with the look of a man who is expected to do his duty, and who does it firmly, quietly intercepts her, and begins again a fresh flood of eloquence on this apparently interminable subject. Very earnestly, too, does he seem to be giving his whole mind and soul, every faculty of his being, every energy of his existence, to

this profound "how do you do?" Has she ever had a pain in her little finger that he is not condoling with? and is he not congratulating her on every time she has sat down to dinner with a good appetite? His hand is pressed to his heart again—come, we may be going now—a few more last words, like successive final appearances at a theatre, or the last drops of a furious shower. Once more—but 'tis a mere drizzle this—now will the poor lady escape from this worst of button-holders, and we are inclined to say, "how *do* you do?" indeed, after this terrible infliction. Lean on us, pray and seek repose and peace somewhere at once. Short-sighted are mortals,—perhaps, especially Giaours. What! will you have morning and expect no night? Do you think that after this dinner of many courses, you are not to have a dessert? After the tide has flowed in, shall it not flow out? Autumn succeeds to summer. The "how do you do," excepting a few dying grunts and grumbles, and expiring grimaces and gesticulations, is, indeed, over; but while you all prepare to proceed on your way (since beyond these lengthened salutations nothing seems to be forthcoming); now commences the good-bye! "O tempora! O mores!" How is the former

wasted thus in fulfilling the duties of the latter! But, however, good-bye has to commence and to—end, before the world does, perhaps, after a certain number of chapters, parts, and editions, like "how do you do?" The indefatigable Moor poured forth more ready-made eloquence, and at length we were allowed to depart. Parting, in sooth, seems here

> "Such sweet sorrow,
> That I could say good-bye till it be morrow"—

meeting, of course, equally delectable. What would be thought of this leisurely method of elaborating an "how do you do?" in busy, hurrying Europe? I know not, but it seemeth to me not much more time is lost in this complimenting by rote, and this cut-and-dry formula here, than is wasted in extemporaneous small talk, and original tittle-tattle there. What tremendous efforts and exertions, too, of the intellect would it save were it adopted in our metropolitan circles, for instance; then no longer might ingenuous youths be seen struggling painfully, while their utmost conversational powers are cruelly tasked to supply such deadly-lively novelties as, "How hot this room is!—Do you go to the Opera to-morrow?—Were you in the Park to-day?—Have you

seen the new beauty?—heard the new singer? —How ill everybody is dressed!—How dull is this concert—and that ball—and these odious breakfasts!—How stupid the books that come out just now!" Then only imagine how much scandal and slander it might prove a substitute for! Introduce this "how do you do?" with variations, at the tea-tables of suburban dowagers, and how many fair fames and fair names might you spare! By the time "how do you do?" had come to a prosperous termination, "good night" would have fairly set in; and these female amateur executioners of reputations might retire innocent of mischief to their couches; no nightmare spectres of murdered fames should arise in their slumbers, and they might go on, with placidity and complacency, how-d'ye-doing through their unhaunted dreams. This useful custom, if imported, might verily be of value. To the diplomatist 'twould be worth something. He need not then go hunting desperately for topics, the best under which to conceal his thoughts; to the doctor 'twould be a relief, no bothering himself to ask tiresome questions, finger on pulse,—how-d'ye-doing might last till feeing time,—very convenient! Even lovers might find it rather useful; and what

floods of nonsense might it stand in lieu of—and how many amiable falsehoods and rash vows impossible, or very highly improbable of performance, might it render unnecessary! Even at St. Stephen's, peradventure, it might be a refreshing change, and actually might introduce much of variety and interest, if, instead of many a prosy speech, containing matter quite as stereotyped, and observations not half as entertaining, this honourable member and that would commence with those multitudinous inquiries after Mr. Speaker's health, and profoundly wish that his shadow may never be less, that patience the true consoler of the embarrassed may be his aid, that no jackasses in future may grin on his path, or hee-haw over his grand-aunt's tombstone, &c. &c.; and then the long-drawn farewell—then, above all—a most Oriental silence, *that* would, indeed, be a *reform* of the House of Commons! Yet, be it understood, I object not to really bright and light touch-and-go talk, to that prattle of feathery *légéreté* and buoyancy, which seems not to cost an effort, like the gay flash of French chatter, a kind of coruscating phosphorescent talk—a half-length—a bust-and-shoulders of conversation—with a *head*, mind, to it,—a kit-kat chit-chat!

What I do abominate is the dull, heavy, lumpish imitation and caricature of this,—playing with leaden shuttlecocks, strutting in feathers cut out of wood. Many themes require most light and delicate handling, the glancing remarks, like the woodcock, which gourmands say should merely just fly through the kitchen, thus should rapidly wing their way through the flashing encounter of wit and argument.

Right pleasant were those Tunisian walks of ours, even though we were exposed to being thus held fast by such a Moorish version of a button-holder as this, grasping pertinaciously the hooks and eyes of our cloaks, and asking all the inevitable questions of Tunisian civility. Charming was it to wander among the aloes, fig-trees, palms, pepper-trees, pomegranates, cypresses, caroobahs, and olive-trees. There were also a few date-palms, and some scattered bananas, Indian figs, — of which I thought the fruit very nice, — almond-trees, and quantities of aromatic shrubs and plants. Besides the abundant fruits, the chief productions of Tunis are barley, oil, tallow, wool, hides, wax, and wheat. (The Bey is said to claim all the horse-hides as a royal perquisite.) The mountains near Tunis yield copper, silver, and lead. The mountains and woods of the

Regency contain lions, ostriches, monkeys, bisons, roebucks, hyenas, jackals, pheasants, partridges, hares, and other beasts and birds. Tunis carries on a considerable trade in woollen cloth and linen, gold dust, morocco leather, horses, lead, oil, soap, feathers, and ostrich-eggs. There is a famous manufactory near the city of Tunis of the fez worn by the Mahometans. These are said to be very ingeniously made by a curious process; but we had so much to see during our brief stay at Tunis, that we did not find time to pay this manufactory a visit. The inhabitants of the Regency consist of Moors, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and some Christians, Mohametanism being the established religion. The climate I can say but little about from actual experience, I was there for so short a time. It was then Christmas time; and many days while we were there were truly beautiful; the sun has so much power, that even if the wind was cold, in the sun you were delightfully warm. We had hurricanes of wind two or three days while we were there, and there was considerable variation of the temperature. Sometimes the sky would frown angrily as an English sky in November, and then again the summer-like, glowing, glorious sun would burst

out and make it like rose-wreathed July, one could hardly believe it was the same sky that had frowned so drearily a short time before. The following verses describe a little the thoughts such a variation of natural appearances calls forth :—

The Wanderer lingered by the lone sea-shore,
And listened sadly to the waves' wild roar,
And sadly answered them with music-moans,
That bore a heart's whole history in their tones ;
And what a history !—heavy, deep, and stern,
As that quick heart were all a funeral urn ;
And thus his melancholy plaint was poured,
While some new woe seemed wept through every word.

A Bark all shattered by the storms—
The fiery Storms of Life am I ;
The gentlest waves seem threatening forms
To that poor wreck they are hurrying by.

A heart 'gainst which so fiercely hurled,
Were bolts of doom and death,—a heart
So deeply wounded by the world
From every breath must shrink and start ;

A heart so lost to happiness,
So long o'ercharged by doubt and woe,
Shrinks in its desolate distress
From every breath, as 'twere a blow.

For shattered — shattered by the storms
Of bitter Life is laid this Bark;—
Still kindly shapes seem threatening forms,
Just glimpsed 'midst shadows in the dark!

Scarce glimpsed midst shadows drear, by rays
Of ghostly moons, that watch and wane
In skies so dimmed — can there the blaze,
Of joyous day e'er burst again?

Can these the same Skies be, where bright
So many a time blithe Suns have smiled?—
Could they have e'er streamed o'er with light,—
That now so darkly are despoiled?

Yea! the same Skies!—and yet again
The same proud, glorious sun shall roll
Through these to light both mount and main,—
And *thy* sun, too, shall rise — my Soul!

CHAPTER XI.

BLACK GHOSTS,

&c. &c.

The grand old house in which we were staying while at Tunis, as I have before said, was, what we in England (who do not live on the grey plains of Carthage) might call very old, having been built between five and six hundred years before it came into the hands of the then excellent possessor, whose liberal hospitality was so kindly extended towards us during our *séjour* in Barbary. It had for a very long time been uninhabited and desolate. The reason for this was, it was reputed to be haunted — very much haunted, indeed. It appears that many, many a long year ago, this imposing structure had belonged to an old and particularly unamiable Moor named Abdallah (very unworthy of his name, which,

I believe, means "heaven's favourite"). This worthy was enormously wealthy, and had an incredible number of slaves, which poor unfortunate slaves tradition declares that he put to the worst use you can put a man, (as Wilkes, I believe it was, said), if not by actual hanging, yet by some mode of death equally ignominious, and perhaps more painful. In short, it was "his custom of an afternoon," at the conclusion of his sumptuous repast, to have a singular little lively divertissement and recreation. It would seem that the interesting Abdallah could not play at chess nor cards, had no taste for reading, had no letters to write, lacked a taste for music, had no club to go to; and, therefore, as he felt deeply that the prime duty of life consisted in amusing himself; and as he had curious little fancies on that subject, he would pass his evenings in rather a peculiar manner—in fact, his method of killing time was killing a goodly number of fellow-mortals; and in his dull moods, when wishing to pass from grave to gay, he had his rooms cheerfully illuminated, and in the most diverting style condemned a crowd of slaves to pass at once from gay to *grave*. Variety is charming, and consequently

a great and pleasing variety of deaths was introduced to the notice of the performers in these little "spectacles," so that, despite their being like the eels, accustomed to the sort of thing, they might not be absolutely *blazé* with it. Accordingly, murder with variations, death served up in a thousand ways, was the order of the day; and, if the blackeys were not ungrateful, they might have felt vastly beholden to a master who took so much pains about giving them pain, and wished they should have the honour of dying all sorts of newly-invented deaths of the last fashion, and latest pattern of his own choice contrivance. So passed the benevolent Abdallah's "evenings at home." History says not whether he invited guests to these parties, "coffee and carnage, chibouques and catastrophes," or "a few domestic tragedies composed for the occasion,—positively the last appearance of all the principal actors." The probability is, that these pleasant "swarrys" were attended by none but the estimable host, who moralised, doubtless, as the smoke curled from his splendid pipe, and a couple of slaves fell down dead at every puff. Puff, puff,—"*He* died prettily; but the

other one was awkward,—seemed unused to it; let us now see you two behind there; now, then, hold up your heads, while they are still on your shoulders, so!" Even while he spoke the apt executioner has held them up for them!—"Neat dying, that was. Well done, Hassan! Come on, you, now. But what is this? How brisk you look! Oh, oh! you *want* to die, eh? the sooner out of your pain and suspense the better? Take him away! let him live.—Nay!—There, let him stay and see all the rest go off before him! And in another month or so, perhaps, he may be accommodated with a little dying himself. But I won't have any passive nonsense, no; it cheats me cruelly of my best amusement. What! deprive me of the funny, pleasant struggle, and exhilarating little coy hesitation! What! walk like a stupid sheep to the shambles! You should be verily ashamed of yourselves—it is defrauding me of my just dues heartlessly;—you are not worth knocking on the head;—you are indeed too stupid for killing! Evil was the day on which I bought you,—wretches that can die without making me laugh,—that can dare to perish without exciting a smile! I would not give a sequin for a whole caravan of such. Come

now, *you,* and if you die to please me, you shall have your freedom, in the name of the Prophet!" So he pleasantly ran on, graciously praising those who had died "prettily;" though there was this drawback to the value of his commendations—the objects of them could never hear them. Well, the day arrived when Abdallah himself was called upon to act the same little part he had caused so many to perform, and he duly acted it; but whether well or indifferently well or ill, after having rehearsed it vicariously for so long, I know not. But the ghastly amusements of the Abdellia (so named after its benign master), were not entirely discontinued; immense troops of black ghosts nightly were supposed to assemble in these well-known precincts, and get up little private theatricals of their own with surprising effect; here a sable hobgoblin stood, and showered heads about him like hail; there one was beautifully bowstrung in half a moment; another shadow was cut up into so many black patches, and scattered over the pearly cheek of the moonlit night, like beauty spots; another was fluttering like a pirate's black flag on the end of a shadowy lance. By hundreds, by thousands, they gathered there.

One is so accustomed to hear of white spectres and pallid phantoms, that it is difficult to realise the appearance of these jetty shades: for jetty they were,—thus though they had been long dead, *dying* seemed to have much to do with them still;—they had died, but were still dyed—the deepest sable. Had you watched their curious gambols and merry play at chopping off each other's heads, and playfully cutting and carving each other about, you would have marvelled, and seeing their colour would have thought that myriads of tutelary spirits of Warren's blacking, or Day and Martin's ditto, were performing glad orgies o'er a world rescued from rusty boots and ill-japanned shoes. The consequence of these strange "darkey" revelries was this, the Abdellia could find no tenant, no purchaser; people did not like to engage a house, though handsome, that accommodated, besides their own family and household, a few thousand of headless or armless phantoms; they did not like to buy up an innumerable army of ebony-coloured hobgoblins, not, apparently, of the most peaceful or orderly kind. If they wished to have a sale of such remarkably useless, and indeed incommodious effects, would any body

take so many souls off their hands?—so large a body of souls as one might say!—even if some eccentric individual should prove to be a spectre-fancier? Even supposing this should be the case, yet could they (after being put to much inconvenience) expect to get more than a groat, or demi-groat, per hundred head of hobgoblins? and then the ghosts were out of repair, and could not by any means be warranted sound; old Abdallah's diversions had cropped off so many heads (these were never again fitted properly, many, it was rumoured, being quite askew), chopped off so many ears, slit so many noses, sliced off so many arms, and shaved off so many legs (a couple of thousand at least were the worst goers of ghosts you ever set eyes on),—that, perhaps, they would fetch no price at all in the phantom-market; and doubtless the generality of people would naturally dislike having such legions of boarders forced compulsorily upon them. To be sure, they neither ate, drank, nor slept, but then they would not let anybody else do the last. The walls and floors were said to be black with them. What amount of housemaid-power would it be necessary to engage to clean up the house

tidily after those revelries? Think of the flying about of so much black *dust;* and, perhaps, after their queer games, they might leave a bushel of heads, and arms, and noses, behind them to be swept up. No, it was not to be thought of. So the poor Abdellia was abandoned to these haunting imps of darkness double-dyed, who did not "do their" haunting "*gently*" at all, but were very uproarious; and who, doubtless, in the midst of their host kept the wicked spirit of that old Abdallah, who was so curious in killing, and had so many little matters of murder on his bad conscience, in torment. It was *their* turn then, they popped his head off and on again like an old coffee-pot lid, now making it fly like a cork out of a champagne-bottle, and now screwing it slowly off with great gusto, cackling merrily at the wry faces the old head made, and sometimes using it as a football (as the French ladies did the Arab skulls at Algiers). In short, the Abdellia remained for scores of years a mere goblin preserve; till the Bey of Tunis, rightly judging that Englishmen are not to be scared by swart Beelzebub himself, accompanied by any number of attendant black gentlemen or aide-de-camps, offered to Sir Thomas R——

the mansion at a moderate rate, which offer was accepted; and nothing was seen from that time to this, that I am aware of, of the raven-coloured *revenants* and old Abdallah, unless, indeed, the latter appeared as that black cat which had so nearly jumped on our heads when playing at chess.

It struck me while at Tunis that there were very few beggars to be seen, one walked unmolested by mendicants along the ill-paved and crowded streets of the capital; and this seemed a strange contrast to what one sees in our own Christian metropolis, where they swarm in such sad numbers; where, on one side, you have frequently to stand the fire of a persevering little beggaret, whose small pop-gun of importunity pursues you, like the Irishman's crooked gun round the corner, till you escape slightly bleeding from a sixpenny wound; on another side, a black, frowning, scowling single-barrelled beggar stands, who takes good aim, and attacks you remorselessly; while a double-barrelled one, a man with his wife (but just out of some hospital always), makes a simultaneous assault upon you; and if you succumb to these, hastily stumps up a six-shooter, a vinegar-faced woman, with five children, and opens fire upon you to

complete your discomfiture and defeat. It is of the common run of London beggars I am speaking, not of the exceptional real sad cases one but too often sees. Sorry, indeed, should I be to speak lightly of *them*. With respect to what appeared to me the rarity of Tunisian mendicity, it may be that the beggars generally there quietly canonise themselves as saints, the adoption of which profession, with a little simulated madness or folly, saves them the trouble of begging altogether.

We were told they fatten the women there sometimes by rule and measure. The *fiancées* have loose shackles put on their arms and ankles, which are kept on till they are well filled. When the gentleman has been married before, the shackles used are those of the former wife, whom it is thought necessary the new one should match in size. It sometimes happens, Russell tells us, that the unfortunate fatted fair ones "die under the spoon." Their little, or rather their large life, is thus *rounded off* by a sleep eternal, and this vast quantity of substance becomes shadow, though 'tis really difficult to imagine these porpoises among the shades; and death must have very hard work to reduce them to skeletons.

CHAPTER XII.

A MOORISH WEDDING FESTIVAL, *&c. &c.*

We went one day, while in Tunis, to see a village wedding-festival. We found all the guests in their holiday dresses: they received us very graciously and kindly, making a curious sound with their mouths, something like a flourish of screech-owls, which one who was conversant with their customs said was tantamount to cheering and applause with us; the blushing bride was not handsome (for which grievous fault in a bride she might well blush deeply), and *seemed* one of the least pleased of the party, so perhaps there are *mariages de convenance* even in Moorish villages. The chief amusement of the festival, as far as we saw of it, was dancing. One woman, who was said to be à Bedouin Arab, and who

was thickly tattooed, so that she was a mass of stars, figures, arrows, suns, moons, and all kinds of ingenious devices, danced most indefatigably; but such extraordinary dancing! Now she figured about clumsily like a peewit with the gout, now like a hippopotamus prancing on hot irons (she was remarkable for *embonpoint*), and now she looked like an elderly porpoise dancing on the tight-rope. After she retired to recruit her strength, another stepped forward, who distantly resembled a henna-tipped, half-black fingered Moorish Mother Goose. Her dancing was as wondrous as that of her saltatory predecessor,—not in the least like Taglioni's or Cerito's. She would considerably have astonished the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theâtre by her style of dancing; and the mode of decoration of the performer—the profuse tattooing—would have a singular effect; it would be something, however (and novelty, we know, is always precious in Europe), to see a tattooed Sylphide or *Reine des fées*. The house prepared for the bride and bridegroom was very neat and nice,—scrupulously clean, airy, and comfortable. After staying some time, during which the ladies kept on industriously performing their *pas seuls*, and the men did not dance a step, we took our leave, and were greeted by

the same burst of whistling and rattling that cheered us on our entry. It is a most singular sound,—a long, tremulous, quavering, hooting kind of shake; a horse, a screech-owl, a rattle-snake, and a cat-call together might form such a sound—an ear-piercing one,—in short they seemed neighing, screeching, rattling, and whistling all at once, and with all their might.

We paid a visit to the ruins of what are called the Great Cisterns, shortly after. They form a very populously inhabited village. Crowds of people (Arabs) came out of their curious domiciles to greet us; they had evidently established themselves quite comfortably in these dry cisterns. At the door of one of the habitations we saw a poor little girl standing crying, and looking very pale and ill: she was holding up her hand, which seemed shockingly swollen and disfigured. On examination, we found she was undergoing the tattooing process; her wrist had been tortured very ingeniously, it was evident that it had been quite lately tattooed, and the whole hand as well as the wrist were in a frightful state, and very stiff and swollen. "Il faut souffrir pour être belle," indeed, among those people; and it was pitiable to see the red eyes of the poor child, and the shocking state of her poor little wrist

and hand. This torment, I suppose, is to be continued all the way up her wretched little arm by degrees (as we saw it in our dancing friend at the wedding festival),—for they seem to bestow this beauty upon them by instalments. I believe the pain would be too great if this process were completed at once, for children of such a tender age to bear. The poor child I so much compassionated was amused and interested by the visit of the strangers; and, still holding out her hand,—not to beg, but as if she was afraid of its coming in contact with any part of her not very abundant apparel, she followed us about for a while, and forgot to cry. She was about eight years old, I should say. We saw a very splendid sunset on our return from this place, which, I think, was called Malga.

Another time, we went to the light-house, situated on a commanding hill; the view is indeed glorious. The bay, the mountains, look superb from thence. The town hard by is full of saints, I was told, and is called by a name signifying that it is "a town of saints." Assuredly, to judge from all we had seen and heard of these gentry, one should have thought this would only be circumbendibustically calling it a vast Bedlam; however,

we saw nothing but a very orderly population, many of whom, on recognising our amiable companion, Lady R——, stopped us for a weary while upon our road, to preach that long sermon on the text of "How are you?" which had already so sorely tried our patience. We could really almost have found it in our hearts to answer in the words of the Persian anathema, looking at the long-drawn face of the turbaned bores, "May your visages be turned upside down; may the children of burnt grandfathers pull your beards, and jackasses sit braying on your uncle's grave!" Poor old prosers! they meant well, but were exceedingly tiresome. These ceremonious old Moors seem to think their hearts were given them expressly to lay their hands upon all day long, and say, "How d'ye do?" by. Another day, we went to see a house being built, I believe, for a summer palace for the Bey. A number of negro workmen were busily preparing some ground, and singing in time and tune with all their might and main. We had before heard their wild voices singing chorusses in the city of Tunis, and at first were puzzled to know what the extraordinary sounds could mean. We were then informed, it was the custom of the negro workmen, when build-

ing, to accompany themselves with singing—no wishy-washy, sentimental quavering, but a good, strong, deafening hurly-burly. They mix their mortar with music—they pile up stones with songs. If they adopted this plan in London, what a maze of melody should we wander through, where Belgravia, and far beyond, is being perpetually increased and multiplied; and where Tyburnia lifts her Square-and-terrace-crowned brow; omnibuses would roll unheard, and the poetical and figurative roar of the Mighty City would become a roar indeed. It would certainly have a curious effect if all Mr. Cubitt's men should ever become pupils of Hullah, and, like the feat of Amphion, the great city should be built to the sound of music. But to return to our real genuine "Ethiopian minstrels;" we were amused by watching them for some time; they had a leader—a jetty Jullien—who, with stentorian voice and the most inconceivable of all possible flourishes, kept admirable time; but the vehemence, the fury, the apparent desperation of muscular frenzy and sinewy distraction, were quite alarming. The ground seemed to take it for granted it was a small earthquake that was demanded of it, and it quaked very

respectably; while the panting workmen, with harmonious yells, ending usually with a tremendous sort of jerking grunt or snort, belaboured it stoutly and energetically. How they yelled, how they thumped, how they banged, how they glared with their great flashing, darkling eyes, and grinned with their great sparkling teeth! The singing was in their own negro language, and a wilder scene or sound could hardly have been met with in their native Africa. At a little distance from their half-built mansion (which contained some very fine rooms and galleries) a house was pointed out to me, where it was said *one* European print was hung up, and that was an engraving of Haddon Hall, my father's very ancient place in Derbyshire. The old Moor, to whom this mansion belonged, had, I believe, never been in Europe, and why or how he should have this solitary print was a mystery. We should have gone to see it, but unfortunately some misunderstanding had arisen between the owner of the house and our kind friend and host. Therefore, Lady R—— could not take us to see it. The proprietor of the house was one of the Bey's ministers, and, I believe, a very unpopular one. The people seem to have been heavily taxed

lately, and are oppressed; but the present Bey appears tolerably popular. They do not seem to treat the Bey of Tunis as they did the former Deys of Algiers — four of whom, it is said, succeeded each other in one morning. The survivor, I think, was Husseyn, the ex-Dey; however, I am not quite sure of this fact. But what a confusion there must have been in the palace that morning,—what fitting on of crowns and of swords,—what rapid changes of decorations, — a royal harlequin-farce, — whack! down with this man, up with that,— the princely mantle hopping from one shoulder to another; no one could have been quite perfectly sure whether he, too, were a Dey or not! Everybody seemed to be chosen in their turn, and the throne was turned, into a sort of superb hack sulky, or a stationary Hansom (not a "patent safety" though, assuredly), let out by the hour. It would have been safer to enlarge it, some might have thought, for a dozen at once — a regal omnibus. So might they have defended it better. The Bey of Tunis deserves honourable mention for having, some years ago, entirely abolished slavery in Tunis,— every slave he set nobly free; for this should his name be ever respected throughout the earth.

No more Abdallahs can ever riot in murder and cruelty there; no more can the slave measure wherever his shadow falls, the grave of manhood, and truth, and honour, on that fortunate soil. For this be the name of the Bey of Tunis honoured for evermore; he has shown a worthy example, and has acted in a manner that would confer exaltation and renown on the wearer of a Christian crown, and many a Christian heart shall bless him. The negroes in that country appeared, and are in general, a hard-working, tractable, contented race,—light-hearted and joyous; and you seldom see the two brilliant lamps of their white-rolling eyes, without seeing beneath a corresponding lengthened flash from two rows of unexceptionable ivories, for they have generally superb teeth, and ordinarily seem to go through life in a broad grin,—careless, happy, and full of merriment and good-humour. If I rejoiced not over the extinction of slavery, there or elsewhere, for the sake of the blacks themselves, I should certainly do so for that of the whites; for I am convinced, whatever evils, whatever mischiefs, whatever misfortunes, result to the former from this, yet more aggravated harms, more deeply-rooted ills, and far more perni-

cious injuries, re-act upon the latter. "Curses are chickens that come home to roost," says some Eastern proverb; do not Injustice and Oppression often do so too? From such disastrous chances has the Tunisian ruler delivered himself and his subjects.

One very common argument in favour of slavery has always struck me as a weak, and shallow, and invalid one. "How," say the apologists, "is it likely a master should ill-treat his slaves when it is against his own *interest* so to do?" But the same may be said of the treatment of animals; yet it is notorious that people *do* often lose their tempers with these, even though they are their property, and it "is against their interest" to ill-use them. Besides, how much torture may be inflicted without permanent, positive injury, or rendering unfit for service and labour.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BASTINADO,

&c. &c.

One morning an arrival took place, which caused, apparently, a great deal of lively interest and strong excitement.

"Who is it?"

"The poor man with the chickens," said one of our little friends, who was fluttering about restlessly, much animated, full of eagerness and curiosity, and extremely agitated.

"And to which of these attaches so much interest,—the chicken or the man?"

"Oh, the poor man! It is he who was so dreadfully bastinadoed, and all about a mistake," replied the charming child, breathlessly; "and he was so shockingly bastinadoed that there are great holes in his poor arms and hands still."

"How horrible!"

Of course I asked respecting this poor sufferer's fault and cruel punishment. It appeared that this unfortunate man, some time before, walking quietly along the road, happened to meet an old Moor of great distinction. This personage asked him if he had seen any cows go into a certain field he named; the man, mistaking the name of the field, replied that he had not: subsequently the cows were discovered, disporting themselves pleasantly, and making themselves quite at home in this very field (I believe belonging to the rich Moor). For this was the poor chicken-seller frightfully bastinadoed,—for this most unintentional and unconscious falsehood; for, indeed, he could have had no motive and no interest in deceiving the irascible personage who had made the inquiries concerning the whereabouts of the cows. For this, then, were his arms dug into these cruel holes,—for this his hands maimed and injured so barbarously: it was, indeed, sickening to think of! This might seem a slight chastisement to the punishers; used as they are to hear of the bastinado for every little offence, it seems but a trifle to them: but to the sufferer not so,

—when it arrives at such an excess especially. It is very well to have the hat (or the turban, if they have advanced so far,) ventilated; but such a compulsory ventilation of your hands and arms is quite another thing, and exceedingly unnecessary for your comfort, and not to be very quietly submitted to, it seems to me. The poor man was brought into the room where we were sitting by the little friend who had so earnestly compassionated him. He had as fine, and open-looking, and honest a countenance as I have ever beheld, and was an extremely handsome man, though quite in the peasant style of good looks, very fair for a Moor, and ruddy; although for a long time we were told he had looked dreadfully ill after his barbarous punishment, and "like a ghost." By the way, what an absurdity it was ever to represent Othello on the stage as a black! the Moors are so very far from that: and we read of the Moorish king, Boabdil, having had blue eyes, a very white skin, and fair locks.

The poor ill-used Moor, when he was asked if he was better, replied he was well now; and uttered no syllable of complaint, but seemed particularly anxious to conceal his mutilated

arms and hands, with all their dreadful ridges and furrows, from our sight. In addition to the torture he must have suffered, he evidently felt poignantly the disgrace and shame of this chastisement—so undeserved. Really, after having freed the slave, the Bey of Tunis should now lose no time in protecting the free from such oppression, such hardship, such bitter injustice; or he may expect some day to have to vacate his noble palace, adorned so profusely with Louis Philippe's gifts, as rapidly as Louis Philippe himself had to hurry out of the Tuileries, without any warning. Revolution and anarchy may set up liberty-poles on the old imperial shores of Carthage, and in the streets of ancient Tunis, barricades—no, any *additional* barricades would not answer there—they would but help, belike, to facilitate communications, and to improve the roads. A row of overturned omnibuses (supposing any such vehicles were to be found at Tunis) would appear a rough, but ready sort of macadamisation, compared with the break-neck thoroughfares of that very venerable city,—so venerable that its beginning, they say, is completely lost in obscurity and mystery; and it is by some supposed to be as old as the queenly Carthage

herself. As you flounder helplessly along its terrible streets,—now climbing stony mountains, now lost in abysses of mire and slough, you think the streets were, perhaps, paved when the city was built, and left to their fate ever after.

Not always did the bastinado arouse feelings of shame; in old times it was said the tax-collectors had constantly to administer it, although the victims were quite able to pay, and ultimately did so. A bystander once expressed surprise at this. "What!" cried the sufferer, "would you have me pay taxes without being first bastinadoed?—Never!"

Sir Thomas —— had been aide-de-camp to Sir Hudson Lowe at the time of Napoleon's captivity in St. Helena, and many an interesting anecdote did he tell us of the mighty conqueror. Among other things he related how fond Napoleon was of chess, and how bad a player he was. I have read, I think, that he used at one time of his life to play well; but, probably, anxiety, distress of mind, irritability, and failing health, had contributed to diminish his skill in this difficult game; even as intense care and overstrained eagerness in Russia had apparently weakened his capacity of playing a higher and more intricate one. He used to play

with Lady Malcolm, who frequently beat him, and was annoyed at her own success. As she thought this ill-fortune vexed and humiliated the unhappy and restless prisoner, occasionally, I believe, with the amiable motive of sparing him pain and mortification, she contrived to lose games to him which she could with the greatest facility have won. There was something touching in the idea of the mighty and once irresistible conqueror being treated thus like a querulous child, in consequence of his entire want of self-command, and his fretful impatience and vulnerability to the veriest trifles. Ah! how true it is that he who can command himself is greater than he who captures cities! Sir Thomas told me he one day had to convey a message to the Emperor that he was aware was likely to be exceedingly unpalatable to him. Gladly would he have avoided it, but that was out of the question. With real regret he approached the room of the unhappy captive, and, on being introduced to the presence of Napoleon, as delicately as he could he delivered the unwelcome tidings he was charged with. Instantly an explosion of furious rage burst forth. The Emperor, in the most violent agitation, paced up and down the apartment, without taking the smallest notice of the aide-de-camp, who every moment ex-

pected the most vehement reproaches and expostulations would be addressed to himself, —but he was mistaken. After striding about in a paroxysm of indignation and ire for some time, Napoleon suddenly turned to him, and, in a gentle voice, said,—

"Sir!—you have brought a hateful message; but for you, sir! believe me I am not angry with *you;* you have merely done your strict duty; you are a soldier, and must obey your orders. As I exonerate you from all blame in this matter, of course, do not think that any of the angry expressions that have fallen from my lips were intended for you."

These anecdotes recalled to my memory the time when, in very youthful days, I used to have many an amicable quarrel with the late Duke of York on the subject of the treatment of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. I had always maintained—I dare say emboldened by the good-humoured kindness of the royal duke, who, probably, amused by my enthusiasm, encouraged me to say all I felt on the subject—that Napoleon ought to have been treated with the greatest possible delicacy and feeling: a conquered enemy, that was enough! Guarded of course he should have been—most carefully, most watchfully; but

in every practicable manner should this rigorous watchfulness have been made as little irksome, as little irritating to his feelings as it could well be. After many a stout battle, during which the Duke of York always most strenuously defended Sir Hudson Lowe, and his method of administering the ever-bitter draught of captivity to the fallen Lord of Empires, the Duke brought me a beautiful little golden statue of Napoleon, and desired me to accept it, with his usual good-humoured kindness; saying, I had thoroughly earned it by my arguments in his favour; which he was further pleased to say had, partly, won him over to think no harm would have been done if a little more courtesy had tempered the severity of the stern captivity which Napoleon suffered. Sir Thomas, however, assured me it was his unbiassed opinion that *no* conciliatory consideration and kindness, no attempted amelioration of his position, no indulgences, no apparent relaxation of the indispensable severity of watchfulness, could have had the effect of satisfying Napoleon, of calming his restless irritability, or disarming his rancorous anger against those who were deeply responsible for his security to England and the world. Indeed, Sir Thomas seemed to think these petty grievances

afforded a sort of morbid pleasure to the Emperor: they occupied and interested him. These miserable details, these daily annoyances, seemed to draw away his thoughts from weightier, sadder subjects of reflection: and if he had not found them he would have made them; they supplied excuses for the outpourings of that bitterness of spirit, which would have been more deadly and oppressive if concealed and compressed within the secret soul; these were as necessary safety-valves for the disquieted and deeply-shaken mind, and relieved the imperial sufferer of much grief and trouble, by diverting his thoughts from their gloomiest themes, and, with a kind of counter-irritation, diminishing the pangs of the wounded spirit. I suspect there might be a good deal of truth in this, but yet I could not quite agree with my excellent host, that no other treatment should have been tried; although nothing, perhaps, might have answered. Without being *inamusable*, like the "Grand Monarque," Napoleon yet might have been unsoothable, nothing might have contented him; he might have continued wanting and complaining to the end, and with endless misinterpretations, and vexatious and frivolous fancies and caprices, rendered nugatory all these good offices and benevolent intentions;

but still the right and proper course would have been pursued. I confess whatever philosophical truth may have been contained in the observations I have alluded to, it seems to me that an indifferent dinner and bad wine were unworthy additions to the sufferings of such a captivity, and that being thus slowly killed *à coup d'épingles* was a terrible fate for one who had lived mid such gigantic excitements and such imperial cares! And what a counter-irritation! a glass of corked sherry or inferior claret against a ruined dynasty! a tough mutton-chop or faulty patty against a lost world! As I listened to Sir Thomas, too, I could not but recollect my visit to the mother of the great conqueror at Rome many years since; when she so pathetically dwelt on the unnecessary sufferings of her renowned son at St. Helena (occasioned by harsh treatment), and so indignantly spoke of Sir Hudson Lowe as "*ce bourreau!*" Of course, her view of the subject was not, and could not have been, unprejudiced and impartial; but what attracted the attention was, that she did not break forth into any bitter invectives against the English Government, or the Prince Regent, or any one but Sir Hudson Lowe. I imagine that, scrupulously conscientious and desirous of doing his whole duty,—

though no more than his duty,—he must have been a man perhaps over anxious and fidgetty, and, possibly, apt to attach too much importance to trifles.

Sir Thomas said, that Sir Hudson Lowe's temper was most sorely tried by the mighty prisoner, and that it was impossible to imagine all the insults and vexations he had to endure; that it was ever his desire to alleviate the mental sufferings and improve the position of the great captive as much as possible; but that Napoleon himself rendered all such wishes and endeavours impracticable of fulfilment. But, methinks, Lady Malcolm, when she quietly let the fallen Emperor win at chess, and treated him as a captious child (though without letting him suspect this), adopted the right plan. Intense grief, overwhelming bitterness of affliction, had evidently weakened that vast intellect; and it was but the wreck and shadow of Napoleon that was guarded and imprisoned at mournful St. Helena—most unlike, indeed, to all he had been.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROUGH ROADS,

&c. &c.

We had a charming drive one day with Lady R——, in her light, pleasant carriage, drawn by four pretty grey horses, driven by very dapper little Moorish postilions. We were enchanted with the lovely views we saw; but some of the roads we passed over were enough to jolt one into the middle of the ensuing week; at last came a shock which we almost felt would have shaken us out of time altogether, as it most certainly shook us out of tune,—for like "sweet bells jangled" became our before placid tempers. My kind friend was the most alarmed; she screamed with terror; but the Moorish drivers boldly urged on their horses, and soon we were happily extricated out of the difficulty. This was the crisis. The symp-

toms of an utter break-up and fatal disorder of the constitution of the unfortunate road by degrees became slightly ameliorated; a lucid interval succeeded to the apparently horrible paroxysms and convulsions of the truly wretched thoroughfare, and we rolled on "superlatively" comfortable, "comparatively speaking." After visiting various places, and enjoying a number of splendid prospects—for the country around Tunis is very beautiful—we alighted, and took a long walk, visiting several villages, and, among others, a remarkably curious underground one (for from the number of little subterranean abodes it might be called so), which was exclusively tenanted by troglodyte negroes and negresses. We plucked many of the ripe Indian figs, and I thought them exceedingly good and very refreshing, and we lingered long in the glowing, pleasant, warm sunshine, hardly able to believe that it was indeed December. We met a Bedouin Arab woman, who I found was one of the dancers at the wedding festival we attended. She came smilingly up, claiming acquaintanceship; and, on seeing her nearer than I had done on the evening in question, I was quite surprised at the multiplicity, variety,

and richness of the figures with which she was most abundantly tattooed: all the signs of the zodiac, and a great many more, appeared to be represented twenty thousand times over on her person. There is a story, I believe, of some one in the olden time shaving a man and writing a letter on his skull; but if these strange-looking cabalistic signs, and intricate hieroglyphics of tattooing, mean anything, this Arab woman must have been a walking work in twenty volumes—a small locomotive library. She was thickly adorned, too, with almost innumerable charms (besides her own plum-pudding-coloured ones), and ornaments, and amulets. I wore a gold pencil-case, or something of that kind—I forget exactly what—and it enchanted the poor fat *figurante* so exceedingly, that she repeatedly offered me her whole stock of amulets and charms if I would but exchange with her, and let her have the much-coveted ornament. Nay, I believe, verily, could she have done so, she would most willingly have transferred to me beside, her whole wealth of tattooing,—stars, points, wheels, suns, moons, plants, birds, animals, leaves, snakes, and squares and circles; but, as this would have involved the serpent-like process of cast-

ing her skin, it was not exactly feasible. She was wildly tearing off necklaces and trinkets, which, to say the truth, formed a very considerable portion of her attire, when I checked her, by making signs nearly as mystical as those borne upon her person, but which she understood by the help of a few Arabic words, and, with many expressions of regret, she submitted to her hard fate, and bore as well as she could the deprivation of the desired bauble. But for some time afterwards, I fear, her dozens of necklaces would appear valueless in her eyes, and even the labyrinthine tattooing unlovely. A pencil-case to this Bedouin Arab would have been about as eminently useful as the eight-day clock and gilt cage of canary birds was to a certain veteran of the Peninsular war, who gained these treasures—so indispensable to a soldier on active service—as a prize. The number of old wells around Tunis is prodigious; they strike the eye at every turn; and if Truth, indeed, reside at the bottom of a well, this should be her favourite and especial country. My friends there told me that it is reckoned dangerous to be out late, not only from the risk of falling into one of these hideously-gaping, or half-filled-up old

wells, but, also, because, it is said, that occasionally a belated wanderer is robbed, murdered, and quietly dropped into one of those ready receptacles, where he may lie *perdu* till doomsday. We dropped some stones into one of these wells, and found it of an immense depth,—convenient places, certainly, for a midnight murderer to put away the awful witness of his guilt. There are some horrible stories connected with these wells, which inanimate objects seem to play as indispensable a part in tales of Moorish murders as animate pedlers do in English ones. *Au reste*, many catastrophes (perfect treasures to the "shocking-accident maker") must occur from the vast numbers of these dangerous apertures, almost justifying the "*mot*" of the consoling neighbour, who remarked to some friend whose revered parent had dropped down such a yawning chasm, "Bless your soul! old people *will* tumble into wells. Why, lauk! it's the rig'larest thing as is!"

CHAPTER XV.

ORANGE-TREES,

&c. &c.

A MANSION of considerable size stood not far from the ancient home of the renowned old Abdallah, and this mansion was partly surrounded by a garden, that perhaps may be better described as an orangery, although geraniums, and other flowers in profusion, beautified its charming alleys and paths. The oranges were so thickly clustered overhead, that really it looked, in some places, like a solid roof of burning gold, glittering and glowing in the sunshine. This mansion had a story belonging to it, not of unfortunate black slaves butchered to make a "Moorish holiday," but of "a gentle lady married to a Moor," who was the master of it. This respectable old Othello, who had thus united himself in the

bonds of wedlock to an English, not a Venetian, Desdemona, and who had not smothered her thereafter, except in blooming orange-bowers, had many long years ago—perhaps in the train of some Turkish ambassador—perhaps on a matrimonial expedition (a Tunisian "Cœlebs in search of a wife"), paid a visit to the modern Babylon, and in that wilderness of brick and mortar he picked up an Anglo-Saxon spouse. The manner of his courtship was curious: the first fair face that struck him, as he leisurely paced the intricacies of the city, became the star of his eyes—the full moon of his hopes. This gallant Othello won his Desdemona without any narrative of hair-breadth 'scapes and frightful hardships, save what he had encountered of the ghastly horrors of sea-sickness in the rolling merchantman that had brought him to the famous land of Giaours and ginghams, of Christianity and cottons. He lost no time in carrying back his strange bride to the pleasant shores of Tunis; and as she was extremely youthful, she quickly acquired a perfect knowledge of Arabic; and though introducing into it, with praiseworthy ingenuity, a few very decided Cockneyisms that savoured strongly of Bow-Bell in the very

shadow of the mosques of crescented Tunis, and on the site of mighty old Carthage, she jabbered away to the edification of all the faithful Mussulwomen around her. But a singular circumstance attended her acquisition of the Arabic tongue: after a time she entirely lost all knowledge of her own English vernacular. The old Moor, for a great many years, never allowed her to see an English person; indeed, there were very few to see; and she absolutely in time so completely lost all recollection of her mother-tongue, as not to be able, it is said, to understand it if spoken, or read it if written. Luckily for her, she had thoroughly learnt the Arabic, or she might have found herself in the same trying position as that unfortunate gentleman who, emigrating from his own country with a view to making a rapid fortune in some promising speculation in Paris, forgot English, and never could learn French, and was thus constrained probably to pass the dull remnant of his days in a deaf-and-dumb asylum. This would have been a peculiarly hard fate for a lady, perhaps, as it is generally supposed (by the gentlemen) the female sex rather like to hear the sound of their own voices, though I can conscientiously say, in the whole course of my experience,

the greatest number of the greatest chatterboxes I ever heard were belonging to the *unfair* sex — unfair in both senses thus. However, in this vexed question I myself, perhaps, had better be—mum. If the old Moor relented now and then, and permitted a countrywoman (a countryman, of course, was never admitted in the harem) to visit her, she could not, poor soul, ask those newly-arrived acquaintances "'ow they liked the warious sights hin this ere werry houtlandish country," nor seek for news of her old friends far beyond the remotest point of Cheapside—the eloquent words refused to come; and she could only look these unutterable things, or murmur them vainly, translated into her rather Cockneyfied Arabic. Old Othello himself, I heard, remembered hearing his father talk of Lady Mary Wortley, (who paid a visit to Tunis on her way to England from Constantinople), and having heard, from the same authority, I suppose (the father had travelled in Europe), of Lord Halifax and the Duke of Portland of a former day, and other now departed personages, who were the only Englishmen he knew by name, he constantly made the most amiable inquiries after them of Sir Thomas, as though they had been immortal, or perhaps preserved in the British

Museum, of which he may have heard. Altogether, this venerable Moor must have been a curiosity, worth preserving himself, and of a very original turn.

One afternoon, at Tunis, as we were walking in the warm sunshine before the house, I heard a woman, as I thought, in an unmistakable Irish accent, calling to her little boy, "Daly—Daly!" Hearing this, and on looking at them, I remarked to my amiable hostess that I could have easily taken this little Moor and his mother for two southern Hibernians, had they been a little less dark. In reply, she assured me she had often been greatly struck herself with the resemblance of the names, the countenances, many of the habits, and customs, and the manners of these people to those of the southern Irish. If the latter are descended, as some think, from the Phœnicians (and there was a colony of them at Tunis), the only extraordinary feature of this similarity is, the fact of its surviving through so many centuries, so many vicissitudes, such differences of climate, religion, government, and country. A very common name here, my friend informed me, is "Killaney," which has certainly a thoroughly Irish sound. She also told me, that very fre-

quently this same extraordinary resemblance has attracted her observation in her visits to the poor in the vicinity. She declared that sometimes she could positively fancy herself in Green Erin; and she had been a good deal in Ireland, I believe, in her life.

We happened to pay a visit to the Tunisian city the afternoon of the day on which the remains of the mother of the Bey were consigned to the tomb. The shops were all shut, but there were, to our surprise, an immense number of people in the streets. This was soon explained: the crowd consisted mainly of the soldiers, and of the people who had been taking a part in attending the solemn procession, and who were then on their return from the place of interment. In short, except from the closing of the shops, Tunis perhaps looked gayer then, and more busy than on most days. On entering and on quitting the city, one cannot but be shocked at the number of carcasses and the skeletons of dead animals which thickly adorn the sides of the road,—the latter bleaching in the sun, and the former presenting a truly sickening spectacle. There is another disagreeable ordeal which the visitor to Tunis has ordinarily to pass through; this is

an open ditch, or sewer, the horrible effluvia from which is of the most poisonous description, and which, one should imagine, must generate a host of frightful diseases. But what would the Sanitary Commission say, if they were told, as we were, that the Tunisians would on no account permit this hotbed of disease to be closed, as they consider that, so far from being unwholesome, it preserves their city from all attacks of plague and cholera?* I suppose they imagine that these dreadful disorders have a distinct and peculiar bad air of their own, and that they have no chance of producing any effect against the all-pervading, all-overpowering noxiousness of that pre-eminently pestiferous ditch. Supposing, for a moment, their curious theory to be true, how many other mortal and fearful disorders, the offspring of that foul nest of horrors, must they suffer from in payment for their exemption from these particular diseases! We saw a pleasanter sight than that of the whitened skeletons one day when we were driving into Tunis with our kind friends,—that was a large flock of rosy-tinted flamingoes, near a lake at some distance from the sandy track (called by courtesy, road) that we were

* Since this time the cholera attacked Tunis, and I believe some thousands perished.

following. They are, indeed, lovely birds, but they were hardly near enough for us to distinguish their beautiful rosy *blushes* very clearly. The Moors show but little feeling to animals, in which respect they are, I think, very different from the Turks: they overload and overdrive their beasts unmercifully, and also allow them to suffer sadly from sores on their poor backs and shoulders. Mr. Thomas's presence is extremely requisite on these ancient shores, I am sorry to say; and many a pang did it give me to see the cruelties exercised there on the brute creation. Here you will see a donkestrian placidly riding along, while his poor *monture* exhibits dismal, unheeded wounds; and there you may mark an overloaded horse that has fallen down on the road, and probably will leave his skeleton there as a legacy and a sad memento of his thoughtless and unfeeling master's barbarity. Occasionally we tried to remonstrate, but they only stared indignantly at any thing so grossly humane!

Some of my kind hostess's family, a little while before our visit, had attended a marriage of the Greek church, at Tunis. She gave me a very curious account of some of the ceremonies. By the way, I was told that Protestants even at Tunis were formerly frequently married by

the Greek priests there, with all the Greek ceremonials and usages, owing to there being no Protestant clergyman to perform the office (now, I believe, it is all very differently arranged). The guests, or the bridemaids — I am not sure which—walk round a table with a tall candle in their hands; and, in performing this part of the necessary forms, the fair daughter of my hostess set her beautiful new pink bonnet on fire—one expressly put on that day to grace the celebration of her friend's nuptials. Great was, of course, the consternation: the pink bonnet blazed—the ladies screamed—the bride nearly fainted, and the bridegroom fled away—for water, for both the bonnet and the bride, who stood equally in need of it. The priests themselves could not maintain their gravity, said my informant. In the confusion, perhaps, most likely the bonnet was lightly sprinkled, and the bride half-drowned; but at length peace and order were restored, the undue flames were extinguished, and the torch of Hymen alone left burning, to spread as much as it pleased its legitimate conflagrations, united, however, with the light flambeaux of the son of Cytherea; and leaving pink bonnets unscorched to the tips of their

topmost aërial feathers,—for they should help to consume, and not be consumed themselves. Among the domestic servants in the hospitable house where we were staying was one singular-looking being, who generally attended to the fire, in the cold weather bringing his great heaps of logs to keep up the cheerful blaze. He was very tall and gawky, and dressed in a costume something like the Albanian; and was the native of a district at some distance from Tunis, called Cabes, if I remember rightly, whose inhabitants are reputed to be as fond of eating dogs as the Chinese: he, however, indignantly denied the soft impeachment, and occasionally, when he was accused, in fun, of casting a longing eye on a vivacious little terrier that belonged to Sir Thomas's son, would enter into an eloquent explanation of how his people most particularly disliked such things as puppy-patties and joints of mastiffs; and declared that no sauce that could be invented could induce him to lunch upon hashed terrier.

The old Jewish nurse at the Abdellia was a highly-interesting person in her way, and one of the most picturesque it is possible to imagine. Her idolatry of little Peter was really very

touching: her very soul seemed bound up in that interesting child, and he assuredly returned her devoted affection most warmly. It was, indeed, a pretty sight to see that dark, swarthy Jewess, in the exceedingly picturesque and striking dress of her race and country, fondly clasping the little, delicate-looking, fair-haired boy in her arms; his blond head on her broad, scarlet-mantled shoulders, and her black locks falling over his shining ones. Yes; it was most beautiful, graceful, pictorial, and striking: but, charming as this was in outward appearance, the amiable mother told me there were numerous inconveniences and drawbacks in the reality, which one can readily imagine, though good Marsala was one of the most devoted and attached of servants. Of course it was not from choice, but from necessity, that this Jewish nurse was intrusted with the charge of the children; it was next to impossible to have a good English nurse there; and if one could be persuaded to give up her own country entirely, and come and stay there, she before long married — and settled somewhere in the neighbourhood — some Maltese (of which there are many at Tunis) or Italian (of which, I believe, there are a few) or even perhaps a

Moor. I saw one who had remained in the service of my hostess for some time, and who afterwards married a Tunisian; a tailor, I believe, by trade. (Haply, she thought marrying only the ninth part of a Moor and Mussulman not so serious an affair as espousing a thorough-going one.) She went to reside in the city of Tunis; she seemed tolerably happy, and I believe the tailor proved a very good husband. However, to return to the subject of the inconveniences I mentioned, which the excellent mistress of the Abdellia gently complained of. Marsala was strict in the observance of her religious duties, and these were apparently constantly conflicting with the cares and requirements of the nursery. On the Jewish Sabbath, no accidental necessity, no sudden emergency, could induce her to kindle a light if there happened to be none, or to handle one, I believe, if there was. A multitude of similar other formalities produced often much discomfort, and occasionally very serious annoyance.

Marsala says the Jews believe they will all perform after death an underground journey to Jerusalem, and that she believes there is a Jew in subterranean incarceration for some grievous crime, who is condemned perpetually to walk

backward and forward between two great fountains underground. Does not this look like a version of the Wandering Jew? Some of the Moors appear to live to a very great age. A friend of mine, who had lived long in the Regency, told me she knew an old man of immense age who had had three sets of teeth, and that she herself had seen the new set,—positively not manufactured, but natural!

During a visit to one of those retired Moorish villages, which we found so pleasing and curious, I saw an interesting sight, which I had often wished to see, two women grinding corn, as is mentioned in Scripture. They were very hard at work, and I observed that their heads nearly met; but for a moment they left off to look up and smile at the strangers. Seeing them so closely seated together, one could not but feel the force of the expression, as applied to those similarly placed —"one shall be taken and the other left." The countenances of the Moorish peasant women are often very pleasing, and there is much good-humour and frank kindliness about them. We saw a very lovely young Moorish damsel one day, whose father had, I think, the care of a country-house belonging to one of the wealthy

proprietors in the neighbourhood of the city: we were looking at the different apartments of the house, and saw her peeping behind a door: it was the beautiful vision of a moment, for as there was a gentleman then with us, she was anxious to effect her escape as soon as possible. She had wonderfully splendid teeth, flashing, refulgent eyes, and delicate features, with a great deal of expression and *espièglerie*. She was the loveliest person we had seen in the country, with the exception of Sidi Allari's beautiful Turkish wife, who, certainly, far outshone her, and who had, besides her great beauty, completely the air of the "high donna." Among other glorious prospects near Tunis there is one very fine one from a hill, whose name I think is the "Gamart;" the view from there is truly splendid—it is a very commanding height.

We returned from Tunis to Malta in a steamer called the "Scotia" (which unfortunate little steamer, I believe, was lost the very next voyage): we were performing the voyage to Malta at the exact time the ill-fated "Avenger" was lost. The few survivors of the wreck,—one of the lieutenants and two or three seamen, out of nearly, if not quite, 600 human beings,—

after landing with great difficulty (during which one of their small number was unfortunately drowned), made their way to the neighbourhood of the Abdellia. Lady R—— wrote me an interesting account of the arrival of one of them there. She and Sir Thomas were both at home, I believe, and when one of their servants rushed in, with a countenance of horror, telling them, in agitated accents, that a shipwrecked sailor had just come into the courtyard, and said that he had lately escaped from a ship that had struck on a rock and gone to pieces, and that he was almost the only survivor, they felt convinced the ship was the "Scotia" (whose appearance, I think, Sir Thomas did not consider on the whole particularly satisfactory), and doubted not but that we, from whom they had so very lately parted, had found a watery grave. The unfortunate man was immediately admitted—I forget whether it was the lieutenant himself or one of the sailors, but think it was the former; the mystery was rapidly cleared up, and my kind friends found it was not the little overloaded steamer "Scotia" that had foundered, but a noble ship of Her Majesty's navy. As soon as possible the lieu-

tenant started in a vessel which Sir Thomas procured for him, and prosecuted a vain search for his poor, unhappy companions. This was, however, very unsatisfactorily conducted, owing to the obstinacy, slowness, and want of discipline of the Moorish crew of the vessel; however, afterwards the lieutenant, I believe, made another expedition, and was convinced it was hopeless to think of saving any more lives; there could be no doubt that all had perished except the very few who had escaped with him in the boat.

Some little time after this, a naval officer at Messina told me that, shortly after the lamentable fate of the "Avenger," a Sicilian fisherman brought him a piece of wood which he said he thought belonged to some English ship. The captain looked at it, and saw "Avenger" written on the bit of wood. He mentioned what part of the ship it was, but this I do not remember: however, he saw immediately what had occurred, and sent off word to the admiral, Sir William Parker, who was, I think, at Spezzia, this being the first announcement the latter had received of the melancholy catastrophe. A steamer was sent, but nothing could then be seen of the lost

ship, or of any survivors of the crew. Besides the crew, the ill-starred "Avenger" had a considerable number of supernumeraries on board, all of whom perished. After the piece of wood I have mentioned was brought to the English officer at Messina, several of the poor fellows' hats were also picked up by fishermen near that town, and brought to him. What a distance must they have drifted! But I heard after this that much farther still, in more remote parts of the Mediterranean, were articles and fragments belonging to the crew, or ship, found floating on the waters, borne by the powerful currents. The "Avenger" was lost near Pentalaria. The night she was wrecked, we could not have been far from the same spot.

Before I take leave of Tunis I must do justice to the exquisite dates which we had in such great profusion there. They chiefly, I believe, are imported from Beled-del-jereed, the country of dates, *par excellence*,—they are perfectly delicious. Fresh dates are inconceivably superior to dried ones; they are not only excellent to taste, but very beautiful to look at as they hang on the date-palm, with their immense, rich, graceful clusters. In the great date country I have mentioned, people, horses,

cattle, all live entirely on dates,—they make a sort of date-bread, and prepare them in different ways. They have dates for breakfast, dates for dinner and dessert, dates for luncheon, supper, and tea! The well-covered board of a gourmand in that country might be said, indeed, sportively, to be a chronological table, for it is a complete table of dates—they are all vegetarians there. It is said this fruit is very nourishing. The commissariat department of establishments in this date country must be a very simple affair,—no larder required there, no kitchen offices, no *cordon bleu;* the sun himself deigns to act in the latter capacity for them, and does their favourite dish to a turn. Slow may their country be, but, though behind hand, it can never be said to be "out of date." If vegetarianism is as wholesome as its admirers declare it to be, the Land of Dates would be the Land of Methusalehs, and doctors would be at a discount there indeed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AGE,

&c. &c.

My little trip to Tunis, by the fast express train of Memory, is over, though, perchance, I shall every now and then keep that excellent machinery from rusting by other little flights thitherward, &c. Hey, presto! I am in the New World again, among all the bustle and stir of its go-a-head population — steamers hissing away at the wharf—cars dashing away from the station,—the dépôt, as it is called here, —electric telegraphs bearing their wonderful messages. Old Carthage, didst thou in thy most busy days of mid-existence ever live in such a lava-flow—such a typhoon of life as this? Answer, thou grave Carthaginian citizen! didst thou not usually take sixty minutes to do all that is done now in a quarter of a second?

There lies, nearly, the whole matter in a nut-shell. Man may accomplish now in threescore years more than Methusaleh, perhaps, did in nine hundred; see more, learn more, experience more, try more: knowledge is poured into his mind, almost without his being aware of it; opportunities are multiplied around him, and if it is true that time is but the succession of impressions, then methinks yon highly-educated, shrewd, quick, intelligent boy, is, in reality, a fine old gentleman of ninety; and that earnest-looking, inspired, eagle-eyed youth, whose countenance tells of fiery genius within, and on whose brow is stamped the impress of keen-burning thought,—is he not by that reckoning a tough old veteran of a hundred and fifty—or more, far more? for, verily, the experiences and the impressions of years are crowded now into minutes. What means this endless outward hurry now, this restless energy, this impatient ardour?—it is the expression outwardly of the state of the human mind inwardly. These railroads, these steamers puffing and panting along as if life or death were in every gasp—these electric telegraphs? they are, after all, but the true interpreters of the Spirit of the Age; because

it is what it is, *they are*, they are like the visible reflexion of its noble impetuosity, its indefatigable activity, and its zealous, inextinguishable fervour; they are indispensable to the wants of humanity in these times: and because you have within a strangely-accelerated mode of thought, a marvellously-increased rapidity of conception, of imagination, and reflection, you have these things without, to aid, and to execute, or to facilitate the means of execution; they are the positive and palpable signs of the mighty changes that are silently, but gloriously, progressing underneath: there is an earnest demand for such help, therefore is there this abundant supply. Manifestations are your "motions and means" of the loftier movements and grander impulses beyond where an eye can pierce or hand can reach. Could we for a moment gaze on the great world of Spirit and Mind, as it now is existing in our planet, we should mark, indeed, a glorious change, and a wonderful one, and still continuing, still increasing hour by hour. Had there been the same necessity, the same yearning after speed and despatch, and imperious desire and aspiration to subdue the powers and elements of Nature to the use and advantage of man—

steam, or electricity, or something equivalent, perhaps, which we have not discovered yet (because *they* suffice for our needs at the moment), must have been discovered. So the ruling, enterprising spirit of the time we live in, speaks as with a voice of eloquence through the means and appliances it has created. The time — society — the face of the world — the flow of events—all take the hint from the moulding, forming, inspiring, great hidden Soul within; in this manner, to use a geological expression, it "*crops out*" in the Creation perpetually. Lo! the world of circumstances and events, like wax, takes the impress of the mind of the age,—everywhere may it be recognised; that mind, like the moon, controls and draws after it the Ocean of Action; the countenance that Time shows to the sun bears on it the revelation and the expression of the universal soul in its peculiar stage of developement. He lifts up just now a very earnest and eager face—how the eye flashes with endless lightnings! how the nostril dilates with the breath of a burning life and consciousness! how the forehead teems with fiery thought, and what a depth of glance!

We need not pity our ancestors, not even

when, such was the leisurely mode of communication, that the Scotch postman, then accustomed to go crawling along slowly a-foot, and not to be hurried, or to dream of hurrying, found a horse nothing but an incumbrance; no,—*they* were contented, but give such unfelicitous modes and methods to *us*, and we should be indeed miserable; it would be in opposition to the whole tendency, and to the universal disposition of the age; it would fret us unendurably, gall us unbearably.

There is a pleasant notion which somebody has put forth lately, of supplying bodily wings to this hasty, hurrying generation, which seems more like a race of beings who have been suddenly and mysteriously deprived of such appendages than like sober, plodding creatures, who never had any! so much do they appear to feel the want of them,—so fondly do they strive to supply, by many ingenious devices, their place. Pleasant, indeed, would it be if this desideratum could be supplied—a pair of wings; and, without being dependent on these railroads or these steamers, which, delightful as they are, have yet certain drawbacks and inconveniences, we could at any moment saddle an airy steed,—no, saddle ourselves, in a way, and start for any point we

chose. This might not make much difference on earth, but it would produce a great revolution in the air: the birds would no longer have it all their own way there. Indeed, it would make a little difference, too, on the earth, for occasionally a hovering natural philosopher in an absent mood, or a highflyer new to his wings, and a little careless (it is a flighty subject altogether), while careering about over our heads —for we should not be all flying away together, I suppose—might let an umbrella or telescope drop on our craniums, or a pair of spectacles might tumble off a nose high in air, on to our own, or some neighbouring nose near the ground, to the demolition of that ornamental feature. A number of the police, to enforce their regulations, must be kept always on the wing (and thus will no inconsiderable item of expense be added to that already incurred in keeping up an efficient body of those peace-and-order preservers). Then, how awkward it would be to break your pinions accidentally, while showing off in the fields above! Possibly your perpendicularly peregrinating pericraniums might batter in the skull of your dearest friend,—a rather unpleasant *téte-à-téte* that. It would become

necessary to carry a sort of inverted umbrella to catch, or rather to ward off, an accidental shower of acquaintances, broken-winged and helpless. Perhaps, to obviate such inconveniences, a few strolling wing-tinkers, however, might make a livelihood by flying backwards and forwards, ready to cobble up the article if necessary. A little more room may be required in our halls for these inventions, in addition to hat and great-coat, or poncho; the wings will have to be deposited and hung up; if stolen, what a bore it would be to see the thief flying off with your pinions at his shoulders, and you, of course, unable to fly after him! However, these winged days are not come yet, and, till they are, we must still be content to fly on the pinions of Memory and Fancy, of Imagination and Hope. If the bodily wings are ever supplied, one question presents itself,—How are the aërial voyagers to carry their boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus? Can these be ever fitted with self-acting wings, too? If not, what will become of that great institution—the trunk,—and how is the mighty business of packing to be carried on? To that mighty business I propose devoting the next chapter.

&c.

CHAPTER XVII.

PACKING,

&c. &c.

PACKING is, indeed, a serious business,—who shall deny that? Once upon a time I was travelling with a goodly array of trunks, and a great number of clothes, books, parcels, and packages. Miscellaneous articles that were continually accumulating had to be packed up; here some curious specimens, some interesting fragments; there a charming book or set of books tempted me beyond endurance. Here, again, some precious relic was eagerly caught up, and it was necessary to stow it carefully away; there, again, some irresistible manufactures of the country we were in attracted us,—it was really indispensable to take these back to England, to show to what perfection they had attained, &c. (This was before the Great

Exhibition, of course.) At last the trunks become refractory; as plainly as trunks can, they declare they will hold no more. Then begins the great art of packing. Have I not with these eyes seen a box packed,—and packed apace,—most beautifully and exquisitely packed, —to such a point, that to unpack it again became indeed the impossibility? The trunk seemed to become a tomb, a leathern sepulchre: *Hic jacet* might have been the inscription on the lid; and, like the mummies of Egypt in their seventy-six cerements, concealed from prying eyes, the curiously-fitted-in articles were interred; wedged, crammed, and immovably buried were they in a maze of other articles which effectually concealed them from sight; and so great was the necessary amount of pressure applied to persuade the packages to enter their narrow grave, and remain there, as buried packages should, that the whole became, one might say, a kind of pemmican of paraphernalia; and of books, and fancy stationery, and miscellaneous articles, to boot,—aye, actually pressed and packed into one pemmican—food for the mind and gear for the body,—objects of utility and objects of recreation, were all kneaded, and pounded, and crushed together. There behold a

magazine and a microscope mashed and smashed into one strange, supernatural sort of nonentity, or, rather, double entity—a pair of Siamese twins of still life! Who could tell where the magazine began or the microscope ended? But all these objects were, in fact, so jammed into others, that it was only by the wildest effort of guessing that the owner could say, Here lies such a departed thing, or such another. Ah! there a bottle of lavender-water has gone the way of all glass; while the fragments, pulverised to inconceivable minuteness, are but a vitreous dust and sparkling sand. I only know a lavender-water bottle was there, and is not there now; and this glittering powder must be its melancholy remains. This glittering glass-powder, by the bye, has worked its way through everything; it goes to the very heart—and to wear that handkerchief or those gloves or slippers now, might verily cut one to the soul! Beware! nor swallow that *confiture* from a small porcelain box of sweet-meats, that came there you know not how, and which is now a pleasing compound of broken china and chocolate, but much more of the former than the latter. These things are among the curiosities of packing.

But from the packed, let us turn to the packers—at least, to one to whom it was my good fortune once to commit many of my worldly goods for packing purposes. In her hands, worldly goods seemed positively to be made for nothing else. It was truly a grand sight to see her packing—I do not mean to send her packing; but to see her scientifically and methodically cramming, arranging, disarranging, re-arranging, and super-arranging; —the triumphs over space that she achieved, —the superb contempt with which she repulsed the ridiculously mean notion, that there was no more room merely because a trunk was filled to overflowing; it was quite *à la* Catherine of Russia—it was truly a Semiramisism. Energetically she set to work; all the obnoxious articles, through some magic, literally seemed to hide their diminished heads. What could have become of them I knew not —could not guess. You would have thought they must have been squeezed to the merest atoms, reduced to an impalpable powder; you might take that whole trunk, surely, at a pinch! and perhaps they will leave behind them no memento of their existence save "a grease-spot." The box, when opened, will surely contain but a sort of concentrated essence of shawls, scarfs,

gowns, gloves, and cloaks—the extract of books and writing-cases; but no such thing happened. They came out afterwards from their close imprisonment as whole, as fresh, as perfect, as uncrumpled, generally, as though they had never been submitted to that crushing process. This witch of carpet-bags and imperials had, indeed, a genius for packing, and as far excelled the common herd, as Michael Angelo and Raphael the sign-painters who have occasionally *not* done perfect justice to my renowned old ancestor the Marquis of Granby. She thoroughly enjoyed the task; she would, artist-like, step back to admire her handiwork, —it was, indeed, more intricate and elaborate than any Chinese puzzle. She seemed to throw her whole soul, not exactly into the trunk, but into the packing. Her eyes—which were always the most dancing orbs ever seen—performed then, not a mere divertissement, but a ballet. Surely, never opened to the light of day before, eyes of such Terpsichorean propensities and performances. The more, too, the difficulties increased, the more they seemed to dance. More packing had to be accomplished. The word "impossible" she scorned as Napoleon did; to be sure, he never had, probably, to pack a carpet-bag swelled to bellows-like pro-

portions already,—"No space, positively, for more; the laws of Nature forbid." Then she is sorry for the laws of Nature, as a celebrated judge was once for the facts of the case. Indeed, she would on no account dream of yielding, and really appeared to think that Dame Nature need not be so "jolly particular" as to a poor little carpet-bag; as the captain mentioned in "Household Words," thought the sailor, who objected to being buried a short time before his death, need not be so with regard to a few minutes. As I said before, as the difficulties increased, the delight seemed to grow greater. Here are additional treasures just acquired—botanical, geological, conchological. These must go by some means—very awkward articles, too, for packing. The eyes danced the more. Enter a huge packet of books at that moment from a kind American friend—and what friends can be kinder or more generous?—the eyes danced the "*tarantalla*" on the spot—and what feats besides they performed! Now they executed a *galop*, now a *pas de zéphir* in the air, then a *valse à deux temps*, then a polka with each other without squinting. Such chorographic peepers were never seen; and, in short, for these gay ballerinas of eyes,—verily it seemed the more the

packing the more the pleasure to them — still "tripping on the light fantastic"—lid. What did they *not* dance?—an Irish jig and planxty, a Scotch reel, a mazurka, a fandango, a bolero without castanets, a sailor's hornpipe, a Highland fling, all in one—what not?—and how they shine! "Mountains of light," they seem, in truth, sparkling, flashing, gleaming, glittering. Now all seems to wind up in a right joyous country-dance, down the middle and up again, hands across, poussette, set to your partner and everybody else, turn the next couple, cut and shuffle, step, stop, off again,—glancing skyward now, so the *eye-ball* is well kept up, — they make one giddy to look at them! There was, by the way, a partner in packing, at work hard by, not quite such a born enthusiast in the art, but amazingly energetic, too; for me, I had to stand by and look on, to see that, in their fevered zeal, the packers did not accidentally pack up one another; also that they did not, in that hurrying ardour, seize by mistake on chairs and small tables belonging to the hotel where we were staying,—nay, snatch up a light bedstead unconsciously, or an innocent chest of drawers, in this wild delirium and paroxysm of packing. The fever, indeed, is at its height; like the sepia, spreading devouring

arms in all directions, these tormentors of trunks and compellers of carpet-bags seize ruthlessly on all things around,—nay, now, you really need not look locks and keys, and cords and straps, at that long ladder outside the house, nor at that chandelier within; they have positively no business in our portmanteaus (if they *had*, they would go in somehow, since, like the engineers of these days, she of the saltatory eyes will listen to no difficulties). Ha! the poker, tongs, and shovel, the whole fraternity of fire-irons, have had a narrow escape; but were rescued, happily, in time. A sweeping, searching glance round,—another, and another. At last,—joy! 'tis done, and well done too; and no illegitimately-seized poker has been poked in by mistake, no foreign pair of tongs, no stranger carpet, no extraneous chair, no irrelevant table. Neither has one *femme de chambre*, in her hurry, picked up and packed up the other in a yawning trunk, where, like the Lady of the Misletoe-Lay of yore, in the "old oak-chest," she might be lost and smothered. No; all's right; and the eyes dance a grand "finale," and all seems dancing round them, too, I wot, after such incredible and earnest exertions. They spin in a dizzy waltz a moment, then subside into a slow

minuet de la cour; and anon conclude the ball with a gay, lively *gavotte.* It was a marvel the lids of the eyes did not close with the lids of the trunks, wearied as they must have been; but they were indefatigable orbs. By the way, they *could* perform on occasions a right terrible war-dance, such as the fiery Indian executes when painted ready for carnage and conflict. Not unfrequently, when these plēthoric boxes, which their lively and liberal plenisher had so carefully filled, were seen in the reckless grasp of the pitiless "baggage-smashers," as the porters in America are often emphatically called (for they play with crammed boxes as jugglers do with balls, flinging them unmercifully about), did the tripping, capering orbs, indignantly break into a wild kind of sword-dance, enough to have cut in two the hearts of the ruthless horde, while cutting these angry capers! but in vain, too obdurate were they. Could the latter have seen, perchance, what is called, figuratively, the *beaux yeux de la cassette,* itself, the trunks containing them might have received gentler treatment than the *beaux yeux* that danced so angrily after them could secure. Bearing in mind the violent proceedings of the baggage-smashers of "the States," the story of a sable

gentleman, named Brown, who is said to have effected his escape in a box—(ventilated by some means, of course—I think I have heard by several small holes bored in the lid)—appears the more extraordinary. This gentleman, who packed himself up in a portmanteau—could he but have had the assistance of her of the dancing eyes, he would have been thrice fortunate—must have been made of material similar to India-rubber or gutta-percha,—for how any living human frame could have withstood all the plungings, thumpings, bumpings, flingings, jammings, jerkings, crashings, bangings, bouncings, and tossings, to which the genius trunk is subjected in the Western World, I know not. Constantly are they seen performing most marvellous antics in the air, inconceivable circumgyrations; so that, during much of his journey Mr. Brown must have been hovering wildly between heaven and earth. It is to be hoped that, when he did touch his mother Earth, like the classic giant of yore, he derived new strength from the contact (a very rough one for him), to endure his frightful trials. Like my poor friend Sammy, at Gorgona, on the Panama Isthmus, he must have passed a considerable part of his time in the air, though not from the same cause. (That

last-named, most indolent of individuals, found himself perpetually emulating the feathered bipeds, and making short, fatiguing, hurried flights incessantly, solely from his intense mania for repose,—from his ardent fancy, in short, for hanging himself up—in his hammock, whence he was as continually driven.) Notwithstanding tossings, bumpings, bangings, and thumpings, the poor runaway slave arrived safe and sound at his wonderful journey's end,—emerging from his packing-case, not exactly as if he had come out of a band-box, but in very tolerable condition, considering he had several times been standing for about half an hour together on his head,—that he had had but a crust of bread on which to appease his hunger,—that the direction on the case, "*to be kept dry*," had, of course, been faithfully followed in every way,—and that his couch had been literally the bare boards (though, to be sure, he had had many a "shake-down"). Then the confinement and closeness of the chest might well have produced a chest-attack! In short, after what I have stated of the treatment of trunks in this hemisphere, it is, indeed, wonderful to relate, that this poor human parcel arrived, without injury, at his destination, dressed I suppose for disguise—in a suit of whity-brown

paper. Had I been present at the opening of that case, (a hard case 'twas, a case that one must hope once opened, never closed again—on him). I should have shudderingly expected to see the recipients of the treasure take out the unfortunate Mr. Brown by instalments, or mashed into a mere brown paste. In commemoration of his marvellous adventure, and in affectionate remembrance of the trunk that had sheltered him in adversity, he added the not very euphonious appellation of Box to his patronymic Brown, without any act of Congress; and the last I heard of Mr. Box Brown was his addressing a concourse of citizens in one of the great northern cities—on the subject of slavery, of course; and he took the opportunity of describing to them, at length, his almost miraculous escape, and how he had literally received the freedom of their city in a box,—the one that, moreover, contained his precious liberated self,—the most valuable present that a man could receive. Such is the tale that I read with curiosity and surprise in most of the newspapers of the United States. They further stated, that Mr. Brown's escape had been arranged and contrived by some influential friends—Abolitionists, of course—and that he was consigned (in his trunk) to an

eminent house well known in the north, which duly expected the brown paper parcel that arrived in such capital order at their warehouse. If the trunk-tossers and thumpers before mentioned had actually smashed Mr. Brown to atoms, would it have been manslaughter or damage to package only?—Assuredly for many a carpet-bagicide must they be answerable, many a portmanteau have they done to death prematurely. I almost fear their seared consciences would have taken the smashing of a coloured gentleman very easily; and, accustomed to regard all they have to deal with as the merest luggage, of course would have looked on this black Brown with their baleful eyes only as a bale, and their manly chests would have heaved no sigh for his fractured one, even though the living one might so have suffered with the deal one that contained him. Talking of chests thus humanly occupied, makes one ever think of the "old oak-chest," and the Lady Ginevra! What a strange contrast to *that* would have been the box that held the Ethiopian Mr. Brown! From the sublime to the ridiculous there is, indeed, but one step. Full touching is the tale of the lady in her oaken prison; but though it ought to be somewhat pathetic (notwithstanding its happy *dénoue-*

ment)—poor Mr. Box Brown's history is far from awakening romantic reflections, or visions, or sighs of the sentimental soul! The kindest wish I can think of to wish Mr. Brown is, that whenever he next makes any peregrinations in a portmanteau, he may find a person to pack him in it as artistically and as cleverly as the packing genius *par excellence* would do, to whom I have chiefly devoted this chapter. He will be delightfully wedged in, and charmingly shaken down, and stowed into his proper position and place. There is one thing to be taken into consideration, however, which is rather serious, and that is, if this great artist took the matter in hand, I am strongly of opinion that, once packed, Mr. Brown would never be able to unpack himself again; so that if his friends should, unfortunately, not be at hand to assist in extricating the lively bundle, it would, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be the sable gentleman's unhappy fate to remain a parcel and a package for ever and aye,—a mummy in cold cerements of board,—till, perhaps, centuries hence, some wanderer might detect and examine his deal sepulchre, (double dealings his were, I ween,) with no *In memoriam*, no inscription, no date, nothing upon it but, haply, "To be kept dry," or "This

side uppermost," or "Carriage paid;" and, so would he have been booked beyond Hong-Kong — for doomsday itself! Astonished must that same Master Brown's master have been when he found he had unwittingly sent his nigger packing, or, to speak more correctly, packed. And now I must take leave of this gentleman, who performed the part of live lumber so to admiration. I wonder if, in a fit of hospitality, he has ever since his adventure asked a friend to spend a few days with him, without any ceremony, in his snug little box—a shooting-box, assuredly, in one sense, when it was in the hands of the men of baggage; for often have I seen endangered mortals hurrying away lest they should be summarily shot down by an imminent valise, a threatening portmanteau, or a hovering trunk (perhaps with another Mr. Box Brown in it—a rather startling thought that). One thing is certain, if he had chosen to appear in his box at the Opera at New York, he would have created pretty nearly as much excitement as Jenny Lind herself. No doubt he was adopted cordially into the Free States at once, —for, from the very mode and manner of his entry, he had made himself part and parcel of them. It would be singular, indeed, if

Box Brown, Esq., should become so popular as to make his compulsory mode of transit fashionable for a time in the New World! Imagine having a railroad omnibus filled with inhabited trunks, inside instead of outside perhaps, and your friend arriving at your house like a violoncello in its case, and being brought on a truck, or trundled in on a wheelbarrow, dressed in a rudely rich costume of deal, leather, and tarpaulin, and sometimes, maybe, a pea-jacket of musty mat, —perhaps, too, garnished with brass nails in place of buttons, outside at least,—and then borne into the room on a porter's herculean shoulders, not quite so daintily as of old a beau or a belle might be carried into the house in a sedan-chair.

Curious would it have been if, in the gallant Brown's case, by any chance a robbery had been attempted, and the thief had carried off that heavy trunk—subjecting our hero to another sort of chest-attack—what would have been his consternation on opening it?—conscience accusing him the while, and the black gentleman himself, the Prince of Darkness, appearing suddenly to spring out of his hiding-place, to appal the evil-doer—the raven form of the inmate multiplied by terror, till the wretch

would think he had stumbled upon a whole box of Lucifers, substance and shadow—fancy and reality—making one many. I guess Squire Brown might have had it all his own way there, and demanded any little tribute he pleased for not carrying off the cunning thief, and doing him very brown, indeed, in regions afar; the biter would certainly have been bitten then —he would decidedly have got into the wrong box!

As Mr. Box, *&c.* has taken a new surname, he should also adopt some appropriate arms (which *are* borne in the States, at least to judge by the seals, carriages, plate, and other things)—I would suggest a wreath of boxwood for crest; supporters, two sturdy baggage-smashers; motto, "Steady, boys, steady!" So may all unborn Boxes keep in remembrance the wonderful circumstances of their famed ancestor's escape through a temporary "durance vile" from a durance viler still, and rejoice. I have supposed the case of a robbery, in which breaking into Mr. Brown's "snug box" (almost as large, after all, as *some* suburban villas) might be looked upon as a species of housebreaking, for he was at that time like a snail with his house on his back; and in that famous trunk he lived nearly as well lodged as Diogenes

in his tub, and certainly a great deal better than our poor friend Regulus, of a foregoing chapter, at Carthage, in his barrel. Now, let me suppose a case of a mistake in the delivery of packages. Imagine a timorous old lady receiving one, and hearing a strange noise, like a ghostly hand within, "tapping the hollow" trunk, and then picture her to yourself, opening this wrong box, and lo! — forth jumps the dark Othello half suffocated, as of yore the fair Desdemona was wholly,—what a scene! Or if this flight had taken place a little later, — fancy the incarcerated fugitive being by some unforeseen jumble carried off to the Great Exhibition in London; what a *pendant* to the Greek Slave would the runaway Ethiopian have been!—and what astonishment would have been created in the Glass Palace when that extraordinary article was carefully unpacked!—what dismay, too, when afterwards it was submitted to the Commissioners.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME THOUGHTS ON NIAGARA,

&c. &c.

Bear with me, most courteous of readers, and accompany me in a retrograde movement back for a season to Niagara. Who that has ever been there but cannot in memory travel there again and again, and only after he has left that magical spot can tell many of his own thoughts of it to himself? It is a philanthropical feeling, methinks, that urges one to reveal those thoughts, to impart that delightful store of feelings to our fellow-mortals; for naturally you feel rather inclined to brood over the gathered treasure of reminiscences and impressions like a jealous miser. It is in the depth of one's own soul that one best feels and understands Niagara. As I wrote in a letter to a dear friend when in the neighbourhood of the wonderful fall, "It is, indeed, a great proof of friendship writing this to you respecting my

delighted impressions, instead of being at the window, or close to the roaring cataract, storing up new ones ever:"—so may I say to you, benign reader, it is a proof of high philanthropy thus sharing with you those happy remembrances, instead of locking them up in my own thoughts, and brooding over them, and making them a life apart. Nothing is more curious at Niagara than the way in which you find yourself wholly Niagarified; the cataract seems the centre of every thought. You cannot shake it off; it gives a new tone insensibly to all your thoughts. The sea is a very glorious object, but you look at it without perhaps being conscious of entertaining a much greater respect for water than you acknowledged before; but the mighty fall teaches you far other things. Not ten thousand lectures on tee-total temperance could ever inspire you with half the veneration for water that this does. Earth seems, indeed, but a poor, dull clod in comparison; air, a mere puff; fire, a pert spark; but water!—one feels, indeed, it is above the firmaments and under the firmaments; it is the dew of heaven, as it is gracefully called; it is purity, power, strength, beauty, grace, greatness, grandeur, glory; it

can give back serenely a sun to the sun, while it is roaring with the voice of a thousand thunders.

Everybody sees their own Niagara. How I should like to behold it as it is reflected in millions of different minds, and souls, and thoughts! Your Niagara would not be *my* Niagara, nor mine yours. Every one bears away with him his own especial Horseshoe, and his own particular American Fall, for ever and aye;—all seems to become private property in a manner—yea, even to the glittering, quivering Ribbon Cascade, and to the torrent of the Rapids (this is true, certainly, of any part of this fair world, but it is most particularly and pre-eminently true of Niagara), and this glorious and majestic possession remains theirs for evermore. This strong, mighty impression is, so to say, the way that Nature gives them her picture—set round with sparkling diamonds, indeed! Niagara allows no rival near his throne. One forgets strangely all one's old loves for this new one; aye, one almost forgets there are such trifles in the world as an Atlantic Ocean, certain inequalities on the earth called Alps and Andes, big fagots of sticks (mere fiddle-sticks to us, then)

yclept forests, in South America, or what *once* seemed to us mighty savannas, and awful, smoking volcanoes. From the moment the first sounds, and, above all, the first sights of Niagara, overwhelm the mind with awe and profound delight, you feel as though you had discovered or conquered some new world. No matter the tens of thousands of eyes and ears that have drunk in the same sounds and sights, and the ten thousands of tongues that have eagerly described them, it seems ever as if the great cataract was virgin of previously-formed impressions. You can well understand now, too, that there may be countless numbers of worlds, each with glories and wonders ever fresh and endless. Behold! Your own little world contains a marvel and a triumph you could anticipate by no imagination! What, then, may those mysterious worlds afar, not enshrine of new, terrible, and glorious? Niagara helps you wonderfully to comprehend the universe, and tears itself such a mighty passage through your mind, that there is more room hereafter for ever for sublime reflections and majestic visions. The sparkling magic drops of the Titanic cataract's spray fall not on the brow and lip only; they glisten on the imagi-

nation with a most revivifying power; they bathe every thought with beauty and life. Whatever a man may be, it must be an epoch in his life when he first feels showering around him the sun-lit spray of those resounding waters. You are, indeed, snatched into the clouds from the moment that you enter bodily that most delicate cloud of the far-flashing spray, which in traversing the river you are pretty certain to encounter. When we crossed the ferry, the wind happening to blow it towards us, we were perfectly bathed in that abundant shower. Soul and body seemed equally steeped in it; we were, indeed, "dazzled and drunk with beauty," and terror, and joy, and horror, and ecstasy, and wonder —for Niagara seems to be everything, and to make one feel everything, and it unites itself with everything, as it surpasses everything. It appears to sweep over your whole existence— awakens a thousand thoughts, fresh and vivid as a child's wonder. You delight in its tyranny, your reason bows down willingly to it; you still feel amazed, bewildered; but you would be bewildered and amazed! you almost wish a greater ignorance produced a greater bewilderment. You close your mind's eye to the fact

that this is but a mortal river, coming from such and such sources, and following such and such a course; you would fain like to look upon it as the breaking up of the windows of heaven, the first flow of a tremendous deluge; and in a dreamy sort of way you, perhaps, almost do. Even if you truly did so, putting aside the terror and the real horror, you can hardly imagine the feeling of reverential awe to be greater than that which impresses you as you gaze on matchless Niagara. It seems all in all; it represents to your earnest eye the whole creation when it came bounding and rushing from its awful Source; it seems sent from eternity to eternity—it seems bound from Immensity to Immensity. Talk not of lakes and rivers and mortal seas. If utter ignorance *could* add to the happy emotions felt in looking on those glorious waters, I might have envied one who knew nought of Ontarios or Eries, or of hydrostatics or hydrology, and whose voice I heard inquiring anxiously at my elbow, "Where *can* all that water ever come from?"—as little did she know where it could all ever go to; and yet she seemed a little suspicious that Nature was playing some trick; that the same water, perhaps, came round and round again, like the

interminable armies of eight men in tin tea-kettle helmets and pewter-plate breastplates on the stage. She seemed uneasy in her mind, not at all satisfied with the performance, and, on the whole, I cannot think ignorance was any particular bliss there. Indeed, there was an evident fear of being imposed upon, and she turned pale at the thought of being made, in fact, a water-butt of by Nature in a sportive mood. She was quite capable, I believe, of hissing Niagara, as the impetuous Italians once hissed the sun himself, when he did not eclipse himself as quickly as they thought proper. Not in that mind, assuredly, awoke the vague, grand, holy horror I had dreamed of; and not there were glimpses of those supposed dim and mighty visions of something beyond Nature;—nothing of the kind—poor Nature herself, on the contrary, was half suspected of being concerned in some stage trickery, or, perhaps, of not legitimately laying claim to the glories of the wonderful fall at all, which seemed to be conjectured to be only a mightier edition of the *eaux* of Versailles. No; Ignorance seldom helps, but often hinders very seriously, our admiration of all that is most glorious and sublime on earth;

the true delight is where Knowledge and Imagination meet together; and, after all, how little, how bounded, is our best knowledge! What complicated, endless mysteries surround us on all sides; and while Niagara is shaking the earth around us, while every drop of its water contains a world of wonder in itself, let us reflect, that though we may know from what source the impetuous waters take their rise, and to what bourne they are speeding, there is endlessly much, here and every where, that we know not,—that is hidden from us ever by a curtain of impenetrable cloud—wonders and mysteries that our wildest imaginations cannot shadow forth, that our deepest judgment cannot fathom. No, the sagest among us need not quarrel with his knowledge, for limited and little it is, indeed, and leaves room for the winged fancy to range in an unbounded universe at will, only from the hints that that petty Knowledge faintly gives, fluttering a more earnest wing and following a more triumphant course.

What does knowledge do but open chinks for us, through which we peep at innumerable splendours and marvels? Every inch of the road she guides us along, shows us new branches and ramifications leading in all directions, to tempt

onward and onward still our inquiring and adventurous footsteps, while accumulating around us in bewildering and magnificent confusion are the inexhaustible materials on which imagination and reflection might feed for ever. Still how petty a portion is this of the inconceivable whole. Every point gained but exhibits a mightier prospect still unfolding before the amazed and enraptured soul. From the mite to the mountain, from the tiniest animalcule to the mightiest mammoth, we see what may, indeed, confound us by its complication and accumulation—never what may weary or disappoint by poverty or sameness. All is variety, all is novelty, all riches and fulness. No knowledge of its comings or goings, its parentage, course, or condition, can in the least disenchant Niagara, any more than custom can stale, or familiarity with its awful majesty breed any contempt. Forgive us, esteemed and excellent reader, this prosing about what is pretty nearly the most unprosy subject of earth—or of water. Go to Niagara yourself, and you will "babble about green" water, too; at least, sometimes: for one has silent Niagara-fits, as well as talkative ones. Since there is so much one feels on the subject that can never be spoken, or printed, I will

now close this chapter, as I closed a letter written on the spot, with the cataract boiling and roaring almost within a bowshot, and the ground quaking and trembling under the feet: "Perhaps you are wearied with these lengthened prosings on the subject of this right regal cataract, but with the Atlantic between us, poor friend, you cannot defend yourself, unless, indeed, you decide at once on putting Niagara and me behind the fire." The fact is, that cataract becomes, indeed, to all its visitors, like Wordsworth's cataract, "a passion;" and the least enthusiastic of mortals does it homage in some way with all his soul, from the poet who pens sonnets to its eyebrow, as a fiery lover might, blowing like a furnace, to the tailor who made this note—"Gods! what a place wherein to sponge a coat!" or the anti-teetotaller, lover only of certain combinations of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, technically denominated hydrate of oxide of ethyle, vulgarly alcohol, who sighed—"What a cataclysm of brandy it would take to mix with that 'ere conglomeration of water!" Enthusiastic man, however, has conducted hard by some branches of business (as the foregoing effusions might lead us to think possible), not

altogether in harmony with the majesty of the mighty falls. Not far away stands in utilitarian ugliness a huge pail-manufactory, and very near, erected for the convenience of pedestrians, is a cobbler's shop. I quarrel not with the Suspension-bridge, a noble monument of man's skill and ingenuity; nor with the fairy steamer, the "Maid of the Mist," that seems buzzing about like a small, delicate fly near the awful pair, the Twin-Giants of Cataract; that, too, is a pleasing specimen of human might, and intelligence, and power; but the bucket-manufactory and the cobbler's shed should assuredly back themselves a few steps more out of the presence of those crowned and crowning wonders of the creation, even though a pedestrian should have to hobble a little longer time with a hole in his shoe, or the housemaid to seek afar off for the neatly-fashioned pail, as a legitimate companion for her tidy mop.

Some minds certainly seem but little awed by this tumbling ocean.—"Wal, Miss! so I see you're a-taking down of them nice Falls," exclaimed a sable gentleman to my little sketching companion. To speak thus of them *was* "taking them down" a little, indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LITTLE ABOUT OUR COUSINS,

&c. &c.

How I wish that every one in my own dear country who still entertains any lingering and unworthy prejudices or dislikes against our enterprising, Transatlantic relations, would put him or herself into one of the magnificent Cunarders or Collinses, and come over the "big ferry" to judge for themselves on the spot, taking especial care to leave behind them, with any other inconvenient lumber and heavy baggage, those same useless incumbrances of prejudices, antiquated jealousies, and unfounded dislikes — let them come and see with their own eyes (without the help or hindrance of anybody else's green, or blue, or jaundice-yellow spectacles) our noble-hearted, wonder-working cousins, in their own gigantic and glorious

country. They may, perchance, hear themselves called "strangers," when addressed by some son of green Columbia, but those who so call them would, in all probability, treat them as hospitably as though they were friends of long standing, and would take (if any opportunity presented itself) more care of the "stranger's" life than they would of their own, —though, sooth to say, that is not saying a very great deal after all, for a people more careless of existence, and more hail-fellow-well-met with grim death, it is not easy to conceive. I fully believe my traveller, if he will but take the preliminary precautions I have insisted upon, and leave at home his routine old opinions, and mistaken, second-hand, bolstered-up, ignorant, antediluvian antipathies and ideas, will be delighted, as I am, with American society, and he will be rewarded for his exertions, not only by getting rid of that moral jaundice—that dull vulture Prejudice, feeding on the liver of his mind—not only by finding a delightful set of relations new to him—(a sort of family reconciliation), but by the additional attractions of a sublime scenery, in many portions a splendid climate, an atmosphere like that of golden Ausonia; and if he stay during that season

of enchantment, the sight of an autumnal display of splendour, surpassing every imagination of glory and magnificence that shines forth in tale of faerie or fytte of poesy. I had heard much and read much of that marvellous autumn of America before I had visited the Western world, but the reality very far exceeded my expectation. All the buried jewels that lie in the bosom of our mother Earth seem then to melt, and come shooting up in a precious sap into the myriads of myriads of leaves that are thus fast turned into rubies, and emeralds, and diamonds, and amethysts, and opals, as at the touch of some invisible Sorcerer. Like the Enchanted Princess in the tale, Nature breathes nothing but jewelled words and golden utterances; the honey-dew on her lip turns to blazing treasure, and the sigh of her balmy breath seems rich with the wealth of a hundred worlds. The dazzling rainbows of other skies and brighter suns seem, as it were, to lighten down upon our kindling earth and deluge it in splendour, and the glorious world appears to stand up, transfigured and sublime, "like a mailed angel on a battle-day." Almost might one think that suddenly had poured down on the earth the wonderfully glorious light of

some of those twin stars of differing colours—those double Suns, whose orange and purple, or green and crimson, or blue and yellow light, must shed just such brilliant reflexions, such resplendent illuminations over their respective satellites and planets, such marvellous combinations of colouring, and such enchanting diversities of hues.

Besides these splendid sights, my friend will find hotels that would make a moderately-sized town in England, replete, from one end of the States to the other, with every comfort and luxury, ready to receive him; and it is generally said in America, and with great truth, that every new steamboat, railroad, telegraph, &c., is better and on a more colossal scale than the last—in short, that each fresh undertaking is of a more ambitious and gigantic character; all seems to *grow*, in fact, in America—houses, ships, roads, appear to increase their proportions year by year, as if by some certain law, as much as a child springing up to a man does. You heard last month of an immense steamboat being just launched in the Mississippi 400 feet long; of course next month you will hear of one 420, and so forth. If their hotels go on spreading at the rate they have lately done, the

traveller will find himself shown into a complete covered New York, or an entire roofed-and-glazed Philadelphia, and will require a topographical map to direct his wandering footsteps. The following is the prospectus of a new hotel that is intended to be erected at a favourite watering-place; the Crystal Palace must keep a "bright look-out," or it will be quite beaten. "This new hotel is to be of the most colossal dimensions" (in 1854, I make no doubt, it will appear a rather small country inn), and will be the wonder and admiration of the age" (of the quarter of a year, read instead). It is to be 500 feet on Circular Street, 2500 feet on Putnam Street, with a broad piazza 4000 feet long in the inside, extending the whole length of all the buildings. The front part of the hotel will be conducted in the ordinary mode, where the charges will range from two to five dollars per week. The north wing will be appropriated to those who wish to occupy rooms and board themselves; and the west wing will constitute a large and commodious 'water-cure' establishment. The whole establishment will accommodate about 2500 persons; it will be an hotel, in fact, for the million. The estimated cost of grounds and buildings is

530,000 dollars; cost of furniture, 220,000 dollars. It is to be lighted with gas, furnished by the projector himself. The Bachydt farm, of two hundred acres, which is only two miles distant, is to be connected with the establishment, where the inmates can, if they wish, be employed in the exercise of farming and gardening" (this will save them doctors' bills, no doubt), "and thus they may pay a portion, or the whole of their expenses, as well as improve their health." An English engineer wrote an account lately in one of the newspapers stating that he had had in Hungary under his orders daily some hundreds of "noble navvies"—barons wielding the pick vigorously, and their amiable but occasionally shoeless and stockingless baronesses guiding the wheelbarrow energetically; allowing this statement to be correct,—(for it was contradicted and pronounced a mistake by another correspondent of the paper),—he might compare notes with the spirited projector of this Patagonian hotel (since, though it is to be an hotel for the million, I presume some of those they call the "upper ten thousand" of New York, and the other great cities, may also occasionally take up their quarters there), for he may have a goodly

sprinkling of bankers, members of Congress, colonels, generals, judges, and governors for his farm-labourers, and mayors, commodores, ex-presidents, and millionnaires for his gardeners, with their respective ladies to assist in the healthful and rural toil.

The hurry of the astonishing progress that is going on perpetually in "the States" tells upon the people in many ways, doubtless. The same punctiliousness cannot be reasonably expected in many particulars as with a more leisurely people having more time upon their hands—time here is indeed dollars, and must not be left unfructifying for a single moment. This is, somewhat whimsically, or rather fearfully, exemplified — if it has a shadow of truth — in the following extract, copied from a newspaper (it was during the prevalence of cholera that this was said to take place):—

"PREMATURE BURIALS. — The late prevalence of the epidemic in the Penitentiary gave the material for many frightful stories of persons hurried off to their graves while yet alive—in short, who were buried to die at their leisure, by those who had not time to wait for the lingering breath to take its last leave of the collapsed and blackening tenement. One poor

fellow—so goes the tale—on being lowered into his narrow home, was awakened by the rudeness with which the ceremony was performed. He knocked feebly on the lid of his coffin, and demanded a drink of water. Some humane bystander furnished him with what he desired. He again relapsed into a state of coma—and the burial-rites proceeded without interruption!" (where was the "humane" bystander then?) "Another one, it is said, was, at the moment of supposed dissolution, attacked with paroxysms, which rendered his society in the hospital anything but pleasant. He was promptly removed to his coffin, and carried out to finish dying during the progress of his funeral!" Thus saving time to everybody, except to himself, poor soul! as possibly he lost a few minutes of dear life by this summary proceeding.

The above is from an Ohio paper. Burying alive cannot be a very pleasant substitute for starvation or anything else, but it may be supposed to be preferred by some, as appears from the following amusing bagatelle:—

"During the summer of 1846, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having

worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbours by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury and finish him. Accordingly, when due preparations were made, they moved toward the place of interment, with the unresisting non-defunct in a rough chest that did duty for a coffin for the nonce, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:—

"'Hallo! what have you there?'

"'Poor old Mr. S——!'

"'What are you going to do with him?'

"'Bury him.'

"'What! is he dead? I hadn't heard of his death.'

"'No, he is not dead; but he might as well be, for he has no corn, and is too lazy to work for any.'

"'Oh, that is too cruel! I'll give him two bushels of corn myself rather than see him buried alive.'

"Mr. S—— raised the cover, and asked in his usual dragging tone,—

"'I-s i-t s-h-e-l-l-e-d?'

"'No!'

"'D-r-i-v-e o-n, t-h-e-n, b-o-y-s! G-e-e!'"

CHAPTER XX.

CHOCTAWS,

&c. &c.

Repeated visits to the camp of the Choctaws, not far from the city of Mobile, gave me naturally an interest in that people. Degenerated though, no doubt, they are, still there is much—very much—about them highly characteristic and singular.

Pride appeared to me altogether one of the most striking and leading features of their character. I believe, could one look into the secret recesses of their hearts, it would be found that, despite all the reverses they have suffered, the humiliations they are so constantly exposed to, the privations they endure, and the contrast that their forlorn condition presents to the prosperity of the white man, who is lord over their lands, and ruler of their dearly-prized heritage,

they yet despise him, and consider themselves immeasurably superior.

I may be wrong, certainly; but such, at least, was my impression from what I saw of these still interesting children of Nature. All seemed the proudest of the proud, from the tiny urchin, who scarcely deigned to notice us when we peeped into the wigwam, where he sat in a most dignified attitude, looking like a baby "Eagle of War," or "Great Wolf of the Tribe," to the haughty youth who stuck a tall feather in his locks on the arrival of the strangers, and strode about like a fiery beau in full dress; and to the old crone, casting looks of scorn on parasols and bonnets; and to the stately damsel shooting equally disdainful glances on shawls and scarfs, while she slowly and gracefully gave another turn to her blanket drapery, which, sooth to say, on her queenly form seemed to rise in value and increase in beauty, till it might well challenge comparison with a cachmere of farthest Ind, adjusted with Parisian taste upon Parisian shoulders. Pride, unconquerable pride, in short, appeared the chief trait of all. One of the old squaws amused me by her excessive indignation every time the friend who accompanied me mentioned the name of

her tribe: she did not pronounce it to the old lady's liking—not, I suppose, exactly in the proper Choctaw fashion—she called it, in short, as it is generally written and pronounced by white men, Choctaw. This the tawny tabby declared was wrong; so each time it was uttered, she reprovingly, emphatically, and with the most haughty and majestic expression, said "Choct-*a*," giving terrific force to the last syllable, which greatly resembled a cannon-ball. If the word had been used nine hundred and ninety-nine times, I feel perfectly convinced the proud old dingy dowager would have nine hundred and ninety-nine times corrected it as commandingly and as consequentially. There was a withering sneer, too, upon her many-wrinkled face, that told more plainly than words that the *Choctas* were unspeakably superior, in every way, to those pale faces, who could not even pronounce the name of their noble tribe decently. I took great care in mentioning the word in the venerable dame's hearing to lay all possible stress on the last syllable, and call it, not Choctaw, but Choct-*a*.

Poor Indians! in spite of their cold, impassible exterior, how much they must have suf-

fered! what bitter blows must their pride have received! what aching wounds their earnest spirits must have felt! How painful it is to think, that in the Seminole war dogs were actually employed to hunt the gallant Indians who fought—and so desperately fought—against their oppressors! Without doubt the red men committed during that war many shocking cruelties, and were guilty of dreadful excesses; but Americans themselves have told me that, in the first instance, the white man was almost solely to blame. The Indian agent appointed by the government to pay to one of the tribes whatever had been agreed to give them for their lands, &c., and transact whatever business might be necessary between them and the citizens, or authorities, was very exacting, unjust, and unpopular, treating the Indian like the mere slave of his will; and he had already made himself heartily disliked by the red men, when a circumstance happened that completely fanned the smouldering fire into a blaze. Ossiola, a "brave" of this powerful Indian tribe, had just married a new wife. I suppose she was a beauty among squaws, as she was destined to play the part of a kind of Seminole Helen, and light the flames of a dreadful war

between the two nations. The Indian agent beheld her, became violently enamoured of her chocolate-coloured charms, and carried her off, in an evil hour, from her correspondingly chocolate-coloured, ill-starred husband. At first he was simply, but solemnly, petitioned to give up the stolen woman to her own people and her justly-incensed husband, but this he most positively refused to do; threats and menaces were resorted to, but these he treated lightly, and haughtily disregarded. The storm was brewing, the horizon looked dark and angry, still the infatuated man pursued his course, unwarned and unshaken.

At last suddenly—awfully—the thunderbolt fell: the infuriated Indians arose as one man, and massacred all the whites in the place, innocent and guilty. I believe, at the first outburst of this terrible retaliation, the woman had been given up, but it was then too late. She was immediately put to death, as utterly contaminated and unworthy to live; and the horrible slaughter of the whites continued unchecked. Thence sprang the great Seminole war; during the continuance of which, it is said, unutterable horrors took place on both sides: fearful massacres, intended to strike

terror into the souls of their enemies, only drew forth the most hideous reprisals. Frequently the Indians were victorious; and the war trailed its deadly length along like a wounded snake, or the dilatory and dragging Alexandrine the poet has compared to it.

At this juncture the American government, anxious to terminate this barbarous and sanguinary war, in the course of which so many brave and noble spirits had already been sacrificed to the blood-thirsty vengeance of exasperated savages, determined on what certainly appears a truly shocking expedient; although, without doubt, it was adopted solely from a strong, earnest desire to put a stop in the most effectual and rapid manner to the lengthened horrors and multiplied enormities that afflicted humanity. It was finally decided on, that bloodhounds, used in Cuba to hunt down fugitive slaves, should be sent for. I believe General Taylor, who commanded the forces in that war, has sometimes been unjustly blamed and stigmatised for this apparently most harsh and cruel measure; but I am assured, by well-informed persons, that he was personally opposed to this step, and attempted to dissuade those in authority from adopting it—but in vain: the

government considered it indispensably necessary to bring this frightful war to a speedy termination. A number of the most ferocious of the far-famed Cuban bloodhounds were brought over to the United States, at an immense cost — it is said, at an expense of 700,000 dollars — and it was ardently hoped the help of these canine allies would, in a brief period, extinguish the war. This singular and frightful experiment signally failed. In the first place, the Cuban dogs had been taught to hunt negroes, and being solely accustomed to bestow dental marks of attention on black men, declined to have anything to say to the red. In addition to this, they *ought* (*!*) to have fed the savage animals on human flesh and blood; but this amiable and gentle precaution being, by some unexplained means, unaccountably neglected, they did not catch with these costly assistants a *single Indian* — man, woman, or child. In Cuba, it is said, these famous hounds are constantly fed in the manner described above, and are practised continually on malefactors (when not required to be on active service), who are set running for their lives, and the dogs, not having dined, then are dispatched after them. From the Americans not

understanding, and not putting into execution, all these interesting and innocent little manœuvres, the terrible hounds became comparatively tame, and were rather on good terms with the belligerent Indians than not. Indeed, there might be some ground for suspecting that if the red men caught the dogs by chance, instead of the dogs catching them, they might return the compliment in a very pointed manner which their foes designed to pay them. At length, I am sorry to say it,—and should have doubted it, had it not been told me by an American,—the gallant, though ruthless and revengeful Indians, were defeated by means of a cunning stratagem; yet, of course, it must be remembered that these hostilities could not be conducted on the principles of a war between two civilised nations. Duplicity, say the apologists, must be opposed to duplicity, and trickery to trickery; otherwise these barbarous conflicts would go on for an immense length of time, and the sacrifice of life would be prodigious. Ossiola, who had distinguished himself by great personal intrepidity, and considerable military ability and skill, was taken by treachery. A white flag was displayed, and the unfortunate warrior fell into the pitfall

designed for him, and fell to rise no more. The noble game had escaped the dogs which had been sent after him, to be caught in the cold-blooded trap. And, doubtless, often afterwards did he devoutly wish the appetites of those Cuban bloodhounds had been better sharpened, and their training more systematically and skilfully attended to, so might he not have lingered in hopeless misery, to curse his unhappy fate. He was sent, I think, to Charleston; where, after languishing for some time in wretchedness—an Indian Abd-el-Kader and red Toussaint l'Ouverture—he died, I believe, in his prison. Thus it was that the frightful Seminole war was ended, whose sanguinary horrors have rarely been surpassed on this Continent.

I have wandered far away from my Choctaws in the last few pages, for their tribe had nothing to do with those hostilities. As to the Cherokees, who a few years ago mustered thickly in the neighbourhood of Mobile, they have been removed to some other more out-of-the-way place, I believe by order of the government, having proved rather troublesome customers. And nothing remains to remind one of them, save multitudes of the delicate Cherokee roses,

which still bear their name, and which we saw in the most luxuriant profusion, festooning themselves around trees and buildings, and smothering everything they approached with their abundant and prodigal beauty.

Should a solitary Cherokee damsel be left behind, she may, while thinking of the departed red man,—and of her own dear "Brave," and while looking at these commemorative flowers, sing, "My love is like the *red, red* rose!" and solace so her true heart. But enough for the present of Choctaws and Cherokees.

CHAPTER XXI.

NAMES,

&c. &c.

I HAVE often regretted that in America more care has not been taken to preserve the noble and significant names which abound in every locality. "What's in a name?" said Shakspeare. Nothing certainly, or very little, if no meaning be attached to it. Shakspeare, had he had the felicity of making acquaintance before his death with "The Flying Cloud," "The Storm on the Wing," "The Great Tortoise," or the sweet "Spotted Fawn of the Forest," perhaps would have acknowledged his error, retracted his observation, re-written the passage, and told us, in his own exquisite language, how much there is in a name, instead of how little.

The East Indians, as well as those of the

Western World, appear to adopt the practice of attaching a pertinent significance to their names; and, by the way, what a graceful and very poetical meaning is conveyed in the name of Gholab Singh, which, I have been told, means "The Lion of Rose Water!" Of course implying that the bearer of the fair appellation is mild as well as brave—the true character of the heroes of chivalry. It is undoubtedly true, that in older times it was the custom, even in prosaic England, to give names to persons which had a certain sort of meaning, not having reference generally to their qualities, but to their trades, callings, and position in life. One might almost imagine, from these denominations being pretty nearly all applicable solely to the professions of the bearers, that the English were somewhat of a characterless sort of people in past times. Yet, surely such could not have been the case. How, then, comes it we have plenty of Bakers, Carpenters, Tailors, Cooks, Gardeners, Porters, Knights, and Drapers, but no "Noble Spirits," no "Magnanimous-and-Gentles," and so forth? Complexions we have of every shade—Black, Brown, Green, White, Grey, &c.; yes, and we have occasionally a "Strong i' th' Arm" and a

"Lion," and "Wolf," and a "Hawke," and I have heard of an "Eagle," (beasts and birds of prey), but never a "Strong i' the Mind," or "Owl" (bird of wisdom.) A vast multitude seemed to be so little individualised by any characteristics of their own, as to render it necessary they should be distinguished merely as such a one's son—John-son, William-son, Stephen-son, Jack-son, Job-son, Dicken-son, Harri-son, Tom-son, Robert-son, Richard-son; these must surely have been formerly very particularly milk-soppy persons, remarkable for nothing but their extreme insipidity. We find some named originally after their mothers, too,—Patti-son (Patty's son), and others. One might imagine our forefathers generally to have been the merest nonentities, deriving their sole importance in the social scale from *their* fathers, or even their mothers; but occasionally we are warned not to judge too rashly on this point. A startling difficulty presents itself in the way of this little theory of ours. Is it possible for a single moment to imagine that any, even a remote, ancestor of our great glorious Nelson could be so utterly devoid of all personal peculiarities, of all distinguishing traits and qualities, as to be

known merely as Nel's son? That seems unlikely, truly; but it is possible it may be accounted for in another way—that Nell might have been a most extraordinarily distinguished person herself, a woman of decision, energy, talent, courage, like the mother of Napoleon in our day, and thus it happened that her son was known as her son. With regard to "Stephen's son," too, the progenitor of our great engineer, and "John's son," the ancestor of our mighty lexicographer, sturdy Sam,—something of the same kind may have happened respecting their fathers, and so with other distinguished "sons," descended from sons of somebodies, which sons seemed to be considered as nobodies themselves.

Another thing is not improbable; contemporaneous carelessness, idleness, and want of discrimination, might be far more to blame than the little-noticed individuals themselves, who were known only as the sons of their fathers. We cannot doubt that there must have been many and many a one remarkable for great and brilliant powers of mind, for the most generous spirits, the most heroic achievements and splendid qualities. No matter; the incipient prosaic John Bull, loving brevity,

and throwing all sentiment bluntly overboard, would still have designated them as Robinson or Wil-son, if they were the sons of Robin and Will; or doggedly called them Brown, or Black, or Dun, or White, or whatever colour their skins were of, without taking the trouble to go any farther, or inquire any closer. These skin-deep names were enough for his purpose; and where the North American Indians would have imaginatively christened a man, whose tongue was full of cunning and sweet craft, "The Strong Serpent of the Wilderness;" and another, whose prowess was extraordinary, "The Mighty Eagle of the War;" and another, distinguished for bold impetuosity, "The Driving Cloud of Storms," or "The Dark-gushing, Over-flowing River," and so forth, the sturdy Anglo-Saxon would have thought him fully well named as Mr. Clerk, Mr. Strong, or Mr. Rush, or designated in the most flowery style of perfect eloquence if bearing the extended honours of Mr. Whitehead, should such have been applicable to his personal appearance,—(nay, this last, venerably verbose denomination may possibly have been designed, contrary to usual custom, to be circumbendibustically complimentary to the patriarchal excellences and

good-grandpapa qualities of the indicated individual,) or, if boasting, peradventure, that noble style and surname, Mr. Sheepshanks, having decided reference to the outward man. Incipient John Bull — whose descendants familiarly term proud old Gibraltar, "Gib," and who abbreviated Napoleon Buonaparte into "Bony"—would have stared and grinned with supreme contempt at the long-drawn prolix appellations so liberally bestowed by the Red Men. To be sure, their complexions being pretty nearly all exactly of the same glowing copper or brick-dust hue, they were and are debarred from enjoying the pleasing variety and amazing play of fancy of White, Black, Green (that verdigris-tinted gentleman of "lang syne" must, indeed, have had a cadaverous complexion, and must have suffered cruelly from small health), Grey, and even Rose (a prettily florid *sobriquet* the last, but the beauty of the bearer of it must have depended considerably on this rose-colour being properly distributed, and not *too* decided); the poor Indians may, from this stern deprivation, be almost driven to the absolute necessity of using some of those sonorous and imaginative amplifications which we have descanted upon.

With regard to those old Anglo-Saxon denominations that we have mentioned, what an improvement might it have been to them (and without drawing very largely, or, indeed, at all, upon the inventive or fanciful faculties of the name-givers,) if they had known all the numerous and diversified terms of colour which our Gallic neighbours of later days have, with such luxuriant imaginations, composed; and to what delicate shadows of shades of hues have they given an appellation and a name! The light and lovely *gris de l'araignée* who is meditating a fly for his dinner, the exquisite evanescent tint of a grasshopper in a galloping consumption, and countless others, might have furnished him with an easy, ready-made, and yet highly-diversified nomenclature. The great difficulty might have been to find complexions and hues of hair to suit these tender tints. Then, again, the ancestors of John Bull would not have liked the lengthiness of the names, even though they had no trouble in composing them. They would have considered life too short and time too precious for them to call their neighbour Mister Colour-of-a-gastronomically-given-Spider-who-is-somewhat-sentimentally-musing-on-a-fly-

for-his-dinner, or Goodman Tint-of-Grass-hopper-in-a-particularly-swift-decline. No; in the next generation, if not before, the fair appellations would assuredly have dwindled into Spider and Grasshopper *tout court*, and the original significations would have been buried in dull oblivion. I must, however, before quitting this subject, do the British justice, and observe, that occasionally flashes of a sportive humour, if not of a florid fancy, illuminate this generally heavy darkness of stupidity of our common English nomenclature. Are there not "Go-to-beds" and "Money-pennys?"—it would appear these were originally intended as keen hits at some notable sluggards and misers—and a few other similar designations, equally brilliant and full of invention and genius? I must confess, too, that few and far between gleam out some Mr. "Sharps" and Mr. "Brights," which astonishingly discriminating denominations evinced a gradually dawning appreciation of mental qualifications —for we will hope, "Bright" meant intellectually, and not merely physiognomically, and that "Sharp" was not solely applicable to a thin, pointed nasal organ,—but, alas! probably already, when advancing civilisation favoured

these denominational developments, the greater part of British mankind was irrevocably named; — Blacked and Browned duly, and Whitened and Greened—dyes warranted to last; and the unhappy general Briton must still be content with such and similar appellations — if he has escaped the Macadamizing, universalizing Smith —without any hope now of being "Bright"-ened or "Sharp"-ened, as he doubtless richly deserves.

CHAPTER XXII.

STEAM IN AMERICA,

&c. &c.

WRITING on this subject is difficult; we may give a faint idea of the state of locomotion in the United States at the time when one is actually setting down the facts in black and white; but never were such ephemeral, flighty facts, they are butterflies that will not be pinned down to any mortal pages; and, before the volume is published, most likely the statements will lag far indeed behind the reality—rails will have been laid down faster than types have been set, and steamers will seem to have been constructed more speedily than sheets could possibly issue from the press. While as to their electric telegraphs — *their* production will appear to have kept pace with that lightning which darts along their own wires. In the United States,

the inland transport is divided between the railroads, the canals, and the rivers; a certain but very inconsiderable portion of it, comparatively speaking, being still performed upon plain roads, and this portion is being perpetually and rapidly diminished. The Americans are so highly favoured by Nature in having such a vast and wonderful system of water-communication, without any exertion or labour on their part, that they might have been excused had they not manifested any very active energy and remarkable enterprise in the matter of arranging a more artificial apparatus of inter-communication, especially considering that, notwithstanding its rapid increase, the population at present is small in comparison with the immense extent of territory under their sway. However, the having that immense extent of territory may be one reason why they are so desirous of increasing in every practicable way the facilities of their internal inter-communication, and of uniting by these bonds distant societies, and separated bodies, and far-severed associations of one common people. The American, too, is the last person on earth to sit with his hands passively folded, and to let Nature or anything else, do everything for him without an attempt,

and a very strenuous one, too, on his part to second all those efforts in his favour, to multiply all the advantages thus proffered to him, and to make the very most of the prosperity thus munificently bestowed upon him. Certain it is, that in possession of a system of natural water-communication, perhaps altogether unparalleled in the whole earth, the indefatigable citizens of the United States have constructed a prodigious system of canal navigation, which cannot be surpassed by aught of the kind that is seen in the most renowned, opulent, powerful, and prosperous states of the other hemisphere, while the magnificent natural streams that so abundantly intersect the vast territory of their splendid country, over hundreds and thousands of miles, are thickly covered with steamboats of every size, and many of them of the most extraordinary and imposing dimensions. It is supposed that the actual extent of artificial water-communication in the United States of America, now completed and in use, does not fall very short of 6000 miles. I believe the average cost of constructing this stupendous system of liquid transport was at the rate of 6432*l.* per mile, so that nearly 6000 miles of canals would have absorbed a

capital of considerably more than 32,000,000*l*. It cannot be denied that this noble extent of canal transport, as compared with the actual population, displays very remarkably the energetic industry and enterprising spirit of our transatlantic cousins. To every 5000 inhabitants in America there is a mile (and rather more) of canal navigation. In Great Britain, the proportion is 1 to every 9000 inhabitants; and among our French neighbours, 1 to every 13,000.

The Americans have neglected no means to render the mighty collections of water which flow through and which surround their territories as advantageous to them as possible. And how fortunate they are, not only in having those glorious rivers, which afford them such vast facilities for commercial and other purposes, but also in the peculiar geographical character of their far-outstretching coast, extending over a space of more than four thousand miles, from the St. Lawrence gulf to the great delta of the Mississippi; and which is irregular and indented, providing, by its frequently serrated outlines, a number of naturally-formed, excellent harbours, and protected bays; graced with many beautiful islands, which by their position

form various sounds,—and advancing boldly in capes and promontories that enclose arms of the sea; and noble estuaries, in which the smooth waters are perfectly sheltered from all the tumult, and agitation, and uncertainty of the ocean: so that they offer for navigation the peculiar and advantageous features of lakes and of rivers. In addition to the multitudinous and magnificent lines of communication afforded by the many mighty rivers that intersect the territory in all directions, there are, in the interior, the most splendid chains of lakes, constituting the most prodigious bodies of fresh water on the face of the known earth. The very great honour of having first applied the steamboat practically for any utilitarian purposes must be conceded to the Americans. This important event took place in 1808, when a steamboat was placed on the noble Hudson river, to run between New York and Albany; and from that day, when the majestic Hudson first bore on its bosom the wonderful vessel that sped on its way, solely impelled by the then mysterious power of steam, to the present hour, it has witnessed the most extraordinary and brilliant successions of triumphant experiments of locomotion on water that

have ever been offered to the observation of man, and which seem continually to acquire a more surprising and admirable character. This beautiful river is navigable for steamers of the largest class as far as Albany, the capital of the State; which city is situated nearly one hundred and fifty miles above New York. The steamers that float upon this fine river are of two classes,—the one class is appropriated to the rapid conveyance of passengers, and the other is devoted to towing the immense traffic which is continually being carried on between the ever-busy city of New York and the interior portions of the "Empire State," into the most central regions of which penetrates the noble river of which I have been speaking. The steam navigation of the Hudson is particularly interesting, not only from the enormous traffic of which it is the theatre, but because it seems to present a kind of pattern for imitation to all the large streams of the Atlantic States. In general, the passenger-steamers offer a remarkable contrast to those sea-going steamers, whose appearance we are so thoroughly conversant with. The former not having to confront the tumultuous surface of the restless ocean, they are not furnished

with either sails or rigging, but are built entirely and solely with the view to great speed. They are very fragile and delicate in their construction, with a remarkable length in proportion to their beam, and their draught of water is but small. The machinery is peculiar, both with regard to its shape and its situation. It is upon the deck that the engines are placed, in a position comparatively elevated and conspicuous; two engines are only rarely made use of. Ordinarily, a single engine, whose position is in the centre of the deck, drives a crank that is constructed on the axle of the prodigious paddle-wheels, whose enormous size and the great speed imparted to them empower them to play the part of fly-wheels. Nothing is omitted in these colossal steamers that can by possibility conduce to the convenience and the thoroughly comfortable accommodation of the passengers.

Fastidious, indeed, must he be who is not fully contented with the luxury and the splendour of the *tout ensemble*, and the munificent liberality of all the appointments and arrangements. As I remarked before, each new steamer almost invariably, and as if by a settled rule, transcends the last-built one in

magnitude; and the superb style and costliness of the decorations, and the furniture, appear also, gradually and continually, to undergo a similar augmentation: so that we may expect to hear of mother-o'-pearl decks in time, and in the splendid state-cabins, walls of silver, and hangings of cloth of gold. They have almost arrived at the latter already, and everything looks in general as perfectly fresh and new as it is costly and superb. You would imagine the owners of these steamboats must have found Fortunatus' purse; for how they manage to provide all this splendour and comfort, and yet to carry passengers for such trifling fares, it is indeed difficult to conceive. On board one of the splendid steamers we were in, besides other ornaments of all kinds, the profusion of gilding was so great that one might almost have begun to fear, not that all is not gold that glitters, but that, — as a wit one day said at an indifferent dinner in a house similarly decorated,—there would be a great deal more gilding than carving, and that the passengers might have to pay for all this brilliancy by a diminution of provisions; in short, that perhaps, like Midas, they might have to feast upon gold, and gold only. However, we were agree-

ably disappointed, for everything was excellent —eatables and drinkables were on an equal scale of luxury and liberality with the rest of the arrangements. The light and brilliant effect of the interior of these steamers is much increased by the multitude of vast mirrors that strike the eye in every direction: they repeat with bewildering splendour the rich details of the sumptuous upholstery,—the flowery devices of the many-coloured carpets—the sweeping curtains—the profusion of ornaments, and give the finishing stroke to all this magnificence. I believe that, in some of the larger steamboats, even the engine-room is lined with costly mirrors—not for the coal-begrimed engineers to gaze upon themselves in, but to reflect all the complex movements of the polished and exquisitely constructed machinery. I rather think this was the case in the very beautiful steamer in which we went from Albany to New York, in the summer, called "The Alida;" but, from not being aware of the circumstance at the time, I did not pay a visit to this resplendent engine-room, hung with looking-glasses for the mighty machinery to admire itself in. There have been, of course, a vast many improvements made lately in the build, and power,

and efficiency of the vessels; their draught of water has been very materially diminished—the play of the expansive principle has been considerably augmented, too. Steamers of the largest class, in the present day, only draw as much water as those of the least size drew some few years since. The average length of these mammoth aquatic hotels is more than three hundred feet, and there are amongst them some that are at least four hundred feet long. The "Autocrat," on the Mississippi, we were told, exceeded this length. It is beyond question, that no water-communication in any part of the world can challenge a comparison in the passenger accommodation afforded by these luxurious vessels, adorned and beautified in a manner that description can hardly do justice to. The cost of a passage in them is marvellously little. The lowest fare from New York to Albany—the distance being 145 miles, is, or was a little while ago, 2*s.* 2*d.*; for about a couple of shillings more the passengers can enjoy the comfort and luxury of having a private cabin.

Taking into consideration the excessive splendour and costliness of the decorations and accessories, the excellence and beauty of

all the furniture, the abundance and liberality displayed in the arrangements of the table, and the extensive character of the accommodation, it surely cannot be denied that no country in the world can offer anything even approaching to such extraordinarily cheap locomotion. All the largest class of steamers are capable of running twenty-two miles in the hour, and they average twenty miles with ease. You may thus, if you choose, be conveyed in a perfect palace of the waters, environed with all imaginable comforts, luxuries, and conveniences, on the bosom of the beautiful Hudson, with a succession of enchanting views to delight and interest, and without the slightest trouble on your part, at the average rate of twenty and twenty-two miles an hour, for actually a less sum than one-sixth of a penny per mile. Does not this seem a tolerably moderate charge? So sensible are the Americans of the advantages possessed by these superb steamers, that, in the summer, frequently individuals establish themselves on board for a lengthened period, as they would do at hotels on *terra firma*, preferring those locomotive lodgings, with all the agreeable additional variety of view, generally equally

pleasant society, and perpetual change of air, to the stationary places of temporary abode on the banks of the noble stream: so for awhile they become in a way "Ancient Mariners" of the Hudson, perpetually tracking and retracking its liquid thoroughfare. For board, lodging, very good attendance, and being transported about 150 miles, at upwards of twenty miles an hour, their total daily expense is 10*s.* 10*d.* The state cabin in which they sleep is fitted up as beautifully as the most richly-furnished apartment in one of their own superb hotels, and is far superior to any room of the kind in the very largest class of packet-ships: in short, it is unique, and must be seen in order to have all its advantages thoroughly appreciated; and although the accommodation of many of the splendid hotels is exceedingly reasonable, yet they must yield in that point to these unrivalled steamers. In regard to the navigation of the rivers in the East, there is no fear of explosion either, such occurrences being extraordinarily rare there, and, indeed, almost unknown—very different from the state of things in the Mississippi and the Western rivers.

It is stated, that for the last ten years not one disaster of the kind has occurred, notwith-

standing that cylindrical boilers, ten feet in diameter, composed of plating five-sixteenths of an inch thick, are commonly used with steam of 50lbs. pressure. The steamers are, however, sometimes run down and lost; this was the case with the splendid "Empire" steamer, whose wreck I saw on my first voyage on the Great North River. There is quite a different class of steamboats used for towing the immense commerce of the Hudson; and this class may be said to resemble the luggage-trains on railways. I think, however, some steamers combine both the passenger-taking and the towing, for we came from Catskill once in a large and beautiful steamer, very nearly 400 feet long, splendidly furnished, with the most costly appointments and accessories, that towed along three big vessels, which looked like huge black wings awkwardly fastened to the majestic steamer, but which certainly did not perform the usual office of pinions. It is quite a curious sight to watch the regular class of these locomotive machines, drawing their immense load up the river. In the middle of this mighty stream you may behold them environed by an enormous cluster of, perhaps, thirty heavily-loaded craft, of all kinds and

magnitudes. These are so densely packed, and are so thickly lashed to their sides and sterns, that the steamers themselves are scarcely visible amidst the multitude of large and small vessels which thus are closely gathered around them, and the vast and confused mass beheld by the spectator, goes speeding up the stream without any visible propelling agent being observed. The steamboat and its propellers being thus almost entirely shrouded from view by the dense cluster that hangs to it, and floats on all sides attached to it, the whole has a curious effect. This aquatic luggage-train, as we may call it, as it ascends the Hudson, rids itself of its multifarious burthen, having previously looked like a hen with a vast brood of chickens or "ugly ducks." Vessel after vessel is dropped at the various towns and villages to which it comes: some are left at Neuburgh, some at Poughkeepsie, some at Catskill, or Hudson, or Fishkill; and at length the towing steamer makes her appearance at the wharf at Albany, with probably a reduced company of some six or eight vessels. As to the steam-navigation of the great Father of Waters and his proud tributaries, it is conducted in a manner altogether different from that of the Eastern

rivers; and it is well known that the most frightful catastrophes but too frequently take place there, while the sacrifice of life yearly is indeed appalling on those streams; and the horrors so continually heard of, instead of diminishing and gradually disappearing with the constant progress and advancement of art, really would, on the contrary, appear to have become more numerous and more common. How it is that engineers in the Western world have, apparently, done so little to arrest this crying evil, and to put a stop to these melancholy catastrophes, it is difficult to divine. However, quite lately, there have been symptoms of some improvement in this respect; at any rate, the subject seems to have drawn a greater degree of attention to it, which, we may hope, will be the forerunner of some ameliorations, and the adoption of some beneficial plans. Generally, in the steamers on the Father of Waters, the ladies' and the other saloons and the state-cabins are erected upon a flooring eight or nine feet above the deck, upon which the engines are placed, which are but too often of the rudest and most unfinished workmanship. These engines appear to be invariably worked with high-

pressure steam, and with a view to obtain that result, which in the steamers of the Eastern rivers is owing to a vacuum, it is at an extraordinary pressure the steam is worked. It has positively been said, that in some instances—not few and far between—boilers of this kind, on the Mississippi and other rivers in the West, have been found working with a bursting pressure of 200 lbs. per square inch. That accidents should continually occur under such circumstances is certainly not surprising; it is, perhaps, more matter of astonishment that more even do not take place. Although considerable alarm is occasionally manifested in the event of a race, or any great increase of speed, yet these steamers are perpetually crowded, and people seem to think but little of the perils that are surrounding them on all sides, for the snags and sawyers are another fertile source of danger and disasters. Their attention seems partly drawn away by the luxuries and extraordinary magnificence by which they are surrounded, and by the usually pleasant society in which they find themselves. It is not at all uncommon for happy couples to spend the honeymoon on board these spendid boats, and there are in many of

them most superb bridal apartments, decorated in the most lavish and costly style of *recherché* magnificence. There was on board the "Bostona" a luxuriously-furnished apartment of this description. Those who saw it said it was a complete mass of elaborate gilding and painting, and of satin, velvet, ribands, and lace in a thousand festoons, and fringes, and loops, and tassels. It seemed a perfect fairy bower of art; the force of upholstery and haberdashery could no farther go. An amiable and recently-united couple came on board at one of the large towns, in all the gaiety of their bridal array, accompanied by a large train of friends and acquaintances, who, before taking leave of the "happy pair," went to inspect the fairy, palace-like suite of rooms that was destined for them. The newly-married couple honeymooned on to New Orleans; of course, except as far as regarded a few incurious persons, "the observed of all observers." This, however, seemed far from displeasing to the parties most implicated; so all on board the fair steamer alluded to, pretty literally "went merry as a marriage-bell." This "treacle-mooning" on the river seems not at all unusual; it is a rather curious mixing of honey with water, perhaps, and might be

termed a metheglin-moon with some degree of accuracy—that is, if these especial lunar divisions of time are not actually called sugar-moons, in canny and *cany* Louisiana; in which case those interesting but rather wishy-washy satellites at present under consideration might, with unexceptionable propriety, take the denomination of "moons of *Eau Sucrée*."

The principal theatre of railroad enterprise and speculation in the great Republic is naturally enough in the Atlantic States. The giant Father of Rivers, and his lordly tributaries have so effectually provided for all the purposes and necessities of intercommunication and commerce with regard to the comparatively sparse and scattered population of the Western portions of the United States, that a somewhat lengthened period will in all probability elapse, despite the energetically enterprising, indefatigable character of this most extraordinary people, before the establishment of any very considerably-extended plan of railway communication in this part of America. There are, however, occasionally, detached lines of railway, even in the great valley of the Mississippi. There are some scattered over Illinois, Alabama, Florida, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio.

In the State of Mississippi there are, perhaps, about half-a-dozen short lines, and twelve or more in Louisiana. These are commonly separate and single lines, totally detached from the important system of iron roads in the more thickly-populated Atlantic States. But still there *are* railroads even in the backwoods of the mighty Mississippi, running in some parts through the primeval forest, where only lately the foot of man has ever trod; for not even the Indian, perhaps, had previously penetrated those most dense masses of wild forest. Strange that the first sound of civilised life they should echo should be that which belongs to some of its most advanced arts, and its mightiest triumphs over that nature which there, so short a time ago, reigned sole and supreme. But so it is; the hissing fiery sighs of the engine attached to its glowing car startle the wild animals of the forest, that for the first time, a few brief years ago, heard the accents of man's voice. This is, surely, strikingly characteristic of the extraordinarily active spirit of enterprise of our transatlantic brethren. In 1849 there were in actual operation, in the United States, (just twenty years after the first iron road had been constructed in America) 6565 miles of

railway. At the present time there are about 10,800 miles, and there are, probably, at least 10,000 more projected, and already in process of execution. In all likelihood, in a few more years, the energetic Americans will have considerably above 20,000 miles of railway in operation in different parts of their widely-extended territory. It is true that many of these iron roads, especially in the Western and Southern States, are cheaply-constructed lines. With a few exceptions, the country over which these railroads are carried is of a very level character; there is but little earth-work, and hardly such a thing as tunnels or viaducts. The bridges, which occasionally span stream and river, are roughly built of the timber produced by the neighbouring forest. With a most wise, judicious economy, the Americans have constructed their station-houses, and other offices and buildings, in the most simple manner possible. In them there is nothing of the ridiculous and pompous pretension to be seen, that is too often visible in most English buildings of the same description—a pomp and a costliness more utterly thrown away, perhaps, than that lavished on any other works of the industry of man. You may as well expect to find a

pedestrian who is walking a match of a thousand miles in a thousand hours, studiously botanising and geologising on his way (like the members of the British Association of Science), as to meet with a railroad wayfarer bothering his bewildered head about curiosities of architecture. On a railway everybody is as it were looking forward, no mortal eye dreams of dwelling on the stations, be they ever so artistically and elaborately constructed and decorated; it hardly observes them, much less admires them. I confess the only ornamental additions to such buildings that ever struck me as particularly appropriate and well-imagined, were some exceedingly pretty gardens surrounding some simple, but neatly-built stations in France. The eye willingly reposed on the bright fresh hues of the variegated flowers. These charming parterres had a refreshing appearance, and witched away the wearied senses, as it were unconsciously, from smoke and steam, and dust and ashes. I do not know that I ever thought scarlet geraniums looked so lovely and brilliant as on that spot, or ever found mignonette sweeter and pleasanter than there. Surely we have enough of art on railroads, and especially on our English ones, perhaps, with

their numerous embankments, tunnels, viaducts, and bridges, and double iron lines. A little dash of Nature—and that of the most soothing kind — would be exceedingly acceptable and preferable to more art-works; even a nearer glimpse of cowslips, a pinch of daisies, a twinkle of sweet-williams, the least puff of sweeter violets, or the merest powdering of buttercups. These soft, smiling children of the glades and fields, brought closer to us, seem so positively restorative and revivifying after so much iron and coal-dust, and fume, and fuel, and grease, and steam.

It must not be thought that on the American railways there are no bridges of more imposing construction than the common wooden ones that are usually encountered there. On some of the principal and superior lines of the Atlantic States, these wooden bridges are constructed with pillars of stone and abutments, sustaining handsome arches. In the event of the railways striking the course of wide rivers, like the Delaware, the Hudson, and Susquehanna, too broad to be traversed by bridges, the traffic is conducted by steam-ferries. This is very ingeniously arranged, as it is usually contrived that the time for crossing

them should correspond with the time for meals. The passengers generally breakfast, dine, and sup, *chemin faisant*, as they cross the wide stream, on the lower deck of the ferry-boat, the upper one of which is devoted to the waggons laden with the passengers' baggage and other light and easily-transported goods. The railways are ordinarily single lines, and there are sidings provided at proper situations; the first train which arrives at a siding must go into it, and there remain until the expected succeeding train arrives. So of collision there is no danger. With a very crowded traffic this arrangement might be inconvenient, but it is well adapted to the American lines at present, for the trains seldom pass in each direction more than twice during the day, and the place and the time of meeting is regulated with a perfect precision and nicety. The noise they make to warn any other train in their neighbourhood is of the most deafening description; the instrument used is far more powerful than our railroad whistle, and the bellowing and din they make with this is indescribable. I strongly advise the Americans to use this "note of preparation" whenever they happen to go to war, for the consternation it

may most reasonably be expected to create in their enemies might save a vast expense of life, time, and trouble: the thunder-wielding Mars himself would run away from it back to Olympus as fast as his best steed could carry him. But for this unearthly din all goes on comfortably enough. Hardly ever any disasters take place, and only a few delays. Some cow, crossed in love, insists on crossing the rail, bent on immediate suicide; or some sauntering dame may by possibility take it into her head to select for a little constitutional walk the smooth path just in front of the train, which follows her obsequiously like *her* train; but the passengers complain not about this, but go on quietly paging her heels multitudinously and unmurmuringly, till she graciously wills to extend her ramble to the side of the railway, and allow the "cars" to proceed. I have myself seen a similar instance take place. But the feeling of security on American railroads in general, fully compensates for any little trials to patience: you content yourself with studying your book, and repeating mechanically the words that *messieurs les voyageurs* in France were wont to speak, in the days of jack-booted postilions, "*Allez, bon* TRAIN," and wish-

ing for a little train-oil, or anything else that would expedite the slow wheels of your chariot. Some of the cars are furnished with large high-backed arm-chairs, something like porters' chairs in London halls, very comfortable for purposes of somnolency.

The American engineers are not constrained to avoid all curves, excepting those of large radius, and all gradients that exceed a certain confined limit of steepness; for curves of five hundred feet radius, and sometimes less, are constantly met with, and acclivities rising at the rate of one foot in a hundred are regarded as a moderate ascent. There are, it is said, somewhere about fifty lines laid down, with gradients that vary from one in a hundred to one in seventy-five. Notwithstanding this, these lines are worked by locomotives with perfect ease, without requiring even the help of stationary or auxiliary engines. I think it is much the same in France.

This has tended very materially to reduce all expenses attendant on viaducts, earthwork, and bridges, even in portions of the States where the nature of the surface was the most unfavourable. However, the principal economy, perhaps, has been effected in the construction

of the line itself, since, in many parts where there is not much commerce, the rails are flat iron bars (technically called "ribbons," I believe), two inches and a half broad, and six-tenths of an inch thick. These rails are nailed and spiked to timber-planks laid upon the road longitudinally in parallel lines, and forming what constructors of railways term continuous bearings. Where there is very considerable traffic the rails are supported on transverse sleepers of wood, like those on railroads in Europe; but as wood is comparatively cheap here, and iron dear, the strength indispensable for the road is obtained principally by shortening the distances between the sleepers, by which means the necessity of giving more weight to the rails is obviated. Rails have been laid weighing only from 25 lbs. to 30 lbs. per yard. Wood is ordinarily used for fuel, excepting in Pennsylvania, where, in lines bordering on the coal districts, coal is naturally employed. Coke is not used at all; it would be too costly in the first place, and in the second, in such a sparsely-populated country, the avoidance of the coal smoke is not considered of so much consequence. The locomotive stock is also very economically managed;

the engines are well-built, safe, and strong, with considerable power, but without any thing finished or striking in their outward appearance.

Great speed on many of the lightly-constructed roads would assuredly not be, independently of other causes, consistent with safety. I should think, stoppages included, the usual degree of velocity attained is from, perhaps, sixteen to seventeen miles an hour. However, on some of the lines that are better built, as they call it in America, it is no uncommon circumstance for the train to travel at the ordinary speed of thirty miles an hour, and more. Between the Quaker City of Philadelphia, and the great manufacturing city of Pittsburg, a line of communication is established, four hundred miles long, on the left bank of the beautiful Ohio. This line is partly iron road and partly canal.

Accidents to passenger-trains in America are exceedingly rare, notwithstanding the seemingly fragile and very light construction of a great proportion of the lines. The railways of the United States have been calculated to be safer than those of Great Britain, in the ratio of 112 to 85; but it must be remembered that travelling is slower. It is said that 3700 miles

of iron road have been opened in the United States within the last two years; and among these new railroads are some lines of great importance: for instance, that which extends across the State of New York to the shores of Lake Erie. This railway is the longest that has ever been constructed in America by any single company, it being 467 miles long: the line is built to meet a vast traffic, and is more costly than the greater part of such undertakings in the United States; including working stock, it has cost about 4,500,000*l.*

Another great line, which is probably open now, unites Albany with New York, running along the valley of the Hudson. There is a great advantage in having a railway on the bank of this noble river, for during the winter months, for a lengthened period sometimes, the navigation of the Hudson is impeded by the frost. This important railway was in progress of construction last year, when we passed up the Hudson. There is a great line begun which will traverse the States from south to north, uniting Mobile (on the Mexican Gulf) with the far-off Lake of Michigan and the lead mines of Galena, situated on the Upper Mississippi. The Federal Government have given large

grants of land to the company. In the aggregate, it is said that the average profits on the entire amount of capital invested in the iron roads of the United States does not exceed, and perhaps even does not quite equal, the average profits obtained on the capital invested in the railroads in our own country.

In the United States there is about one mile of railway for every 2400 inhabitants; in Great Britain there is about a mile of railroad for every 4615 inhabitants. In proportion to the population, the length of railroads, consequently, in the United States, is greater than in the United Kingdom, in the ratio of 46 to 24.

As to the wonderful system of canal navigation completed by this most enterprising and extraordinary people: this, if placed in one continuous line, it is stated, would actually extend from London to the mouths of the Ganges; and they have created a great system of inland navigation, of which the aggregate tonnage is in all probability equal in amount to the collective inland tonnage of all the other nations on the face of the globe; and they have at their command hundreds and hundreds of river steamers, imparting to these water-roads the rapidity and punctuality of railroads. As to electric telegraphs, it is

there, I think, that the Americans shine particularly: the lines they have constructed of these would, if they were laid uninterruptedly and continuously, extend over a region actually longer by three thousand miles than the distance from the North to the South Pole; and they have established apparatus of transmission, through the instrumentality of which a message of some three hundred words, forwarded under such circumstances from the North Pole, might be clearly delivered in writing, at the South Pole, in exactly one minute; and by means of which, therefore, a reply of a similar length might be dispatched back to the North Pole in a precisely equal period of time. Can we, with any show of justice, deny the tribute of a heartfelt admiration to this wonder-working and really admirable people?

The dark side of the picture is their singular recklessness where human life is at stake: such carelessness, unless peremptorily checked, will be found, I fear, to be a growing evil. Many amusing absurdities and whimsicalities are sprinkled among the narrated horrors of the frequent disasters on the great Western Waters. Among others is the tale of the surgeon of a celebrated racing-boat, who in a fearful explosion

was blown right through the slight roof of a hard-working artisan (leaving the house, consequently, in a damaged and very exposed condition), and who was noisily deposited with a crash on the table before his involuntary host. Without moving from his occupation, and scarcely taking the trouble to raise his eyes, the invaded one—whose apparently vivacious visitor had thus selected the roof as his singular way of ingress, without previously—by the chimney or otherwise—sending *down* his card, —observed philosophically, "I reckon, stranger, you'll pay me thirty dollars for this here." "I reckon I won't," responded the invader; "I never paid more 'n ten dollars for the same thing, and aint a going to begin now." How the complaint ended I know not; the complainant, at any rate, I suppose, remained "laid on the table," too much bruised to move without help. Again, it is said, when a keen race was taking place once, the captain courteously begged those passengers who had not yet paid their fares to transfer themselves and pockets to the part of the boat farthest removed from the boilers and danger; "and you," added he, with equal politeness, to those near the machinery who *had* booked up, "may all stay here, for it doesn't matter in the least."

CHAPTER XXIII.

YELLOW FEVER,
&c. &c.

We were driving out one afternoon in the environs of Mobile, on a most beautiful day; the air was exquisitely clear and enchantingly balmy; a soft breeze just stirred the proud leaves of the magnificent magnolia trees in that superb and matchless grove, which is so striking a feature in the neighbourhood of Mobile. It was in the depth of the winter, yet the sun was extremely powerful, and we were positively glad of the shade of the high-towering magnolias, with their rich deep green masses of most luxuriant foliage.

"What lovely, enchanting weather! and how refreshing after the heavy, oppressive heat of New Orleans!" I exclaimed; "and how beautifully clear and transparent is the

atmosphere! It is difficult to imagine the yellow fever ever casting his baleful, blighting shadow here. This exquisitely pure air cannot, surely, be sown with the seeds of disease and death; but, then, to be sure, this is not the season when that frightful destroyer of life, —that insidious and terrible fever, is abroad!"

"That is true," replied my friend; "but you are quite mistaken in supposing that this treacherous foe to life and health in the South is not to be feared so much when the air is balmy and delicious, the atmosphere brilliantly lucid and transparent, and the sky cloudless. In the season when his lamentable ravages are the most to be dreaded here, it is on the most exquisitely beautiful and charming days imaginable, that his pernicious power is the greatest: in short, the most delightful days are the deadliest, and the most gloomy and threatening atmosphere, the most angry and perturbed skies, presaging the direst thunder-storm and tempest, or fearful hurricane, could certainly not cause half the disquietude that the beauty, and calm, and lustrous brightness, and lucid enchantment of these days of deadly loveliness do."

She proceeded to tell me how invariably it has

been remarked, that on and after these clear and brilliant days the most virulent and fatal cases of yellow fever take place: in short, in the fever-season, they look on those perfectly cloudless and radiant skies with a shudder,—they breathe the most exquisite of airs, with the sad consciousness of inhaling poison, and look towards that loveliest horizon without a shadow, with the bitter knowledge that there, amidst all that brilliant light and loveliness, broods, in reality, the darkest of shadows—the shadow of death! I know not whether this is peculiar to the climate of Alabama. In the course of our conversation on this melancholy topic my amiable friend told me that lock-jaw is of very frequent occurrence indeed in Alabama, and that a great many persons die annually of this terrible disease there. She says children, too, perish in great numbers from it. From all I have heard, I should be inclined to think most ailments in this climate acquire a more deadly virulence. My friend's two beautiful children, whose loss she was at that time most bitterly lamenting, had fallen victims to scarlet fever, and died within a few days of each other, after a very brief attack of illness. The yellow fever, too, is sometimes awfully rapid in its

effects. Mr. Clay, America's mighty statesman, had the misfortune to lose a beloved daughter from this dreadful disorder. She was married, and resided in the South; and, I think, was about to pay a visit to her distinguished father, and had proceeded a little way on her journey, and was just, I believe, on the point of embarking in one of the steamers on the Mississippi, when she was suddenly seized with the terrible fever in its most malignant form. She was unable to go on board, and expired in a very short space of time, ere her unfortunate family, who were expecting her almost momentarily to arrive, could be made acquainted with the sad news of her sudden illness, the lamentable cause of her detention. At Madame Le V.'s I saw a fine portrait of Mr. Clay: it is a noble countenance, full of mind, and power, and genius, and without having that massive breadth of brow that distinguishes another great American statesman (a brow which makes one think, like Newton's awful forehead, that it could compass the mysteries, and motions, and marvels of hosts of worlds), the eloquent face seems beaming with the quick fires of a winged, rapid, and truly inspired genius.

Life is, indeed, an uncertain possession at all times; but in this part of the world you seem really almost to live with one foot in the grave. Death seems to take to himself the loveliest attributes of life in these regions; and the sickly vapours of the tomb seem hanging about the perfumes of the young rose, mingling with the resplendent dews of morning, and floating on the lovely clouds that reflect the richest and purest glories of the all-beauteous sun. My friend assured me she herself had had the yellow fever several times, but each time the attack was a little less severe than the preceding one. From all that I have heard, I should think there is no illness so little understood, and that meets with such injudicious and defective treatment in general, as this much-dreaded fever. I believe in Cuba they understand the management of it best; the treatment is extremely simple, and deaths from yellow fever there are very rare,—so, at least, I have been informed by residents in that beautiful island.

Some time ago, returning from a visit to the Indian camp near Mobile, we had a curious pair of footmen behind the carriage,—the one the little black boy who usually attended the

carriage, and the other one of the Choctaw "*braves*," who insisted on escorting us thus, part of the way back to the city, and who was dressed in a singular costume,—a mixture of Choctaw state dress (which he had donned in honour of our visit) with a distant dash of white civilisation; the whole was surmounted by a towering feather stuck up on the top of his head, more in what I should have thought was Cherokee fashion than Choctaw: but there may be but little difference between the two—that is, between their modes of attire—for the tribes, I believe, are totally distinct. For some time we all travelled along harmoniously together, the calumet of peace having apparently been smoked by the three different races borne along in that carriage, *i.e.* the Indian, Negro, and Anglo-Saxon, with the exception of some grotesque writhings and shrinkings of the poor little Negro, whenever the Indian, from the swaying of the carriage, leaned a little over on his side; for he was evidently in great dread of the Choctaw, and partook of his race's aversion to the Red Man. The Negro coachman took the matter very philosophically; and, after proceeding after this amusing fashion for some distance, we at length deposited our

moccasined and wampumed "Jeames" on the road, and he reluctantly commenced his march back to the camp after many curious and dignified salutations.

These visits to the Choctaw camp were a source of great interest to us, and appeared to be productive of much pleasure to these unsophisticated people: they were particularly delighted at my little girl drawing likenesses of some of them; and I heard afterwards, they spoke of her with quite an affectionate interest as "The White Rose with the Indian hair," and wanted to know why she came no more to draw pictures of them, seeming to be quite grieved at our departure,—partly, I believe from their extreme love of having their portraits taken, for this seemed to give them supreme delight and profound pleasure. Mr. Thorburn would very quickly make his fortune there, I think; that is, if bones, and beads, and wampum belts, and shells, and feathers, and moccasins, and deer-skins could do it.

Sweet, sunny Mobile! with what regret I parted from you, not only for your bright skies, your woods of magnolia, your wildernesses of wild roses, your sparkling lapis-lazuli waters glancing at the glorious sun, but

for her sweeter sake who lent to all those enchantments a deeper and more enduring charm, with whom I felt the truest sympathy of sorrow, the deepest community of earthly regrets and heavenly hopes. I accompanied her one day to the sacred spot where are laid her best treasures; it was more like a fair garden than a place of graves. The sweet sister of the lovely slumberers beneath,—that gentle sister, not yet "all angel, but little less than all" —with her bright cheek paled by saddening thoughts of tender regret, silently gathered a blooming wild flower, and laid it on the simple and graceful monument which marked the spot where the departed ones slept. The fading earth-flower gave fading earth-flowers to those that shall know no decaying, no withering, more.

REGRETS AND HOPES.

ADDRESSED TO MADAME LE V——, OF MOBILE, ALABAMA.

I seek mine own fair land; but, ere I part,
Some farewell words I fain afar would send;—
To whom but thee? thou friend of my true heart—
Mine ever-gentle and beloved friend!

Thou chosen sister of my soul! methinks
Our friendship had a high, immortal birth:
Beyond the stars were twined its deathless links;
'Twas born in heaven to bloom awhile on earth.

And yet, strange birth! 'twas born of Death! our pride,
Our joy, both mourned—snatched from us at a blow,
Our morning-stars of life—our darlings died,
And both have drained the self-same cup of woe!

And how alike both felt that deadly wound!
With what congenial pangs—what kindred smart—
What semblance in our sorrow's vein we found
E'en in the wildest storm-bursts of the heart.

Our friendship hath its hallowed root in heaven;
But its perfume shall bless the air we breathe;
To grief was e'er such precious treasure given?
Or such a living soul snatched out of death?

The fountain is above—but drops gush free,
To soothe and cheer us on our earthly way.
That silvery fount shall ne'er exhausted be—
'Tis our Eternal Life's first flow and play!

Waters of Immortality, gush on!
Make all our soul one tenderness and trust,
Till, when our mortal pilgrimage is done,
It scarce shall seem our first farewell to dust!

Say, sweetest friend, if, wandering by the wave,
That breaks like dawn on Alabama's shore,
Thou still dost dwell, with thoughts serene, though grave,
On all that we together felt before?

Friend whom my changeless heart most dearly loves,
In all this radiant Western World so wide,
Fair are thy southern home's magnolia groves,
Whose stately shades are glassed along the tide:

Fair are those waters in their starry flow,
Now stained with rose-hues, now with rainbows strown;
Where, in that glorious gulf of Mexico,
Seem a world's jewelled treasures melted down:

But fairer, lovelier, dearer, heavenlier far,
One little spot to memory's gaze appears,—
A grave!—yet, gleamed it like a distant star,
Through th' interposing medium of our tears!

Yes, far, though near, for viewless ties still seemed
To join it to the dazzling realms on high,
And from its very gloom a glory streamed,
If gloom it was, that touched the unshadowed sky!

Locked were thy jewels in that treasure-cave,
Shrouded and veiled—unmarked—unknown—unsought;
My Pearl slept far beyond the Atlantic's wave!
But near the tomb, earth's distances are nought.

Oh! what a golden garden seemed that spot,
Where angels leaned, and watched their sleeping flowers:
For tenderest flowers of angels seemed *they* not?
New-planted for the glad Elysian bowers!

We stood beside that grave—in silence stood:
T' were vain to speak, where human speech must fail.
We gazed not then on th' emerald-tinted wood,
Nor marked the varied pride of hill and dale;

We looked not on the many-glittering seas;
  We turned not to the purple skies above;
To us, in sooth, but petty things were these,—
  Skies!—Seas!—far vaster is a mother's love!

And of that love our friendship's truth was born!
  A feeling solemnised, illumed, sublimed;
It almost seemed a privilege to mourn—
  Our thoughts to such transcendent heights had climbed.

Sorrow became a half-celestial thing;
  The grave, a high and beatific place;
And the white Dove of Death there drooped its wing,
  Bright as the sun-smile on a seraph's face.

'T is true we uttered not one trembling word,
  But all the air seemed language to our love,—
So ruffled 't was—so spiritually stirred,
  Like the rich atmosphere *they* breathe above.

Did not my thoughts to that far land revert,
  Where keeps its precious charge another grave?
Ay, but with feelings glowing at my heart,
  Which seem'd Death's darkness and its dust to brave.

A grave for *thee?*—my child, flower, bird, mine own!
  Whose young immortal smile appeared to be
Bright as the cherubim's own meteor-crown,
  Through whose glad eyes I glimpsed Eternity!

A grave for *thee?*—a grave for morn and spring?
  For lightning, sunshine, rainbows, and the breeze?
(Oh, 'tis a voice—a smile—a flashing wing,
  That Memory brings when she thyself would seize.)

How at the thought my soul rebelleth sore,
And picturing thus, even thy sweet mortal mien,
Builds thee an aëry sepulchre, that more
Than thousand pyramids o'ertops earth's scene.

Thine urn should gleam among the stars, a star,
On proud Orion's blazing shoulder borne,
Shedding a silvery-glistening radiance far,
Paling the precious eyelids of the morn.

Begone, vain fancies! lo! the day shall come,
When proud Orion, Ashtaroth, and they
That shine with them, and reck not of a tomb,
Shall pale to ashes, near earth's uprisen clay.

They shall be scattered like the veriest dust,
When all the universe with spirit burns!
Beside the glories of the Pure and Just
Shall they indeed frown dark as funeral urns!

Then shall the space-o'erpassing orbs of soul
Shine out, diffusing wide far other light,
And in supremer orbits rush and roll,
And in diviner heights pursue their flight.

But let me turn once more to thee—to thee—
Sweet Rose of Florida!—(since there thine eyes
First opened to the light—the earth—the sea—
And all the speaking beauty of the skies.)

Dear now to thee thine Alabama's shores;
Though still thou own'st, while life's dark seasons roll,
And Time thins fast thè heart's loved treasure-stores,
'Tis no true "Alabama"* of the soul.

* I was told, while in Alabama, that the meaning of this Indian name is "Here we rest."

Bold was the proud, Red Warrior—vainly bold,
Whose lips pronounced the daring "Here we rest!"
Though fair as the Hesperian groves of old,
Spread the bright land its calm and beauteous breast!

But who can rest on earth, until no more,
Tossed on earth's sea-like surface? 'tis in vain!
They rested not—that race that passed before,
Ye rest not—dwellers on this flower-lit plain.

But they, the slumberers o'er whose graves we mourned,
Sleep well:—rest folded flower and buried gem!—
They smiled, and straight to Nature's lap returned,
And all is "Alabama" now to them.

They care not for the beauty glittering round—
The haunts of tuberose—the jessamine-bowers—
Music in air—mosaic of the ground,
And all the blushing blazonry of flowers.

For them 'tis well that now no more a screen
That beauty shrouds from fairer worlds above;
Half frowns the loveliness that blooms between
The sense,—the soul,—and all they most should love.

Oh! lost and loved ones! lead us in the way,
And be our sorrowings o'er *your joys* forgiven!
Warn us, ye tender teachers, not to say—
That "Here we rest" in any home but heaven!

Sweet Mother of those blessed souls, farewell!
And courage!—Time darts by on lightning wing;
Life throbs, Earth heaves, Death withereth knell by knell,
Worlds strain and quake, the meeting hour to bring!

Yes!—thousand hosts of worlds, impatient, strain
  Toward their great consummation's glorious goal;
And when that awful goal they shuddering gain
  Shall blaze the smouldering universe to soul!

Courage, sad heart! fan all thy heaven-born fires!
  See death-freed myriads take their sunward flight!
Eternity advances! Time retires!
  The grave's dark gate but leads to life and light!

Farewell! yet surely friendship such as ours
  Dreads no farewell! It sprang from out the tomb
To know no death; it flings off earthly hours,
  As rocks the spray;—Eternity 's its home!

Sad heart!—Yes!—Courage, fan thine heaven-born fires,—
  Hope wakes, Faith watches,—kindling Love adores,—
Death dies with each changed mortal that expires,
  Life lives the more, as each freed spirit soars;

And, day by day proceeds the march sublime,
  The long, long winter shall give place to spring,
Thou 'rt but the untried, first, awful waving, Time!—
  Of Immortality's fresh-opening wing!

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FAREWELL,

&c. &c.

I CANNOT understand how any one can leave this same American land of magnificent scenery, ever-accelerated progress, frank hospitality, and sunny skies, without regret. America will evermore seem a second country to me. How, on the day we left, the fair, flowery shores of Alabama seemed to look their loveliest, as if to detain their parting guests; though in the sweet South, in sooth, shortly before our departure, we had had a "spell" or "snap" of cold, as they say in "The States," while yet in the sun it was still charmingly warm; and then the unclouded skies looked so vividly blue, and the gay flowers in the numerous gardens, that flourish in the immediate neighbourhood of fair Mobile, smiled and bloomed so delightfully in the radiant, sparkling sunshine, that with the appearance of

summer all around you (and really but little chilliness in the atmosphere), with a slight assistance from that possessor of the true harlequin's wand, Imagination, you might dream it was "the leafy month of June," though in sober earnest it was the bald January; but then January is not bald in Alabama. The glorious trees that shed not their leaves adorn her all the year round; those evergreens, with their rather artificial look, are a kind of *perruque* for sweet Dame Nature: in short, all *looked* like resplendent, exultant Midsummer around Mobile, and it seemed sadder to leave this glorious country by such a lovely portal. There was one, though, who regretted not much her departure. V—— had not yet forgotten or forgiven a deep mortification she had experienced in America; she had never quite got over her disgust at finding the rope-walk of Charleston longer than the one at Portsmouth: a more patriotic little Briton never breathed. She cannot pardon America what she considers quite a presumption on her part, and that insulting rope-walk — beating the one of the mother-country — she looks upon as a sort of crime of *leze mater*, or a species of moral matricide;—she colours with indignation if the subject is distantly hinted at.

I never saw passionate love of country so strongly developed in one so young. The Indians she very much likes; they have no rope-walk that presumes to beat those of Old England: worthy and modest people, therefore, they. This is a real, genuine, instinctive patriotism—a love strong as death, springing up from the very birth, and ardent in a child's heart (however ridiculous its spontaneous and unsophisticated manifestations), as in that of the most devoted statesman or the most enthusiastic hero.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead?"

One might well also say—"Breathes there a child?" Love of country, perhaps, never had a more whimsical, yet a prettier and more *naïve* exemplification. Sad, however, would it be if all patriotism were equally prejudiced and jealous; though there are, unfortunately, but too many grown-up examples of the kind. The superiority that should win the hearty respect and warm approbation of the generous mind, but awakens a petty envy and jealousy. Take but one only revenge of those who have evinced in any way a superiority over your cherished native land, ye lovers of your country! Excel them. Instead of indulging in

disparaging accents, overcome them with emulous actions, or do your best to lead and invite others so to do; otherwise patriotism degenerates into a mere instinct, graceful in a child, but unworthy of a man in the full exercise of his reasoning powers. Good service will they do to their country who help, by any and every means in their power, to obliterate any traces of former animosities; to weed out of their countrymen's bosoms every lingering, obstinate, antiquated prejudice, and to destroy all rankling, corroding envies, that produce no fruits but those of bitterness; and who even in the least aid in inspiring a mutual good will, respect, and esteem, and a hearty and active co-operation, in all matters in which the one nation can assist the other. Let America and England thoroughly co-operate, and the world, in the next century, will be whatever they have chosen to make it.

This is a long yarn, all from the long rope-walk at the Navy Yard at Boston; but the subject is one that much interests me, and I think and hope that a great change is beginning slowly, but surely, to take place in the state of feeling between the two countries. Every vessel that traverses the broad Atlantic

between these great nations, carries something beside cotton and calico. In addition to, and together with community of interests and commercial sympathies, is growing up a far better understanding, a mutual esteem and attachment, an *entente cordiale*, not a factitious and formal one between mere governments, but between the two great peoples themselves. The mists are gradually but certainly clearing away; various vain and ridiculous illusions are being dispelled, and, like the bright sun, the brighter Truth is unfolding her refulgent and life-giving rays. How can my countrymen do otherwise than appreciate and honour that admirable nation, which has made such prodigious progress in all that we most earnestly admire and value; which with such astounding achievements of art has turned to such good account the most marvellous material resources ever bestowed by the liberality of Nature upon any community of people; which has arrived at her present extraordinary pinnacle of greatness by her own unparalleled industry and perseverance; a nation, whose never-wearied efforts, in short, seem to keep pace with the gigantic character of those wholly unrivalled resources and advantages which are so worthily heaped upon her,

and which she has so skilfully developed and improved; a nation which has played such an important part in the extension of civilisation; which, in fine, has done so much honour to the stock from whence she sprung, in the sight of an admiring world? Let us well remember *that!* America is beginning to display gloriously, and will in time, doubtless, exhibit in immensely increased proportions, all that has contributed to render our own noble country so mighty and so illustrious among nations. Our very patriotism ought to rejoice in her greatness, and be proud of her astonishing success, and of her very far advancing and continually augmenting wealth, and might, and influence. Let us say, with a fitting pride, "we laid the foundations of this mighty nation; from us she sprang; her glory is our glory, and her progress our pride." Instead of the detracting sneer and the reviling gibe, let us indulge in an allowable sentiment of self-congratûlation that our noble country, if ever her supremacy should pass from her—if ever she should become eclipsed thus, and only thus, by her own majestic offspring—if ever she should stoop from her present imperial height, shall have for all time so glorious a successor—

so most magnificent a representative of all she was in her loftiest and most palmy state—only more colossal, boundlessly outspread, sublimely magnified — not the pale "lone mother of dead empires," like grey Rome, but the still-honoured rejoicing mother of new living worlds!

As recollections of former deplorable hostilities are gradually worn away, these sentiments on our side must become more and more extended and strengthened; and on theirs there will be, we may well feel convinced, no lack of generous feelings towards the parent country, gratitude for all the benefits they have inherited from her, and a cordial interest in all that befalls her, and it is possible that at some future period, in some now unforeseen contingency, the stalwart arm of the mighty Son may support or may shield the threatened form of the imperial Mother,— may ward off the blow of the enemy, or may dash to pieces the cunning stratagems of some embittered rival.

However this may be, the time for ungenerous sneers, and palpably unjust and contumelious observations, is over. The Englishman would be only stultifying himself who should attempt to shut his own eyes, or to shut the eyes of others, to the more than

flourishing condition of this surprising nation, —to the height of prosperity it has attained, and the exalted position it has reached, and to the unutterably-extended field of promise that proudly lies outspread before it, more like a vision of imaginative glory, and triumph, than sober-waking, serious reality. Petty jealousies should be laid aside, and petty prejudices, and for ever; they are, indeed, utterly unworthy of both peoples, unworthy of their character, unworthy of the subject, and most unsuited to the relations in which the two kindred nations stand towards each other. Let us have no more of such paltry fault-findings and recriminations, and the true, honest, natural sentiments of mutual appreciation and attachment will grow daily and yearly, till ties the most imperishable and indissoluble, and sympathies the most inextinguishable, shall bind earth's two mightiest and noblest nations for ever together. Indestructible bonds of union there already are—laws, lineage, language; let to them be added, as is meet it should be, a long course of mutual forbearance, help, honour, generous respect, and kindliest consideration, and the most ingenuous candour and cordiality. As I said before, it is next to impossible for any

man in his sane senses to shut his eyes to the wonderful progress made by the Americans in all that is most calculated to ensure our admiration or to claim our respect; and equally impracticable is it to ignore the astonishing advantages they possess, and which, it is evident, from all they have done in the past and are doing in the present, they will unfold to the very utmost. But cast your eyes on those majestic forests; on those valleys teeming with the most extraordinary fertility; those countless mines, abounding in iron, coal, copper, lead, and, since the discovery of California's hoards of earth-embosomed treasure, with silver and with gold; behold the mighty alluvial plains of America, her glorious lakes and rivers, her immense extent of territory, and the assistance which these unrivalled systems of majestic rivers and lakes afford to her in developing to the utmost all these prodigious resources; glance at her widely-extended sea-coast, indented as it is in nearly every part with almost countless and very superior harbours; think, too, of the all but inexhaustible diversity of her luxuriant productions,—all those belonging to the temperate zone are combined with the greater part of

those of the tropical, and probably all the most important and the most serviceable; reflect, too, upon her position, geographically considered, on the Pacific and on the Atlantic side, turning her mighty countenance on the Old World—Europe, on this side, contending for her regards; and Asia on the other, whose venerable age is yet perhaps destined to receive from her a rejuvenescency, a revivifying impulse, growing out of her future extended relations with China and the East, from her dominions on the great Pacific Ocean. What prodigious provisions of Nature! what almost illimitable resources! what magnificent foundations for still further greatness, still more inconceivable triumphs! And there is not the smallest cause for doubt that, as hitherto her vast mental energies and perpetually-accelerated industrial developements have proved themselves fully commensurate with the stupendous physical resources placed at her command, so in the future she will proportionately advance, availing herself of all and every circumstance and condition favourable to her progress and success. What a prospect, not only for her, but for the world—for the whole world! for the benefits she will confer on civilisation, the

solid, inestimable benefits, are, without doubt, incalculable. They are not inclined to be niggardly of any of their mighty advantages, these fortunate proprietors of such superb and varied possessions; they are ever most anxious that all should share the benefits of their liberal institutions, and seem ever willing to encourage others to emulate their example, and share to a certain extent in their triumphs; and appear ever desirous of extending the blessings of civilisation and knowledge to all those of their fellow-creatures who are destitute of such invaluable and mighty acquisitions. So great, so generous, and so wonderful a people we *must* admire; and it will be with feelings of unmixed pleasure, if natural sentiments of benevolence and good-will be permitted to take the place of captious irritability and gratuitous provocation. Candour must admit that a brief review of the all but miracles wrought by the Americans—say, in the last fifty years—is well calculated to impress the wondering mind with the idea that it is fable, and not fact, which is presented to its consideration; and, indeed, none could believe it, were it not founded rigidly on the most incontrovertible statistical data. In an interval of but

little more than the fifty years alluded to, the national revenue of this great people has been augmented nearly 700 per cent, while at the same time the addition to their public expenditure has been little more than 400 per cent. The population has increased above 500 per cent in numbers; while the astounding extension of their commerce is exhibited by an increase of about 500 per cent in their imports and exports, and 600 per cent on their shipping. The greatly augmented activity of their internal communications is clearly indicated by the number of their post-offices, which number has been enlarged more than a hundredfold; the distances traversed, too, on their post-roads, which have been increased thirty-six fold; and it is also demonstrated by the expenses of their Post-Office, which have been augmented in a seventy-two-fold ratio. In addition to this, the augmentation of their very effective machinery for public instruction is unmistakably indicated by the present great extent of their public libraries, which have increased in a thirty-two-fold ratio; and by the establishment of school-libraries, amounting, it is said, to about 2,000,000 volumes. Besides all these, there is the extraordinarily magnificent system of

canal navigation (this has been already mentioned); the vast system of railway completed already, and in progress; the nearly eighteen thousand miles of electric telegraph; and their wonderful inland navigation. It all seems like a fairy tale, yet is simple, indisputable fact. On whichever side we cast our eyes in dwelling on this mighty spectacle, we are struck not only with the enormous power and resources put at the disposal of this highly-favoured people, as though they were marked out and selected to fulfil a most momentous mission, and play a most extraordinary part upon earth, but with the consistent perseverance, and uninterrupted application of their active skill and busy industry, increasing a thousandfold the advantages of these munificent provisions of Nature, and with their unremitting assiduity in effecting all practicable improvements, in discovering all hidden sources of wealth and prosperity, and in overcoming every unfavourable condition, or extracting the elements of success from any unpromising phases of circumstances; not that they have had many difficulties to contend with (and these, too, were materially counterbalanced by the enormous means at their command, and facilities for battling against

any adverse chances), but yet they have had some, and have conquered them gallantly, in a manner worthy of them.

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Farewell! thou great and gracious land,
Glory and wonder of the earth,
For ever seeming to expand,
Wakening to new majestic birth;
Great, good Columbia!

Farewell! thou chosen, second home
Of homeless thousands—countless hosts,
That fly from desolation's doom
To those glad, hospitable coasts
Of thine, Columbia!

Of myriads thou art the cherished goal—
They shape toward thee their eager flight;
A second sun thou shinest—to soul
As bright as that above, to sight,
Great, bright Columbia!

A thousand kind farewells to thee!
Ten thousand salutations fair!
Thanks, tears, and praises, gushing free,
And many a hushed, heart-whispered prayer,
For thee, Columbia!

Aye, thousand blessings, warm and true;
Ten thousand wishes for thy weal;
A world of homage—but thy due,—
And all that heart can form or feel,
For thee, Columbia!

For thou the stranger know'st to greet
With welcomes glowing as the West,
And well the wanderer's wearied feet
May those kind welcomes charm to rest,
In thee, Columbia!

What can I wish thee? All hast thou
That thought can dream, or tongue can name;
Plumed victory and success thy brow
Have graced with every wreath of fame,
Thrice-crowned Columbia!

Thy people's great undying love
Builds walls of adamant and steel—
Thy mightiest bulwark this shall prove
And pledge of thy perpetual weal,
Thrice-armed Columbia!

What can I wish thee? Arms and arts
Shed o'er thee glory's richest gleam;
Still at thy call crowned knowledge starts,—
What can I wish, or think, or dream,
For thee, Columbia?

"Continuance,"—still the same career,
The same triumphant course!—Proceed!
Onward! with changeless, stateliest cheer,
The Universe shall follow. Lead!
On! on! Columbia!

Thy step is lightning, and thy breath
An earthquake-storm, far felt around;
All earth's past life seems sleep or death
To thy great movements without bound,—
Thy march, Columbia!

Man's loftiest happiness and good,
That, that thou still dost seek and ask;
By thee 'tis nobly understood—
'Tis made thy one great sovereign task,
Thine aim, Columbia!

Thou Crescent Country!—evermore
Showing a brighter, grander face;
Honour to thee, still o'er and o'er,
And honour to that glorious race,
Thy sons, Columbia!

Thy Titan sons!—they heave on high
The Mountains of their Greatness still!—
Yea, *their own* greatness seeks the sky,
To scale its sun-heights at their will.
Be proud, Columbia!

No need have they of towers to aid,
Of giant steps, or cloud-capped steeps;
Their towering heads the heights invade,
With feet firm planted in the deeps,
To serve Columbia!

Their spirits sweep, like waves of fire,
On the untrod shores beyond to break;
And as they still ascend, aspire,
A world's foundations seem to shake—
Not thine, Columbia!

Thou nobler, newer world sublime!
Thou hast a long, bright race to run;
Still shall those spirits soar and climb,
Since nought seems gained till all is won—
For thee, Columbia!

Caucasus of Creation, thou!
Rising above all heights yet tried;

The very spheres might seem to bow
To meet, half-way, thy crest of pride,—
Thy stars,—Columbia!

Thy Titan sons,—they conquering pass,
And empire in their pathway springs;
History uplifts for them her glass;
Renown for them outspreads her wings,
And shouts, "Columbia!"

Thy daughters,—fairy forms they wear,
Flowers of the setting sun, in vain;
Their smiles a rising sun appear,
Till wins the East's own roseate reign,
Thy West, Columbia!

Farewell to each! farewell to all!—
The free, the beautiful, the great;
To mount and wood, field, flood, and fall,
Thy walls of strength, and walks of state,
And thee, Columbia!

Let tears these parting sorrows tell;
Sisters, sweet sisters mine, adieu!
And, glorious brothers, fare ye well—
If there can be farewell to you,
And thee, Columbia!

Oh, who can say "Farewell" to thee?
Where'er we go thy tracks we find:
From zone to zone, from sea to sea,
We hail thy majesty of mind,
And thee, Columbia!

Where loftiest Dreams are wakening fair,—
Where mightiest Hopes their crown have won,
Starry America is there!—
Farewell?—thank Heaven there *can* be none,
To thee, Columbia!

Here, thy great fleets bestride the main;
  There, thy blest missions call to heaven;
Here, doth thy boundless commerce reign,
  And there, thine artists' souls have striven
    For thee, Columbia!

For thee, for thy true glory still,
  Labours full many a gifted hand;
Works of thy sons' creative skill
  Adorn full many a stranger land,
    For thee, Columbia!

Yes! still for *thee!* that thy great name
  May overshadow earth with might;
And true it is thine endless fame
  Afar, anear, shines forth as bright
    As here,—Columbia!

No! there is no farewell to thee—
  Still more and more thine influence spreads:
Where'er we move, by land or sea,
  A life, a light, thy presence sheds—
    Thy power, Columbia!

A glorious life—a dazzling light—
  Blessing all those who feel and see;
A flash—a portion of thy might—
  No! there is no farewell to thee,
    Or thine, Columbia!

For souls not dead,—where'er they turn,
  Where aught shines noble, great, or free,—
Some triumphs new of thine shall burn,—
  Oh! no farewell to Freedom—Thee,
    Or Thine,—Columbia!

And least of all, when bound to shores
Which deathless ties with thee unite;
What though between old Ocean roars?
England seems mingling in her might
With thee, Columbia!

Then no farewell! but blessings still,
And many a kindly parting word;
And may they gain the wished-for skill
To touch and thrill an answering chord
In thee, Columbia!

Scorn not your English sister's tones,
Scorn not your English sister's tears,
For they are truths, and trusting ones,—
And each a world of feeling bears
For your Columbia!

Be blessings on yon barks! They bring
Friendship and faith in glad increase.
From them what wealth of good shall spring,
Whose richest freight is earth's deep peace—
Thy peace, Columbia!

And far should shed, on every side,
Large love and faith, well understood;
Yea! make it thy sublimest pride,
To knit all Earth in Brotherhood,
Thy Boast, Columbia!

Away with reckless strifes and wars,
Those barks have nobler missions found;
The people's great ambassadors—
Shall they shed aught but concord round?
Say *thou*, Columbia!

For thou, the people's precious weal
Dost study well, and justly weigh,
Even with a strong and sacred zeal;
And doth not Peace best serve *them?*—say!
Reply, Columbia!

Blessed be the barks! Methinks I hear
A shout, as of the seas,—"Rejoice!
Earth! rest in peace!" and, far and near,
Repeats thy thousand-thundering voice,
"Peace, peace!"—Columbia!

A Temple thou—Immortal Land,
Upreared to raise and shelter Earth!—
Majestically placed and planned,
And sculptured o'er with stainless worth,
Thou stand'st, Columbia!

With pinnacles of promise new,
Thou 'rt towering high and higher,—Rise!
Yet peaceful smile, as yon starred blue;—
Thy Blazon comes from *stormless* Skies,
At peace!—Columbia!

The Caucasus of countries, still,—
Upraised conspicuously o'er all,
Her noblest part should *best* fulfil,
And catch the first rays as they fall
Of Light, Columbia!

War's glory fades, and, day by day,
Art, knowledge, enterprise, and trade,
March in magnificent array,—
That such world-progress still may spread,
Heaven save COLUMBIA!

CHAPTER XXV.

TRAVELLING,

&c. &c.

If it were not for the unspeakably horrible state of the roads, the journey from the sea-coast to Mexico would be almost too delightful; and if some of the Americans voyage permanently up and down the Hudson, partly for the advantage of the excellent and cheap accommodation on board their princely steamers, and partly for the sake of agreeable society, scenery, and change, Mexicans and visitors to Mexico would surely be perpetually oscillating between Vera Cruz and the capital (if the roads were not a mere succession of spring-drops and carriage-traps!), enjoying the most exquisite and glorious succession of views, and partaking of all those thrice-charming courses of climates and zones which the great Humboldt has so well described. The government, perhaps foreseeing the inconvenience and detriment to the public service which this

mania for travelling might occasion—for the channels of intercommunication might be literally choked up, and the circulation be indeed impeded, by this over-circulation, while countless diligences would be crowded with pleasure-seekers, hovering eternally between the capital and the sea in those regions of unutterable delight—determined to prevent any such proceedings by leaving the roads in their present dreadful state. Thus hovering, they might have been like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt Paradise and the world: *now* they are suggestive of far other coffins. Charming the views are—marvellously so—but you see them in general in frightful fits yourself, and they in fits too—and starts. For instance, at last you catch a distant sight of the magnificent Orizaba. An earthquake seems to have suddenly removed him from your admiring gaze; and *you* have been grievously galvanized. Yet stop! there he is again, but conducting himself like a huge harlequin. So mad a mountain never cut capers before. Anon you glance at hundreds of stately palms smothered in a blaze of variegated creepers,—Lo! they seem to have all *jumped away*—to have been swallowed up in an abyss; the light fleecy clouds seem dancing fandangoes in the skies. You were leaning out of the window to admire yon bright sunny

scenery, when, hey presto! scene and sun have been in a moment jostled and jumbled back into ancient chaos, and *you* feel dislocated all over. If you would fain attempt just a slight *esquisse, en passant*, you find the view is doomed "to be well shaken before taken," for the whole magical landscape appears to have a severe fit of St. Vitus's dance; your pencil, too, has flown out of the window on one side, and your drawing-book on the other; nothing remains still for a moment: there is a universal earthquake, air-quake, skyquake, and sunquake, and the eternal Nature seems to be troubled with *delirium tremens*. What of the works of her promising young Hopeful—Man? The vast cathedral of Puebla is bitten by the universal tarantella; with a hop, skip, and jump it eludes your anxious glance. Stay; now it commences a wild *contre danse* with the neighbouring houses and streets,—change places, hands across,—Ha! now it leaps sheer into that cloud before you can articulately pronounce the famous monosyllable "bo." Can it be—is it possible it is nothing but the jolting of this lumbering rattletrap of a carriage over this series of rocks and crags, called, by exceeding courtesy, a road? At any rate, the makers of such extraordinary thoroughfares (the most

solemn great Mufti of the Faithful might be maddened into perpetrating a pun, and might call them thoroughfouls, if conversant with our vernacular) are not quite reckless, they have been so kindly thoughtful as to provide graves deep enough and wide enough for the travellers who die of exhaustion by the way. You are sure of decent interment; you may be dead and buried all at once, and have a monument into the bargain. This is not exactly killing two birds with one stone, but killing the bird (or the featherless biped) with a great many stones; in short, with a whole Stonehenge, rugged and rude, and jagged and ragged. You will not only be buried, I say, but you will have a monument—a conspicuous one, of the Stonehenge aforesaid; besides, perhaps, a foundered diligence at your head, and a shattered waggon or two at your feet, or the ruins of a wrecked *conducta*,—to commemorate the spot where you laid your ufterly broken bones.

Before this final catastrophe, however, you will have probably undergone almost as many transformations as the lover of a certain wicked enchantress in the "Arabian Nights." Now you will appear changed into a remarkably flat

flounder, now into a twisting eel, and now into a nondescript thing, with the head growing under the arm, and the limbs in general, nowhere in particular,—a terrific bang and crash takes place; again another—a double-barrelled bang that, for your rumbling vehicle, on a rather abrupt descent, has shot in and out of two small neighbouring caves, or pits—(apparently on an impromptu mining expedition)—performing a sort of diving on dry land, which is more wonderful than pleasing:—and you felt as though you were shut up suddenly like a telescope, by a terrible rap on the head proceeding from you know not what,—but yet it may be anything, from the heels of one of the mules, whose traces may have given way, and itself, poor thing! sent plunging out of a hole half into the now dipping and now rising window; or it might be the off-wheel (doubly off, then) driven by dexterous chance right through the side of the coach; or the coach-box detached and hurled through the roof; or a too close *tête-à-tête* with your opposite neighbour; a very detestable one—not the poor neighbour, who is as much to be pitied as you, but the *tête-à-tête*—if it was one. Your costume is transmogrified too. Look

at that gentleman whose waistcoat-pockets are turned into stocks, not for the neck, but the feet, which members of his companion are there fixed, to their joint discomfort. In the meantime, now acting the part of a balloon, and now of a diving-bell, the unfortunate big coach proceeds pleasantly, soaring, sinking, jolting, bolting, jarring, tumbling, thundering, staggering, wrestling, shooting, diving, dipping, plunging, bumping, thumping, quaking, quivering, struggling, straining, spinning, pitching, rolling, bounding, rocking, twirling, heaving, throbbing, swaying, creaking, groaning, leaping, flying, shivering, shuddering, splitting, crackling, hopping, jumping, starting, tottering, reeling, stumbling, tossing, jostling, scrambling, jerking, clattering, and rattling,—sometimes separately, sometimes apparently all together, putting the "water" that "comes down" at Lahore to utter shame. You faintly remember the story of the madman who thought his head was turned the wrong way; you think, with confused horror, you will perhaps exhibit such a spectacle in reality by the time you come out of the vehicle—if you and your head do, in fact, ever come out together at all, of which you have some distracting doubts; you could hardly take

your affidavit that it is upon your shoulders still, after such wrenches, and twists, and screws, and shocks. Yes, you felt sometimes during that half-subterraneous, half-aërial journey, now plunged into caverns, now tossed into clouds, as if you had been violently taken to pieces like an ill-used Chinese puzzle, and put together again as violently,—perhaps you changed heads with your neighbour when that abrupt *tête-à-tête* took place: nothing seemed then impossible to the bewildered brain, so shaken was that seat of reason,—on the rough seat of that rack on wheels. In that manner only you could account for arriving at your destination with so important an article as a cranium still in your possession. See! had not that poor man nearly carried his there in his carpet-bag, which was burst open by the concussions, and, as it were, lay yawning ready to receive that wrenched and tottering niddle-noddling head, which just now butted savagely into it. As to arms, and legs, and feet, they appeared occasionally bumped out of their sockets, and then bumped in again. So that the carriage-quake might be said to be conducted a little on the principle of the obliging great earth-quake at Lisbon, which happened by a sudden

shock to remove a staircase just as a Jewish lady was about to escape by it, and while she was standing there in utter bewilderment, by another shock kindly replaced it in its old position for her again.

To avoid blunders, and accidental and quite unintentional petty larcenies (unless, indeed, we are consoled by the thought that exchange is no robbery), it would perhaps have been advisable to have had one's arms, and hands, and feet labelled; it was decidedly a thoughtless omission, and if you are destined to come out of the diligence by driblets, and instalments, or have been patched and cobbled up, *chemin faisant*, you could at least then make restitution, and claim your own scattered property again comfortably.

These roads you would think nothing could surpass in vileness, or even equal; but if you should subsequently choose to visit the Isthmus of Panama, as we did, you would find human ingenuity can discover in the lower depth a lower deep still, as regards atrocity in roads. But, stay! you will not have the felicity of prosecuting these interesting inquiries, I bethink me now; for by the time you read these mournful records of the trials of travellers,

there will, in all probability, be a railroad opened across the Isthmus; a much less ingenious proceeding than that miraculous, marvellous, indescribable, unparalleled road! That road and the Mexican one run a race of vileness together (nothing could run a race *upon* them, assuredly); but, by favour of about ten months' rain yearly, the Isthmusian prodigy, I think, beats the other hollow in hollows, and in cavities of prodigious and portentous size, and wins by many a (broken) neck. I liked the natives of the Isthmus, a simple, hospitable, indolent, kind-hearted set, but could not quite forgive them for leaving their thoroughfares in such an awful condition, and allowing unhappy travellers thus to proceed upon the road to destruction. Those same natives seem to pass a happy existence, notwithstanding the many ups and downs of life these roads subject them to, and the very hard knocks that they continually thus get. They seem to vegetate rather than live, but very amiable and mild-tempered vegetables we found them: and on many occasions we felt grateful for little graceful acts of hospitality to these complaisant cauliflowers and artless asparagus.

However, it is well known that occasionally they become very animated, and that they no longer vegetate, but live, ay, and die, too, like men, and like brave men to boot. There are times when they can be thoroughly roused to indignant feeling, and their broccoli heads hold themselves very high then; and, in short, these mild peas, with heat and fire of valour, grow lively as parched peas at once. Seriously, they are, I believe, a brave people, gentle but high-spirited, "lions of rose-water" and of green cucumber. I believe them to be, indeed, a sadly idle set of creatures, but capable of noble actions, and with kindly feelings. That they should in general be a rather wishy-washy sort of people is not so much to be wondered at, when their ten months of rain (or pretty nearly that) are taken into account. It is the very reign of rain here! The fiery Hotspur might have had his kindling spirit and glowing ambition damped, not whetted (wetted in a different sense), in such a shower-bath of a climate; and had the "burning Sappho loved and sung" here, she might have sung still, but scarcely burned, methinks, for the flames must have been somewhat quenched, and she would not have flung herself probably into the

deep world of water, owing to having had quite enough of a world of water already. Mid these moist forests, the rural god Pan would have been, indeed, the dripping-Pan of the riddle. Magnificent as is the scenery of the Isthmus, the poor inhabitants must find many drawbacks in the enjoyment of it; if, indeed, many of them set much value upon fine scenery, which I should be inclined to doubt. To swing in a sack-like hammock lazily, with their eyes half shut, seems to constitute their most intellectual pastime, and I do shrewdly suspect that none of them have ever looked on Nature with an artistical eye, or admired any prospect not bounded by a bag! The discomforts and drawbacks I principally allude to, besides their rain and their roads (the latter, perhaps, are best described after all by the expression an American writer repeats, which he heard addressed to some one, "Fire away, stranger, you *can't* abuse them,"), are the vast quantity of insects and reptiles that abound there. They seem to muster there in such numbers, as almost to dispute the sovereignty of creation with man! The mite seems to take a lion's share in the Isthmus. Beside mosquitoes, there are garrapatos, jiggers, ants, &c. &c.

There is one kind of ant, among other engaging creatures, which actually eats you out of house and home, by devouring your walls and leaving your house to tumble about your ears. Most buildings are of wood there. This ant gives you but little or no warning, but you receive all on a sudden a peremptory notice to quit,—if you would not be buried alive under the ruins of your poor house, which has afforded many a dinner and supper to this voracious little monster. A curious bill of fare is his—boards and rafters, floors and ceilings, roofs and walls, cornices and carvings. They are very quick in their operations, for I believe, if once they get into a house, a short time suffices for them to reduce the walls to a mere powder; nay, if accounts are not exaggerated, they may sometimes, on their pleasant little pic-nicking parties, assembling gaily to discuss a cold collation, which they find ready spread for them (the carving all done for them—and a very plentiful *board,* in truth)—devour a couple of slight cottages for breakfast; a hashed hacienda (farm-house), a little dilapidated and disrupted, for luncheon; or, perhaps, at grand banquets, an ancient fortification or so, rather high; and a modern college, very dry; or a deserted ship, high and dry both; or they may pick a good-

sized, tender, old monastery for dinner; and a light shop or two for supper, with, peradventure, an airy observatory for a side-dish. Besides this, for an occasional mouthful they may dispose of a brace of windmills (if sticking in the windpipe, these yet would produce no disturbance, for they are always made mince-meat of by these little gourmands) or sundry savoury sheds or stables, or a juicy apothecary's store, while for ice and refreshments they may toss off a couple of cellars, half-a-dozen mossy wooden-tombstones (if that is not a bull), and a few cool, crumbly out-houses. As for fast-days, any Refuge for the Destitute, made up of the slightest materials, might serve well. Lucky prisoners may be sometimes set free here, by the entire gaol being suddenly made a "remove" of.

There is said to be in Peru an insect that performs far more astonishing prodigies in the eating way than these; it is not to the industrious little paper-maker, called the "sustillo," that I now allude, but to one that is called "el comejen," who *eats* paper, and devours expeditiously whole reams at a time. I believe they resemble the ant; their meals might be, indeed, of "sterner stuff" than mansions or fortifications: for instance, they

might breakfast upon a blue-book, lunch on a few essays, or a volume of comedies, if the last would not be *too* heavy; dine on a speech of Mr. Hume's; and nibble a hundred-clause bill for a "bonne-bouche;" and sup—nay, I should advise them to sup on the debates of the French National Assembly,—(since a light sort of *vol-au-vent*, or trifle, not too substantial fare, is wholesome for supper.) Will it be believed, these voracious insects once actually ate up a whole diplomatic correspondence! What an appetite, and what a digestion they must have!

What are the house-eaters, indeed, compared to them?—mere little, peaking creatures, just pecking a bit—say, an amphitheatre or an arsenal—a mere crust compared to the prodigious edibles consumed by the other indefatigable insects. The digestion of the ostrich is nothing beside them. Imagine them dining on a score or two of diplomatic notes without salt, Attic or otherwise, and swallowing all the little fictions therein contained!—Picture them discussing protocol-pie, and finishing with ultimatums and treaties, for bread and cheese. Perhaps they took a ministerial correspondence for a dessert. Surely, surely, they must, after all, be little deceivers, pretending to gobble up these things like jugglers swallowing miles of

ribbon and swords. If they swallowed them when just written, the ink wet, and then took the precaution that a famous comedian was said to do (who by mistake drank a draught of ink instead of another kind of black dose),—namely, swallowing a huge lot of blotting-paper after it, — or, perhaps, a good sponge would answer better,—one could understand and believe; but the dry, the very dry, the cut-and-dried compositions, without such an antidote—it is difficult to believe they could survive it. But those who know what they are capable of, seem to think they would gulp down "Hansard" in no time, and without any nausea supervening. Wonderful ants! they put the boa-constrictor to shame, indeed. Doubtless, they could eat their own grandfathers without the famous French sauce, rendering palatable such queer comestibles,—especially if done *en papillotes*. What a treat to them it would be, surely, to banquet upon a soft correspondence carried on upon delicate satin paper, with those lace edgings that have such a light, aërial look, and richly perfumed, too! The little wretches would feast on millefleurs, and essence of verbena, and Indian patchouli, and drink drops of celestial dew—of blue ink —to say nothing of all the sweets conveyed

besides in the letters themselves. Like bees more than ants, they might suck the honey of all those flowery phrases—all those balmy-breathing words: an epicurean banquet indeed! If these little paper-devourers were introduced into England, strange, in sooth, might be the consequences. In the country where they now exist and carry on their curious depredations,—as there is not such an enormous demand for, and use of paper there, —it is, in fact, of comparatively little consequence (by the way, they must be on short commons there sometimes); but in England, where the consumption of paper is already enormous — where letters by millions are written, and newspapers by billions are printed, and books by trillions are published—what awful ravages might these little imps effect! But, think of it! If they were to get into the General Post-office, for example, and begin masticating for their daily meals the daily mails of the metropolis, what suspension of business! what an unhinging of the world! And if they should set their audacious feet and more audacious teeth in Printing-house Square, imagine the confusion — the distress! The land would be indeed desolate—the last night's

parliamentary intelligence, fresh and reeking from the press, with smoking Gazette and piping Electric Telegraphic reports (mere hot rolls and muffins and crumpets for them), might fatally disappear—latest news from all parts of the world would unaccountably vanish —and the same might happen at all the great newspaper offices. "Our own correspondent's" correspondence, written on dainty thin sheets, by dozens, from all places in the known world, would be a nice tit-bit for the ravenous creatures. There would be a dearth — a frightful famine, indeed, in the land—an intellectual dearth — a literary famine, awful to contemplate; and our "murders" would be "kilt entirely," ate up, snatched out of our gaping mouths—our very "robberies" filched from us —our "horrible accidents" would meet with sad disasters—our "favourable opportunities, and great bargains," would be snapped up in a moment—our "extraordinary adventures" and "remarkable incidents" all swallowed up before we could have a chance of swallowing them down ourselves — our "police reports" summarily disposed of—our "musical festivals," "associations of science," "important county meetings," "state of such and such elec-

tions," all bolted, and hidden in the maw of these hungry gentry—as well as our "extraordinary large gooseberries," and various "wonderful proofs of the mildness of the season."—Our depressed coffee or quiet flour, also, our lively cheese, and brisk sugar—our "*déjeúners à la fourchette*" and our "grand dinners"—(beginning with the bill of fare, itself, if they could get it)—"refined banquets at the west-end"—"aldermanic turtle feasts in the city"—would all be clean devoured. They can peck a bit, i' faith! Fancy a fair London lady after being deprived, by the ravenous propensities of such destroyers, of her favourite morning newspaper, with its charming accounts of the preceding night's ball, or play, or opera, or *conversazione*—when about to put her hair in fresh papillotes for a delightful fête at Chiswick, finding those papillotes have been taken as a little light repast—a small "goûter" by the petty monsters—perhaps, sandwich-fashion, placed gingerly between two of her own fairy, delicate billets, musked, bordered, and decorated, and so "catawampously chawed" up! Thus these charming little notes would have been *dispatched* in an unwonted manner, indeed!

Besides these busy doings, of how many estates might they possess themselves, these insignificant depredators, by making the title-deeds all their own! What lawyers' briefs might disappear, and what doctors' prescriptions! Perhaps if some of these last thus fell a prey to the paper-eating ants, there might be a marked improvement in the health of the community at large,—I do not say all, mind, only a few, that it would be a public benefit to get rid of: in short, as far as some are concerned, it would be far better that they should go down the ants' throats than that the drugs they commend to our notice should go down ours. There is one circumstance that might be very serious; our paper currency would probably be munched up by the enemy: delicate slices of bank-notes would be bread and butter to them, bills of exchange, pleasant little *bonbons*. Their house-ruining cousin-germans destroy whole mansions and homesteads, while they, for their part, could easily sweep away portions of their decorations and appointments: with *papier-mâché* ornaments probably, if they were hungry, they would make short work; and the papered walls, haply, would soon be stripped bare of their stereotyped commonplaces and absur-

dities, by the instrumentality of these persevering little insects. There, again, supposing them imported, I think they would be doing us no inconsiderable service; and I, for one, should rejoice in seeing the galvanised Father Longlegses, and roasting-spits garnished with minute birch-rods, or any other heterogeneous compounds of unmeaning daubery and formal frivolity, destroyed. The paper-eaters would effect a great improvement in our houses, I think, if they nibbled off the generally ugly and stupid coverings of our walls; and if they thus left them bare, they might open the way for representations of natural scenery,—fresco paintings,—graceful, spirited, and artistical delineations, significant as well as full of beauty. If an army of these singular ants were to find their way into our English drawing-rooms, and dining-rooms, and dressing-rooms, and bed-rooms, and boudoirs, and saloons, they might produce a great reform; and I should, I confess, wish them a particularly hearty appetite and a very good dinner.

The "sustillo," the little insect paper-manufacturer, is, I believe, something like a silk-worm. The Indians are said to eat them. They spin a web about the thickness of com-

mon Chinese paper, and they continue under the shelter of their soft and delicate covering during the period of their metamorphosis from the chrysalis to their full-grown papilionaceous perfection; they fasten themselves in lines, vertical and horizontal, to the inferior edge of this aërial web, forming a kind of cube-like mass, and are altogether enshrouded and enveloped in the covering they have industriously manufactured for their accommodation and protection, like one of their fair Peruvian countrywomen in her *saya y manta* or a Mexican in his *serape*, till the anticipated change arrives; then the insect daintily detaches itself from this fairy veil, which it leaves loosely hanging on the tree, till, blanched gradually by the powerful sun, it looks, as it gracefully floats on the breeze, like a snowy banner. The Jesuit Calancha, it is said, possessed an *échantillon* of this paper, on which he wrote a letter. Whether the insect devourers of paper I have before commented upon, gobble up the delicate productions of their industrious little kinsfolk, as well as the handiworks of man in materials of a similar description, I have not learnt, and have no means of ascertaining at present.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RESCUED SLAVES,
&c. &c.

We heard on our arrival at Jamaica, that a little while before we landed there (in 1850) a crowded slave-ship had been brought in as a prize by H.M.S. Bermuda; the name of the slaver was the Clementina: she was supposed to have been built at Baltimore, but to belong to a Brazilian or Cuban owner. She was carrying slaves to the Isla de Piñas, I believe, at the time of her capture, to work in the marble mines there; and during the voyage, after the slaver was taken by the English ship, about thirty of the unfortunate sufferers died, and fourteen had expired subsequently (this number was greatly added to afterwards, I fear, for many were in a dreadful state at the time of our arrival in the island). We went to

see the fortunate survivors; but in some respects, which I will more fully particularise presently, it was a truly harrowing spectacle. Those who had not suffered so severely from the privations to which they had evidently been exposed—from the horrible close-packing in the slaver, and the cruelties probably exercised towards them, poor souls—seemed happy and comfortable under the exceedingly kind and attentive superintendentship of Messrs. Bruce and Davis, the gentlemen to whose official care these poor liberated Africans were consigned, previously to their being apprenticed out to various families in the island as farm-labourers and domestic servants, &c.; and the invalids, chiefly children, of which there had been a very considerable proportion in the Clementina, were commodiously lodged in a roomy, well-ventilated, and nicely-arranged hospital. I was informed that it has become a common practice of late among the kidnappers of Africans to select stout, healthy children, whom they can of course pack together in greater numbers, and who usually can bear the many hardships of the voyage better than grown people, their supple limbs not being so liable to suffer from permanent cramps. (It is well known that some

of those wretched beings never recover the straightness of their limbs again, but remain crippled and deformed for ever.) The elasticity of constitution of children, too, it is calculated, enables them more readily to recover from any disorders superinduced by the sufferings they must necessarily undergo; thus these little unfortunates, it appears, are stolen or sold in vast numbers, and fetch it is said good prices. The Africans soon arrive at maturity, and they are very early set to work. It did not appear, however, that the poor little ones had borne the fatigues and horrors of this particular voyage better, if indeed so well, as their grown-up associates, for many children had died, and others were in a truly miserable condition. I confess I should imagine the helpless creatures must often suffer more than their companions, instead of less, from their comparative inability to defend themselves, and, at the expense of others, to improve their own position and situation. Pitiable objects, indeed, did we behold among the sick children gathered together in that hospital; but a more docile, uncomplaining set, or apparently more grateful for the kindness extended to them, it would be difficult to

imagine. One poor little boy, in almost the last stage of dropsy, brought on partly, I believe, by extreme poverty of food when in the slaver, lay there a hideously-disfigured, bloated, and swollen object; he hardly bore any resemblance to a human being; his poor black face was stretched out to a frightful size; the features—except the wide mouth and naturally hugely-protuberant lips—swelled to inconceivable dimensions. As soon as the poor little fellow saw Mr. Bruce, in a faint quavering voice he *bleated* out for biscuit (he had been taught, it seemed, to pronounce the word "biscuit," of which article of food he seemed excessively fond), for the sound of the changed voice, like the countenance, was scarcely human. The poor child was, of course, supplied with the biscuit he so pitifully asked for. Another miserable little sufferer was stretched close beside him; he, too, presented an appalling spectacle, though of a different kind: his poor little sides had been worn into shocking wounds by the position in which, for a length of time, he had been placed in that horrible slaver; and he had literally been almost crushed by the others having been crowded upon him, for he, being helpless, poor child, and having been

forced underneath, had to bear the superincumbent weight and pressure of, perhaps, several people upon him. It was a sad, sad spectacle, and the heart bled for the innocent child, the unresisting victim of such atrocious barbarity. This little sufferer was almost a skeleton, and it was truly shocking to see his poor, little, stiffened, emaciated limbs, most frightfully contracted: they assured us they could not be straightened; they had attempted by different means to draw them out straight, but had found it quite impossible so to do: they had not yet tried warm sea-water baths, which I ventured to recommend, and which I should think might possibly have been found effectual, or, at any rate, might have benefitted him much. He was a perfect little picture of patience, and of the most touching resignation. The superintendents seemed to think that neither of these children could eventually recover; the poor dropsical boy, especially, was in a perfectly hopeless state. What horrible monsters must they be who could reduce unoffending children to this dreadful condition! It made the blood boil to think of it. We had the good fortune, however, to behold more pleasing sights than that. A great number

of the children had already recovered from their past privations and trials, and were in a state of the highest glee and excitement when the Governor's barouche drove into the large rambling courtyard of the place where they were staying at the time. It appeared they had most of them never seen horses before, for their wonder and wild delight were unbounded; exclamation followed exclamation, and they seemed never tired of ejaculating in their own language, or languages rather—for they spoke several different ones—or of feasting their eyes on the wonderful animals, and on that splendid and extraordinary object, the carriage. They did not seem quite sure whether the latter was alive or no, and whether that pushed on the horses, or the horses pulled it; at any rate, the wheels must surely be living! Who could doubt that? After the first vehement burst of astonishment was over, Mr. Bruce made signs to them to dance and sing, which he told us they were very fond of doing among themselves. A number of them quickly thronged together, and, drawing up in regular order, began what I may almost call a plaintive dance, accompanying their smoothly-balanced steps by the

simple notes of some native airs: they kept time and tune admirably, and their young voices were pleasingly modulated. The African race seem ever devotedly fond of music, and their ear is generally very correct. They performed several of their African dances for our edification, and the originality and wild sweetness that characterised their singing, and a sort of flowing and easy grace that was perceptible in their light, inartificial movements in dancing, interested us much. Poor, dear children! it was indeed delightful to watch their innocent enjoyment, and think what a blessed contrast this afforded to their late horrible situation in the floating dungeon from which they had been so happily rescued.

After watching for some time their native dances (and really some of them performed so gracefully, you might think that they must have a finishing dancing-academy of some kind in the sunny wilds of Dahomey, or the burning regions of Congo, where the latest steps and newest fashions of capering are trippingly taught), and listening to the appropriate accompaniment of their rather monotonous but pleasantly-modulated singing, we went to see a large number of their grown-up companions, whom we found (most of them) in very good

case and condition: it was near their dinner-hour, and the savoury smells emitted from a kitchen contiguous to their dwelling-place appeared to be particularly satisfactory to them. Mr. Bruce pointed out to us a very intelligent-looking negro, who was acting as chief cook, and bustling about and busying himself very energetically in preparing the various substantial messes that were shortly to be served out to the sooty, expectant crew. He was one of the liberated slaves himself, and having soon picked up a few words of English, and evinced both an inclination and a capacity to make himself generally useful, he had been promoted to the high and responsible situation, in which we found him so very zealously officiating. He seemed to be quite aware of the importance of the functions and the trust that had devolved upon him, and while the rest were displaying their grinning ivories, as though to intimate that they and their weapons were ready for the coming encounter, he preserved an imperturbable gravity, mingled with an earnest air of assiduity and anxiety. Mr. Bruce told us he really was a capital cook,—certainly, under his auspices, many of his late fellow-sufferers appeared to have flourished considerably,—a

few strong-looking ones were quite remarkable for *embonpoint,* and one assuredly could not see at all that they had so lately been suffering from misery and starvation. But of course the stronger ones among the victims of man's cupidity and selfishness endure much less torment than their more naturally feeble or debilitated companions. They fight for and secure the best positions, and perhaps often seize a double and treble share of the scant provisions doled out to them; in short, make themselves as comfortable as possible under the adverse circumstances to which they are exposed. One could not but think, while looking at some of these more than portly dames and stout men, that the poor emaciated children we had seen, had probably had their miserable pittances snatched from them continually, to satisfy the cravings of these fellow-captives of theirs, so able, and in all likelihood so willing, to increase their insufficient allowances by the addition of the rations, or the greater part of the rations, of the unhappy weaker sufferers. That they had crowded and crammed up the unfortunate helpless children in a miserable seething heap, with a view to the amelioration of their own sufferings and diminution of their proper inconveniences, was abundantly evident.

Shortly after this we saw a singular scene. We had observed that one or two of the women had small looking-glasses in their hands; which looking-glasses, *mirabile dictu!* they appeared to set much value on. Mr. Bruce informed us they had been given them as a reward for good behaviour, and an inducement to attend to the duties of their toilet, &c. Proceeding on our little tour of inspection, on a sudden we heard a most terrific outcry,—a mixture of yell, bellow, shriek, bark, screech, bray, and roar, that might have been audible had an amateur concert taken place extemporaneously and simultaneously between a dozen lionesses, a score of asses, a pack of wolves, a legion of parrots, and a regiment of screech-owls. Dismayed, we asked, What is the matter? Our voices were, of course, inaudible in the hubbub — a penny whistle might as well have expected to make itself heard in a discharge of artillery; but a minute or two afterwards in rushed the chief performer of this concert, in the shape of a hugely-proportioned negress, driving before her another, who was weeping bitterly. The first I thought I recognised as having been one of those who had been most occupied in admiring their sooty charms in a little hand-glass, such as I mentioned

before. The mystery, by the instrumentality of a sharp, clever, little negro, who had made extraordinary proficiency in the English language since his deliverance from the hateful hold of the Clementina, was at last cleared up. One of this Hottentot Venus's companions had unintentionally either run against her or jogged her elbow, while she was holding the much-prized toy, and had, unfortunately, been the innocent cause of its being shivered to fragments. On this catastrophe, the rage of the bereaved dame knew no bounds; she had evidently administered a pretty sharp chastisement to the offender already, who was rubbing her arm, as if in pain, and trying to defend herself, and to fly from the furious assaults of her pitiless pursuer. The superintendent, of course, instantaneously checked all further breaches of the peace, and attacks on the lives of her Majesty's new sable subjects, in the most authoritative manner, and the infuriated and disappointed dame bursting afresh into a tremendous fit of rage, this time mingled with a perfect storm of sobs, emphatically declared she would immediately go and drown herself in the big water. These threats were accompanied by convulsive twitchings and writhings, occasioned apparently by the preternaturally vehement

efforts she was constrained to make to keep her hands off the trembling offender's person, who I verily think she would have torn into bits, but for the awe-inspiring presence of the firm and calm superintendent. Her fingers were spasmodically rehearsing the pleasant pastime of clutching the other by the throat, tearing out her eyes, &c. She kept repeating with insane fury the following words (or something exceedingly like them) "*Oi go kickaraboo in de water, kickaraboo in de water,*" meaning she would go and drown herself for the loss of that precious bit of glass, — or rather for being deprived of the sweet revenge she meditated and longed for, of making mince-meat of that abhorred wretch who had so unpardonably affronted her. The poor delinquent was beyond description penitent; she cried and moaned a constant though humble accompaniment to the yelling bravura kept up by her indignant and vengeful enemy. Whenever she could speak through her sobs, she in piteous accents evidently entreated pardon, and with expressive pantomime made us understand she had quite accidentally committed this horrible peccadillo: in vain; her expostulations and excuses only seemed to arouse greater anger in the black fury. That lady, apparently quite involuntarily, every now and

then gave her victim such a box on the ear as resounded through the whole house, mechanically accompanying it with a sound kick,—for she really did not seem aware of the little attentions she was thus liberally bestowing. From time to time the half-maddened savage made a desperate attempt to escape, no doubt to take the little bath she designated under the euphonious name of *kickurabooing*,—and to our surprise Mr. Bruce informed us, she had already on several occasions, as trivial as this one, attempted to drown herself, suddenly darting away from her companions, and those who had charge of her, and rushing down to the water-side, and she had only been prevented from effecting her purpose with the greatest difficulty. Altogether, never did I behold such a display of uncontrollable rage, and anger, and despair. Perhaps, could she have looked at herself at that moment, she might not have lamented so much the loss of the broken glass. What a face it was! the huge lips, swollen with wrath and weeping, almost smothered the broad expanded nostrils and half the customary big, cushion-like cheek—the forehead was drawn into almost countless furrows, with corresponding lumps and bumps that would have strangely bewildered a phrenologist — her capacious

double and treble chins seemed wabbling about like tottering teetotums just before they tumble —and the goggle eyes rolling horribly, now seemed turning round almost in their sockets, and now were projected something like those of shrimps or prawns magnified. More out of pity for the unhappy and unwitting culprit, than for the unforgiving tigress she had offended so mortally, I begged Mr. Bruce to tell her I would give her a glass to make up for her loss (he told me, however, this was unnecessary, as they had plenty at hand to supply the place of any damaged ones). By degrees, the idea of this partly soothed the passionate African. She moderated her threat of "*kickaraboo*," the yells sunk to moans, the sobs softened to sighs, and, profiting by the opportunity, I attempted to make peace between her and the wretched culprit, who was still weeping as if her very heart would break, and evidently continually imploring pardon and pity. I tried to make them join hands in amity, by various signs striving to make her comprehend I wished her to do this as a token of reconciliation with the poor penitent. After considerable hesitation and reluctance she consented, and grasped the hand of the other for a moment with apparent ood-will, but most desperately tight, I suspect

(both yet sobbing in concert, the one still spitefully, and the other sadly), till, the instant the hands were released, the dusk fury flew at her victim with a vicious kind of hiss, and, taking a good grip, gave her a pinch that might have nipped a large slice clean off her sable cheek. I could hardly help laughing at the ridiculous manner in which she did this, as if to reward herself for the mighty effort she had made in consenting to any show of reconciliation. I intimated, however, this would not do at all, and requested the ceremony of reconciliation should be duly repeated; she submitted after a lengthened lioness-like growl, and the jetty hands once more met, pretty cordially to all appearance; and indeed this time they seemed to intend to remain, with their hands clasped together, like a statuary group of Pardon and Reconciliation, in black marble, for neither offered to quit the hold of the other. Perhaps the cuffed and pinched offender felt a little dread of the moment when the powerful hand of the virago should be released, which had already administered to her such very persuasive punishment, and that still-indignant virago herself might almost fear indulging again in what appeared to be a sort of spon-

taneous action on her part, the result of an irresistible inclination she could not withstand, —the pinching and nipping of that unfortunate victim. There they stood, in short, loudly whimpering and whining, and holding each other's hands as tightly as if in a vice, apparently, the one looking tomahawks still, and the other turtle-doves.

I had some difficulty this time in making them leave hold of each other's hands, but the moment they did so the violent dame again darted at her meek countrywoman, and helped herself instinctively to another small slice of cheek or chin. Again I indignantly remonstrated, and she appeared to be explaining how she really *could not* help it; it was evidently *plus fort qu'elle*, and she folded her arms, and put her hands somewhere out of sight, as if to keep them out of the way of mischief: and indeed seemed taking her own refractory members into close custody, as it were, or to be fitting herself with imaginary kicking-traces and imperceptible shackles, to say nothing of invisible bits, and ideal muzzles; or, peradventure, more suitable still, an impalpable. intangible strait-waistcoat: the other, it was plainly to be seen, was willing enough to

second those virtuous efforts and endeavours after self-control, and removed out of griping and choking and pinching distance her provokingly tempting ears and elbows, magnetic shins, enticing cheeks, inviting chin, and too-alluring throat, and peace appeared to be definitively restored.

I cannot help thinking this turbulent termagant must have been a person of considerable importance in her own country, from the exceedingly humble and respectful demeanour the poor negress, who had so grievously fallen under her displeasure, invariably maintained towards her; it was quite the manner in which one might imagine a lowly attendant would approach an African queen; and some extraordinary marks on her face—not tattooing, but a gathering up of the flesh into curious lumps, which, we were told, was a sign of exalted birth among some of these tribes, seemed to strengthen the supposition. Among the children we saw, there were several who had singular disfigurements of the kind; in one or two the flesh had been drawn up into round balls, — diversified by smaller buttons —and various hard knots and protuberances, which were far from ornamental, and gave

a curious expression to their youthful countenances. It was artistically done, however, and the lumps were very regularly placed, and very smoothly and cleanly finished off. Poor little souls! they had, in all probability, been children of African kings and chiefs, and were thus torn from their wild inheritance and savage grandeur, first, to be half suffocated in the noisome den of a slave-ship, and then to be servants of a race with which they had nothing in common. Yet happy in this last change of circumstances—happy to be adopted thus into a Christian and civilised country, and fetterless and free even as in their own sunny regions and barbarous native haunts.

There was one very melancholy circumstance connected with these poor Africans. They were composed of a variety of different tribes, and it was conjectured had been brought from very remote and little-known regions, as none of the blacks in that part of Jamaica could understand their language, or make themselves understood by them. Some were, consequently, almost cut off from communication with their kind, as even their companions in misfortune did not speak their peculiar language. Everything had been done

that the most thoughtful kindness and active benevolence could suggest towards the establishment of some means of communication between the lately-rescued Africans and their deliverers and protectors. Many of the soldiers in the black regiments in Jamaica have been themselves liberated slaves, coming from Sierra Leone; and it was thought that among these (many of them natives of different regions in the interior of Africa, speaking, consequently, various languages) some might be found who would recognise as countrymen certain individuals belonging to the company of rescued slaves. A number of those black soldiers were, therefore, sent to the old fort, where these people were, for the time being, lodged. None of them, however, could communicate with these unfortunate people—none of the many different languages spoken by the negro soldiers were in the least like those that these liberated slaves spoke, and all endeavours to find any person in the island who could understand them failed entirely—at least, with the greater part of them. I fancy a few of the children spoke a language that was understood by some of the soldiers, but I am not quite sure. There was one re-

markably intelligent, fine, active boy, who had been named "Grey," in compliment to the excellent Governor of the island (Sir Charles Grey). He was really one of the most shrewd and clever children I ever saw. He was the lad I alluded to who had so rapidly learned the English language, and of course his services as an interpreter were very valuable for those who spoke the same tongue as himself; but they were comparatively few—our furious savage friend, the vixen, and two or three others only. To return for a moment to that vivacious virago; she, too, appeared, when not in a phrensy of rage, an intelligent and shrewd person, full of liveliness and quickness — a "*muger de mucha campanilla*" (a woman of many bells), as the Spaniards call it, giving herself no few airs, and with no little pretension, and evidently, in her own opinion, possessed of very transcendant charms. She might deserve that appellation, too, from the tremendous clapper of a tongue that she boasted for her own—a belle of "many bells" indeed she seemed, and she rang them, too, pretty vociferously—a more tintinnabulatory termagant, probably, never existed, as our half-deafened ears could

well attest for some time after the "*scena*" I have described.

One of the little negroes, on seeing the horses, exclaimed "Caballos!" which made us all think he, at any rate, must have been for some time at the African *coast*, and heard some of the foreign slave-traders calling the animals thus. This, I believe, was, however, the only Spanish or Portuguese word he could pronounce or comprehend. When, after a lengthened visit, we took our leave of these interesting strangers, the children in numbers again accompanied the carriage for a little distance, shouting and dancing with the most extravagant delight. After proceeding a little way along the heavy sandy road that leads from the old fort to Spanish Town, the carriage stuck in the sand, and, after many efforts to extricate it, one of the horses resolutely refused to attempt to move any further. Assistance was procured, and the carriage was set going again without the peccant horse, which it was found necessary to lead; the well-disposed one trudging quietly on, and dragging the vehicle with praiseworthy patience and perseverance through the still deep sand. At last the road appeared a little better, and the negro coachman

was anxious to put in the other horse again, and proceed a little faster. I strongly advised him to let well alone, and be content with the sober pace we were going at, and the quiet progress we were making. Captain G——, who accompanied us, agreed with me; but, after the reiterated assurances of the coachman that the horse would go perfectly well now, and that we should get on much better with him in addition than with our solitary steed (the Jehu was, doubtless, anxious too to show he could manage him now), Capt. G—— gave his consent, in an evil moment, to the trial. The horse was once more harnessed by the side of his docile and hard-working companion, and the coachman intended to start at a rather more rapid pace than we had been lately indulged with. Futile hope! The pause during which the animal was put to, had allowed the carriage to sink again a little deeper in the sand; the flagitious horse was stubborn as ever, and it was found to be indispensably necessary to release him a second time from the carriage, and proceed in the same manner as before. Such, at least, was the sooty Jehu's intention; but, notwithstanding that good intentions are said to pave a certain dismal

locality, they assuredly did not perform a similar office for the sandy track on, or rather *in*, which we just then found ourselves, and we remained immovable, or, at any rate, unmoved; save sinking "deeper and deeper still," and now our remaining steed, the faithful prop on which we had leaned before — that "friend indeed," who had proved "a friend in need"—caught the infection of obstinacy, and having a second time had a very bad example set him, and also having doubtlessly been considerably worried and fidgetted, and put out of his way, by the cantankerous proceedings of his unworthy comrade, positively declined to advance a single step. I preached a short sermon extempore, taking for my text the old apophthegm, "Let well alone;" but doings, and not sayings, were now requisite. Luckily, we had one with us who was fully equal to the emergency, and the clouds that were gathering around our destiny were soon brightened by a pleasing hope of deliverance: there were other clouds, by the way, accumulating just over our hapless heads, which were not so easily brightened, and the tropical rain began to descend in violent torrents. Meantime the fiat had gone forth, that the contumacious

quadruped who refused to draw us must go for others who would. The woolly-wigged coachman was straightway mounted on the obstinate animal, and received orders from Capt. G—— to proceed *instanter* to his father's stables and bring another pair of horses at once. Off he started, and disappeared in a deluge of rain—a sort of horizontal diving, or something approaching to it. Presently the storm a little abated, and soon appeared from the fort the gentlemen who had the superintendentship of the poor *emancipados*, and who hospitably came to our succour and support armed with materials for an excellent luncheon. "Grey" came as page, and showed great quickness and intelligence; so was the time beguiled till the cry was, "They come!" and the welcome sight of a fresh pair of horses was hailed with glee by the rain-worn and sand-wearied party. We soon were on our way to Spanish Town, after thanking Messrs. Bruce and Davis for their obliging civility and thoughtfulness, and taking leave of clever, shrewd Grey, who seemed a black flibberty-gibbet in activity, but good as the gentle page Fridolin, and as grateful to his kind temporary master, Mr. Bruce, as that pearl of pages was

to his lovely and all-amiable lady. A few days after, as we were taking a pleasant drive in the environs of Spanish Town, we met several of the African children who had been rescued from the Clementina, escorted by a guide, removing to the places and families where they had been apprenticed: they seemed as light-hearted and merry as birds or butterflies; the future to them was all sunshine, change was delightful; if they had been torn from beloved relations and happy homes in distant Africa, they had fortunately already, with childhood's happy talent, forgotten them; forward to the future they looked, and there all seemed glad and smiling to their young fancies. One of these poor children, however, still looked weak and delicate, and had evidently not quite recovered from all the horrors of the slave-ship; but change of air would, doubtless, be beneficial to it. I am sorry to add, that some little time after this we heard from Mr. Bruce, who came to dine at King's House, of the death of two of the poor little children we saw in the hospital at the fort—the little dropsical boy, and the one whose limbs had been so fearfully contracted and distorted. If there were indeed no chance of his ever recovering from

that terrible deformity, it might be regarded, in truth, as a blessing in the case of the latter. When we were staying at Kingston, previous to embarking for the Havana, we saw the Clementina dismantled and half broken up; she must have been a very pretty vessel when

" She walked the water like a thing of life,"

with death and anguish, though, hidden at her heart! A small bit of her figure-head, a starry-shaped flower, was detached and given to me by the kind friend who accompanied us to the beach; and glad did it make me to feel that there lay the last of the Clementina! Never more should she go upon the hideous errands of brutal cupidity and selfish barbarity; never more should the shrieks of anguish and misery arise from her stifling hold; never more the form of man lie crushed almost from its humanity in that dreadful prison; never more the wretch sigh for death in gloom and hopelessness within her fatal enclosure, as the only release he could expect from tortures indescribable of mind and of body. We were told the sight she presented when she was first taken was awfully horrible, beyond what imagination can picture; the miserable negroes, men,

women, and children, were literally packed in the manner that has been sometimes described as being like the packing of herrings in a barrel; dead, dying, and sick were wedged in one dreadful mass. Even when she first came to Kingston, although the horrors of their position had been mitigated as far as sagacious benevolence and thoughtful humanity could suggest, and their situation ameliorated in every practicable manner, yet the spectacle presented by these unfortunate victims was said to be one inconceivably painful, disgusting, and sickening. Most of the poor emaciated wretches could scarcely crawl without assistance; a number of them were in a dying state (as I said before, fourteen died very soon afterwards, in addition to the thirty who had died between the time of the Clementina's capture and the arrival of the Bermuda and her prize at Jamaica). Besides this, deaths were still constantly taking place among the poor creatures in the hospital for adults, as well as in that for the children; but it is indeed a painful subject to dwell upon.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE KING OF MOSQUITO'S THRONE, *&c. &c.*

WHILE we were staying at King's House, under the truly hospitable roof of the excellent Governor of Jamaica, we had various pleasant opportunities of mixing a little with the society of the island. On one occasion we went to a ball at Mr. Justice ——'s, who has a particularly nice house in Spanish Town, with a very beautiful garden. Of course, all the large windows were thrown wide open, for the heat (which was the only thing that spoilt that graceful little *festa*) was suffocating. There were a broad terrace and wide steps down to this lovely garden, which looked all enchantment, bathed in the dazzling moonlight of the tropics; the flowers, the leaves of the embowering trees, the delicate stems and twigs —all seemed set in shivering diamonds of

their own. The rooms within were very prettily fitted up, and adorned with many "*objets*" of interest. Our kind host seated me in the saloon, in a very handsome chair, magnificently decorated, and I was amused at Mr. ——'s telling me that I was placed upon a regal seat,— in short, that I was firmly established upon the King of Mosquito's throne. Upon this I looked a little more attentively at this really exceedingly handsome piece of furniture, and saw there was an immense gilded crown at the top of it. It was superb altogether, and was provided for the Indian king above-mentioned when he was at Jamaica some time ago. Whether he was crowned there I do not remember, but I think the throne, that I so coolly succeeded to, was only intended for him to use when he gave receptions to any of his loving subjects who happened to be in the island on any particular state occasions.

The young king when here was said to be a very interesting, well-mannered, and well-educated youth, high-spirited and amiable; he was a mere boy at the time. A youthful midshipman was appointed to be a sort of aide-de-camp to him; and a friend of mine, in whose house the king was staying, told me

the great delight of the boyish sovereign was reading "Robinson Crusoe," and other works of the kind, with his young naval aide-de-camp. Little did Defoe think, probably, when he depicted his adventurous and energetic hero, and the faithful savage who was so attached to him, that the time would come when his charming book should be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by a highly-educated and civilised young savage!—a youthful Indian sovereign, favoured and patronised by England, and thoroughly conversant with the English language, literature, customs, and habits. The same friend told me that occasionally he would hear the most uncontrollable bursts of happy laughter simultaneously from the two intelligent boys, and on looking up he would see them absorbed in a translation of "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," or some other famous and brilliant work—the eager delight of the young Mosquitian monarch, demonstrating that he completely understood and entered into all the delicate pleasantry, keen satire, and graphic humour of the compositions. Should any American read this account, I almost fear he will smile incredulously; for I well know that in the United States the general opinion is highly unfavour-

able to the poor King of Mosquito. An American friend of mine was one day talking to me of him as a mere savage—a half-clothed young ragamuffin—totally uneducated, and without even the manners of a decent charity-boy. "It is a fact," said he, "that a little while ago—though the youth is seventeen or eighteen, I believe, now—a fact that the English Consul, or somebody of that kind, finding he had put his coat on wrong part before, or made himself sick by over-eating, or something or other of the sort, gave him a good, sound flogging; and that they do constantly to keep their puppet-king in order, and make him behave himself, and mind his P's and Q's. They've got to drill him and drub him too, every time he sees anybody, that he may conduct himself like a Christian, and if he forgets his lesson he is sure of another good caning; and that is the way they treat their ally, or pupil, or what not, His Majesty the independent King of all the Mosquitoes!" He was quite wrong, however; and the youthful wearer of the Mosquitian diadem, such as it is, is said by more than one person, and very good authorities too, to be not only a distinguished-looking boy, but to have remarkably

good and pleasing manners; and as to the alleged thrashings, though they might have possibly been very useful to his majesty, if Etonian and other educational authorities be right on the subject, I do not believe they ever existed, save in the active brain of my informant, who certainly lashed himself up to believe in them. But the "King of Mosquito" is—or was, when I was in the States,—a very sore subject indeed, without intending the remotest reference to the presumed and assumed canings. The Nicaragua treaty respecting the great Inter-oceanic Canal was at that time exciting intense interest in America, and the pretensions that England put forth, or warmly supported, of her protected Mosquitian monarch, had given birth to feelings of deep irritation and anger. As, of course, the interference on the part of England with their favourite plan, and the claim of the Mosquitian king to the disputed territory, through a part of which the route of communication in this great inter-oceanic project is to be carried, and Nicaragua's protests against such claims, have all been repeatedly canvassed in the newspapers, it is unnecessary to allude further to it; but, assuredly, it was

the subject of all others that at that time rendered Americans most out of humour with England, and Mosquito was never mentioned then without eliciting strong marks of disapprobation from every American present. It was really necessary to observe a little whether the cravats of any of the company were at all tightly adjusted, and to ascertain whether or no surgical aid was procurable; for so vehemently agitated some of the assembled persons were sure to become at the bare mention of the name of Mosquito, that there appeared danger of severe apoplexy being superinduced. Some, indeed, frightfully convulsed, would appear on the very verge and brink of an epileptic fit, when one had only got as far as Honduras; but when, progressing a little onward in a southerly direction, Blewfields or Greytown appeared above the horizon of our conversation, sudden death seemed fearfully near. The Spanish Main was decidedly dangerous, and had to be avoided. This vehement jealousy and irritation was, however, I have reason to hope and believe, only temporarily called into existence by the very strong and anxious interest in that great projected canal (between the Pacific and

Atlantic Oceans by way of Nicaragua) which at this time was excited throughout the whole Union.

The humming-birds in Jamaica are lovely little creatures, and most wonderfully tame and fearless of the approach of man. One of these charming feathered jewels had built its delicate nest close to one of the walks of the garden belonging to the house where we were staying. The branch, indeed, of the beautiful little shrub in which this fairy nest was suspended almost intruded into the walk, and every time we sauntered by, there was much danger of sweeping against this projecting branch with its precious charge, and doing it some injury, as very little would have demolished the exquisite fabric; in process of time, two lovely little pearl-like eggs had appeared, and while we were there we had the great pleasure of seeing the minute living gems themselves appear, looking like two very small bees. The mother-bird allowed us to look closely at her in the nest, and to inspect her little nurselings, when she was flying about near, without appearing in the least degree disconcerted or alarmed. I never saw so tame or so bold a little pet; but

she did not allow the same liberties to be taken by everybody unchecked.

One day, as Sir C—— was walking in the pretty path beside which the fragile nest was delicately suspended amid sheltering leaves, he paused, in order to look at its lilliputian inhabitants. While thus engaged, he felt suddenly a sharp, light rapping on the crown of his hat, which considerably surprised him. He looked round to ascertain from whence this singular and unexpected attack proceeded, but nothing was to be seen. Almost thinking he must have been mistaken, he continued his survey, when a much sharper and louder rat-tat-tat-tat-tat seemed to demand his immediate attention, and a little to jeopardise the perfect integrity and preservation of the fabric in question. Again he looked round, far from pleased at such extraordinary impertinence, when, what should he see but the beautiful, delicate humming-bird, with ruffled feathers and fiery eyes, who seemed by no means inclined to let him off without a further infliction of sharp taps and admonitory raps from her fairy beak. She looked like a little fury in miniature,—a winged Xantippe. Those pointed attentions apprised him that his company was not de-

sired or acceptable, and much amused at the excessive boldness of the dauntless little owner of the exquisite nest he had been contemplating, Sir C—— moved off, anxious not to disturb or irritate further this valiant, minute mother, who had displayed such intrepidity and cool determination. As to V—— and me, the darling little pet did not mind us in the least; she allowed us to watch her to our hearts' content during the uninterrupted progress of all her little household and domestic arrangements, and rather appeared to like our society than not, and to have the air of saying, "Do you think I manage it well, eh? Pray favour me with your advice. Just walk into my nest, and talk it over." Some time afterwards, at Kingston, at the Date-tree Hotel, we made the acquaintance of another of this charming tribe, which almost regularly every morning used to come and breakfast with us! Thus it was—of course, our large windows were opened as far as they would go: a beautiful tree covered with rich, brilliant blossoms stood close to the house (near the graceful date-tree that gives its name to that pleasant hotel), and the lovely little bird used to come and suck the honey-dew out of those

bright flowers that made that tree so splendid, generally, as if socially inclined, and disliking a solitary breakfast, *at the identical hour* that we were seated at our breakfast-table. The fresh breezes would gently blow the beautiful branch, blossoms, buds, bird, leaves, and all, into the room, but undismayed the brilliant stranger would continue at his repast, preventing us from continuing ours in consequence of the interest and admiration he excited in us; till at last the novelty wore off, and we expected to meet our little friend every morning at breakfast as a matter of course. Still we were never insensible to the charm of his elfin society, and it was quite a mortification if the wee guest neglected to be punctual to his self-imposed appointment.

Ornithologically speaking, I believe these precious bee-birds, these diminutive fays, these diamond dewdrops on wings, these sylphs, these visions, these rainbow-atoms, these flying flowers, these buds of birds, are as bold as the eagle, and fiery as the falcon, in fact, are perfect little "diables!" just what our small fury who assaulted the Governor's hat showed herself to be. She seemed soft as velvet or a puff of down, light as foam, bright as a spark

of the sun, mild as new milk—a breath of spring or a honey-drop; but it was, in truth, very valiant velvet, very doughty down (quite knock-you-down, indeed), milk soured by a dash of thunder, or, rather, milk-punch of the strongest, honey of the hottest, foam of the fiercest, the most peppery of puffs,—sunshine, of the most fiery description, that verily proved a pocket *coup de soleil;* 'twas a breath of infant Boreas, and a spark of—gunpowder. This fairy Mab is, in fact, the very Bellona of birds.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BLOOMER GHOST,
&c. &c.

WHILE we were staying at Spanish Town we made acquaintance with a gentleman of considerable talent and artistical taste, the possessor of an ancient and haunted house in that town. The account given of the spectre who was said to frequent that venerable mansion (which we were told had, in the olden time, been a Spanish Convent) was somewhat peculiar and amusing. In the first place, her dress was distinguished by marked originality, and had decidedly a masculine tendency; which was sufficiently singular, when it is considered the fair wearer was a nun—at least, so she was said to be—a Spanish nun, belonging to the old Spanish Convent, whose stately Lady Abbess had of old marshalled her gentle maiden troop to fast and to prayer under its then

hallowed and venerated roof. This phantom nun, in short, appeared to have been an incipient Bloomer. Perhaps for this un-nunlike fancy is she condemned to walk in the mournful midnight hour, making those boots which never ought to have encased her feminine feet, sound with a hollow, tramping tread. How could boots have ever suggested themselves to the nun's unworldly mind? For they were not mere feminine affairs of that denomination, mincing and fragile—with side-springs, patent leather points, silken webs, fairy laces, clasps, and buttons,—but uncompromising, right-down, high-heeled, "stout substance" masculine articles, fit for any horse-trooper. What a train of inappropriate images does that idea introduce! If she had boots, surely she had a boot-jack, too,—what an appendage to the solemn cell, with its surpliced saint, and coffin, and skull, and cross-bones! Did not the boots, too, require blacking? Perhaps, Oh! perhaps they creaked. (Yea! they might be "talking boots," such as Sierra Leone niggers love.) Can you imagine one of the pure and gentle sisterhood acting shoe-black, brush in hand? for no male "Boots" or other polisher of such articles of dress could ever have been

admitted within the walls of the Castilian Convent. And if this could have been the case, it is difficult to fancy fair Sister Clara or Caterina holloaing out for "Boots" in the morning. Can you separate it from calling for shaving-water as well? Did she wear spurs as well as boots? Did she affect straps —may we discreetly venture to ask? Does she now haply keep a phantasmagorial valet,— flitting about in a filmy, evanescent pantry-jacket? (No, for that idea is dimly suggestive of well-aired slippers.) As her custom is of a night, when she makes her appearance in her favourite precincts, to stump about in those Wellingtons, it might appear to favour a supposition that the lovely Spanish *religieuse*, like old Blücher, slept in her boots; but we would not too positively insist on this point, and it boots little whether she did or no. The vision is sufficiently repulsive. Why! the wounded imagination writhes like a worm on a (boot-) hook. We shall hear of a fleeting ghost in galligaskins next! Certain it seems that (according to the testimony of the master of the house, who evidently fully believes in the reality of the shadow —I cannot help this apparent slight contradiction in terms) the foreign apparition, when she

makes herself visible in this nether world, at the witching time of night, is shod in a pair of the before-mentioned articles, doubtless fabricated by the Hoby of the period; while a thick veil envelopes the upper part of her person. We could pardon any amount or variety of garden-clogs under these supernatural circumstances; we could away with walking-shoes, double or treble-soled, channel-soled or cork-soled; we could give an aiding hand, and friendly clasp to goloshes—American or British. We could indulgently pooh-pooh dancing-pumps, and pocket mocassins. With unmoved souls we could meet "moveable soles," pass lightly over the heaviest "clumps," smile at antigropholos, sadly accept highlows, steadily confront hobnails, swallow ankle-jacks, stand the shock of skaits, bear with very pattens, survive gouty-shoes, tread softly on wooden sabots,—bow distantly, perhaps, to stilts,—thankfully greet list slippers, or linsey-woolsey socks,—we could stretch a point for overalls, and grapple with gaiters;—indulgence, however, has its limits. But let me describe as nearly as possible a full-length portrait of this Hoby-be-hobbied-hobgoblin. For be it known, I possess a picture of her ghostship, done beautifully by the masterly

hand of the owner of the haunted house. The head is thickly covered by a veil of many folds, as if she were afraid of toothache, or of having a very sound box on the ear, peradventure, if any one should meet her, and presume to think that she were imposing on their credulity. This veil, still descending in dense folds, seems gathered about the waist, whence falls a rather brief petticoat, beneath which peep the strong, serviceable, thick-soled, and I should say not particularly well-made boots. The whole portrait, looked at with an unromantic eye, might suggest the idea of a returned Californian straight from the "diggings" with rheumatism in the head, which, to avoid the danger attendant on night air, he has bound up with various bandanas and towels; this strange apparition, however, is said to be of very ancient date. Long before the "diggings" were discovered did she stump about the old house, according to tradition, in this very costume. Having described her dress, I will give a little account of her manners, as far as I could make myself acquainted with them. On one occasion, it appears, she was marching up and down in the court of the mansion which she

so pertinaciously haunts; it being, I think, rather earlier than the time when she usually made her appearance, the sister of the owner of the house (for this lady also lives there, and she happened to be sitting then in a room near the court) hearing the noise,—and either forgetting the frequent calls of their ghostly attendant, or not recognising the tramp of the particular boots,—called out to know who it was that was pacing up and down so noisily and unceremoniously (certainly no gliding phantom, no stilly spectre). Thinking it might be some masculine guest waiting to see her brother—"Who are you? what are you doing there?" demanded the lady. "What is that to you?" in gruff tones, and in sturdy Anglo-Saxon, responded the Bloomer hobgoblin, the restless Spanish nun, trotting up and down as fidgetingly as before. The phantom seemed to be a good linguist, considering the times she was born in. This reply, to the uninitiated, would not appear to have much of a supernatural savour about it; and yet the lady who lived in this haunted house, and who knew much concerning the customs, manners, and habits of these shadowy gentry, immediately knew and felt it was the fair and booted Bloomer who

gave her this not perfectly-well-bred answer. She stole gently to the window; by the last faint rays of twilight she beheld the veiled Spaniard, and saw her stride out of the court, of course into nothing—empty space, mere air, with steps like those of a stalwart grenadier in a passion. This, I believe, was the only time she ever had been known to open her lips, and certainly if she could not speak more prettily, she had better not speak at all. I think it was *un peu fort* her answering the poor lady, who asked a civil question, as she did. "What was it to her," indeed, if ghosts and sheeted spectres, outlandish ghosts, too, booted and perhaps spurred, were marching about within a bowshot of her armchair and quiet little work-table,—stumping savagely, too, as though contemplating throwing a boot-jack at her head? "What was it to her," if all manner of raw-heads and bloody-bones, under cover of huge untranspicuous, cambric handkerchiefs, or a small table-cloth of a veil, were stumping about thus, like horrible sentinels, keeping a deadly sort of guard over her? The answer was decidedly unpolished, and if the boots were no better, the best present the fair lady could make to this first of the Bloomers to propitiate her

favour, would be a bottle of Warren's patent blacking. Altogether methinks this vision is an odious one, and offers a bad example to all respectable apparitions. What Tomboys must the novices have been in that convent! I marvel if the Lady Prioress wore spatter-dashes. Did Sister Agnes smoke? Did Sister Louise whistle? Did Sister Monica play at cricket? or the hoydenish Sister Seraphine scrape the fiddle? Did the spotless vestals affect moustachios? And did the lay sisters lay bets, sport cut-aways and wide-awakes, and ride steeple-chases? *Au reste,* a genteel seminary for ghosts of the female sex seems desirable at Spanish Town, to teach them the manners of civilised society. Ghosts are called by the negroes in Jamaica "Duppies;" and it appears, according to some accounts we heard, there is a very dense population of them in the island. I know not if here it is considered, as I have heard it is in bonny Scotland, as respectable a thing to keep a ghost, as to keep a gig is thought to be in some other places, but such a fast ghost as our Spanish friend could hardly be a voucher for respectability or gentility anywhere. I'm not fond of goblins in general, but a family-spectre *does*

convey rather a genteel idea, and vouches for the antiquity of the House, like an old family-coach, or a mighty silver punch-bowl. You cannot engage a ghost as you do a butler, or a second housemaid, any more than you could give it warning and discharge it, notwithstanding the many warnings it may give you.

We paid a visit during the time we were staying at Kingston to the new prison there. It is extensive, and apparently well built, and, I am sorry to say, was crowded. The system and treatment of those incarcerated there seemed to be perfect in every respect save one, and this, though it is commonly the case in the mother-country too, I cannot ever bring myself to regard otherwise than with feelings of very strong disapprobation. I allude to the way so much in vogue now, in which the criminals are all but pampered in their food; in fact, better fed than by far the greater part of the honest, industrious, working classes in England. We saw the bill of fare of the inmates of the prison for that day,—the profusion and variety were remarkable. It would, of course, be very wrong to starve or even to stint the prisoners, but without doing that, methinks their fare should be of the humblest and

homeliest description, such as should not make so wide a difference on the wrong side between virtuous, industrious poverty, and known and recognised vice and criminality. Among the prisoners we observed some blacks, of remarkably repulsive and ferocious aspect, having rather a foreign dress and air; and on our friend, Doctor S——, asking the gentleman who was courteously conducting us round the building, who these extraordinarily savage-looking men were, he was informed they were "Emancipados" from Cuba, and the gentleman added, that they were by far the most hardened, irreclaimable, and desperate men in the prison, and that the greater part of the criminals was almost invariably composed of these "emancipados." I must now explain a little what they are. They are slaves imported illegally from Africa, rescued and pronounced to be free by the "Court of the Mixed Commission" at the Havana, to whose adjudication these matters by agreement are submitted. These freed negroes are then apprenticed to certain families, who are to teach them a trade, protect them, &c. Five years, I believe, is the time their apprenticeship is understood to last; but this system in the Havana is said to be

the fertile source of frightful abuses—they are seldom or never properly taught any trade, frequently not the slightest attention is paid to this part of the stipulation; moreover they are continually under-fed and over-worked, and treated even worse than the commonest slaves in the regular employ of their masters, for it is too often the sole object of the heartless persons to whose charge they have been committed, to get as much labour out of the poor wretches as possible, without any consideration as to their future value, strength, or capabilities, as in the case of regular slaves. When the proper expiration of the period of their apprenticeship arrives, their slavery (for such in real fact it is) continues frequently, and it is said that instances are perpetually occurring where "emancipados" are retained for fifteen or twenty years, and not unfrequently all their lives; sometimes instead of being taught a trade by which to support themselves when delivered from this intolerable bondage, this literally *worse* than slavery,—they are employed as common porters and water-carriers—in fact, used more like beasts of burden than human beings. It will readily be imagined, that under such circumstances their moral and religious instruction

is totally neglected; can we wonder, then, at the result? Smarting under a sense of ill-usage, unable when their tardy freedom is acquired, if it is ever attained, to obtain their livelihood by honest means, destitute of all principles and faith, and by nature endowed with violent passions, they become the most savage of all barbarians, the most lawless of all the lawless. Of course, I do not pretend to answer for the correctness of these statements. I repeat what I was told, but I fear this is substantially true. One fact appears indubitably certain, the "emancipados" from Cuba are the most hardened and hopeless of criminals; and, assuredly if they are neglected and ill-used, as it is reported they are, it is not extraordinary they should be so. When the human mind is not allowed a rightful and salutary developement, it is tolerably certain in many cases to become a monstrous abortion. It cannot be a void and a vacuum. In the uncultivated mind, the thorns and thistles of a corrupt nature will spring up with unchecked and fatal luxuriance, for some growth, good or evil, there must be; you cannot fetter the soul as you can the limbs,—you cannot check that as you can even the purely intellectual faculties, by leaving

the mental being in crass ignorance and benighted dulness. In proportion as you leave the mind a waste, you are encouraging the growth of loathsome weeds, whose rank profusion can only be checked by a counter-growth of healthy and proper production. Those who follow an opposite course are raising up monsters, whom later they could not change, improve, or control, if they would; and they are sowing, unintentionally, a most hideous crop of abominations and of crimes. The prison at Kingston appeared to abound in exemplifications of this truth, and pity was mingled with the irrepressible shudder of abhorrence with which one glanced at the murderous-looking "emancipados," as with sullen ferocity they stalked to and fro like caged tigers, with countenances from whose expression every faintest indication of goodness seemed irrevocably banished.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MANGOES,

&c. &c.

Among the most popular fruits of fruit-abounding Jamaica are the mangoes, which appear to be universal favourites, whether at the table of the rich white Creole (if such a phenomenon exists still, we may add, in poor unfortunate Jamaica), or on the board of the negro peasant. The mango, though now to be met with in the most liberal profusion there, is not a native, and is, in fact, a rather recently-introduced stranger in Jamaica. The best of the different kinds of mangoes are those that are distinguished by the denomination or sobriquet of "No. 11." These are good, though I own my individual taste inclines not much to any of the numerous tribe, which appear to me rather insipid. The mango-tree is a very handsome one;

you may see it generally at Jamaica rearing its stately, conical, compact head, beside every habitation, lofty or lowly. Its crown of feathered foliage affords an excellent shelter against the burning sun of these regions, as it is remarkably thick and dark. This is indeed altogether a superb tree, of massive frame and of imposing proportions.

Besides the fruit of the mango, Jamaica fruits are the banana, aguacate, bread-fruit (like the mango, a naturalised foreigner), cocoa-nut, plantain, an exquisite mellow fig, pine-apple, cachew, papaw, custard-apple, orange, lime, lemon, mammea, naseberry, (*nispero* of the Spaniards,) grape, pomegranate, guava, sour-sop, shaddock, olive, tamarind, plum, melon, walnut, chestnut, mulberry, date, citron, passion-flower fruit, apples and pears in the higher parts, and many others. There is a perpetual banquet of different kinds of fruit all the year round, presented at Jamaica to the lovers of those exquisite and simple articles of food. Some spices also are in perfection during the whole year, and the vegetables are as luxuriant and diversified and lasting as the fruit. Vegetarians would find this a very desirable place of residence, as

far as their palates are concerned. There is abundance of almost every kind of vegetable, such as yams, potatoes, beans, and peas of every imaginable variety, cassava, artichokes, beet-root, parsnips, carrots, tomatoes and cucumbers, celery, radishes, okra, choca, Indian kale, calalue, Lima beans, different kinds of lettuces, &c. for salads; cabbages, some growing on trees two hundred feet high; sweet potatoes, and various others.

Jamaica produces in abundance liquorice-root, castor-oil nuts, spikenard, canella, aloes, peppers, vanilla, ginger, arrow-root, ipecacuanha, cassia, scammony, jalap, senna, euphorbia, &c.; and every thing, in short, attests the almost incomparable fruitfulness of the climate and the soil. The chief staples grown by the planters are sugar, indigo, coffee, cocoa, and cotton, which has latterly excited much interest, and created many expectations. The unfortunate condition of the planters lately is too well known for me to enlarge upon; that something should be done to assist them is almost universally conceded; but the question is, what to do; and perhaps the difficulty will be how to do what is considered desirable. It seems hopeless that they should get remunera-

tion for sugar cultivation (with the powerful rivalry of Cuba and the Brazils), till, for annihilated slave-labour, abundant free-labour can be substituted by means of a largely increased immigration from Africa. A really very considerable immigration might happily be substituted for the abolished coercion of the scourge and lash. The natural craving for sufficient sustenance, the forcible appeals of hunger, would doubtless do much; and inducements to labour, formerly applied to the shoulders and back, might, perhaps, be successfully thus transferred to the digestive apparatus. In short, the want of the indispensable quantum of nourishment might in that event act as a spur to the idle, indifferent, native negroes, who, it is said, cannot be roused to much or continuous labour without some very strong stimulus. Some contend that there are two, or were two, means equally promising—a large African immigration, or the maintenance of a differential duty, by which the foreign slave-trade might have been checked and arrested, and slavery finally annihilated. There seems a glimmer of hope just now for the planters of Jamaica, if the Emperor of Brazil should continue faithful to what he has lately agreed to do; but if

these imperial promises are broken, what step remains to them? With respect to an extensive African immigration, some persons oppose it on the grounds that it would, or might, lead to a sort of spurious and disguised slavery; they conscientiously believe this without doubt, but it seems an absurd and irrational suspicion. Slavery never again can rear his monster head under the British sceptre. We should do an incalculable amount of good to the Africans by this measure, and a signal service, indeed, to our long-suffering, much-injured countrymen in Jamaica.

When looking on the beauty and fertility of this enchanting island, we cannot but bestow a passing thought on its unfortunate aboriginal possessors—the poor Indians, whose race is extinct, whose trace is obliterated, whose very bones seem to have been spirited away. The island, on its first discovery, was said to be very thickly peopled with these Indians. In about fifty years, not a single one remained in existence; their treatment by the old Spaniards was barbarous in the extreme. Las Casas tells us, in speaking of it, that they hung the wretched and blameless aborigines by dozens at a time, "in honour of the

Apostles: I have beheld them throw the Indian infants to their dogs: I have heard the Spaniards borrow the limb of a human being to feed their dogs, and next day return a quarter to the lender!" On one of the islets which stud that deep and ample bay, designated "The Old Harbour," once resided a generous-minded Cacique, who proposed to Columbus to accompany him to his distant European home, that he might see the wondrous country of the honoured stranger, of which he had heard so many marvels; thus evincing a noble trust and confidence in Columbus, which *he*, indeed, individually fully merited, but which too few of his comrades and associates deserved. In those vanished days, how gaily glittered the brightly-stained and many-figured canoes of the happy Indians, as they shot lightly into the smooth and lustrous bay from the sheltered coves and among the flowery and embowered islets! How brilliant, yet how natural and simple, was the scene! how touching was the graceful and unpremeditated homage accorded to the glorious discoverer of a world by the high-hearted chieftain I have alluded to, that generous chieftain heading a gallant procession to meet him, while the superbly decorated canoes came on in regular

lines, and in the most admirable order! The chief, with his lofty and princely brow, surmounted by a tiara, had his throat encircled by a costly necklace, and his waist bound by a massy girdle of gold and radiant jewels; the male members of his family were attending upon his state and his dignity, and his dark-eyed daughters, gentle and graceful, smiled at his side; trumpeters and musicians in quaint and curious attire, were playing on tabors and on trumpets formed of ebony; and in the Cacique's barge appeared the standard-bearer, placed at the prow, adorned with a sweeping robe of variegated and glossy feathers, and upholding a stainless banner of snowy white that streamed upon the gentle breeze. Little did the chief actors in those brilliant scenes foresee what terrible, what unparalleled misery, the sway of the lofty stranger they greeted with such unsuspecting warmth, such unhesitating and unaffected hospitality, should bring upon their devoted country and race. The island was called Xaymaca by the aboriginal inhabitants, signifying an abundance of wood and water; Columbus named it San Iago, in honour of the patron saint of his adopted country.

The Guinea-grass grows with extraordinary

luxuriance in the island; this succulent grass is of almost indispensable importance in feeding the cattle. This grass, we were told, was originally quite accidentally brought here (from Africa, if I remember rightly), and as accidentally, or at any rate carelessly planted,—I believe, indeed, that, thrown away, it planted itself,—when, to the surprise of the person who had received it, either wrapped around, or packed up with some other plant considered far more valuable, it proved itself what it is now universally admitted to be. The prettiest thing we saw in Jamaica was the Bog Walk (Bocâgua, a sluice), a truly magnificent gorge, through whose exceedingly lovely scenery flows the beautiful river Cobre, formed by the union of the Negro River with the Rio d'Oro. Through this splendid gorge the road runs for perhaps four miles, following the course of the river, and disclosing at every turn some new indescribable enchantment, some additional charm of exquisite beauty. The scenery is not only beautiful, it is extremely wild, and bold, and striking. Here and there the rocks, whose diversified forms were in themselves a source of admiration, rose abruptly to a considerable height on each side,

merely leaving room for the bright and bubbling river that came dashing along like a sheet of liquid lapis lazuli. In some places the mountainous banks were clothed with forests of majestic trees, without that profuse growth of underwood so common in those regions, and there the depths of the shadowy solitudes appeared bared to the searching gaze; fairy islets every now and then interposed their delicate and ineffectual barriers against the impetuous forward course and career of the glittering stream, among which some looked like colossal crowns laid upon the bosom of the blue waters, from their being superbly decorated with the vast and magnificent ostrich-feather-like waving branches of the beautiful bamboo. Among all the trees I saw there, however, none appeared to me so beautiful as the bread-fruit tree, whose superb leaves of enormous size, so exquisitely indented and cut, as it were, into rich patterns, had a magical effect displayed in all their exquisite outline against the clear azure sky. The papaw is, *selon moi*, a still more beautiful tree; but I do not remember to have seen any of these in the Bog Walk. By the way, the fruit of the latter has the singular property of making

tough meat tender, if a few drops of its juice are squeezed upon it. A very remarkable rock, called, I believe, "Gibraltar," upraises its towering form in one part of this beautiful gorge, on the opposite side of the river Cobre, from the road; it rears its great height in absolute perpendicularity nearly six hundred feet from the brink of the river. In the little clefts and openings of this vast limestone rock grow various slight and delicate fan-palms, the light crest of one, perhaps, fluttering in the soft breeze against the root of its near, but more exalted neighbour. When the rains here have been extraordinarily violent and continuous, it is asserted that a glorious cataract spouts from the very top of this elevated rock, scattering away into flashing clouds of spray and feathery mist ere it arrives at the rushing and remote stream beneath. Could I have seen this, it would almost have made up to me for the loss and disappointment I had in failing to see the famed cataract of Tequendama, near Bogota (which I had been prevented going to see shortly before my visit to Jamaica), where the water shoots from a dizzy height, amid dazzling masses of snow in the winter time, and *falls into* embowering clusters

of roses, where humming-birds are disporting gaily in all their brilliant and tropical beauty!

At another part of the Bocâgua, *Anglicè* Bog Walk, there is an old building in a ruined state; we were told, originally inhabited by a Spanish governor of the island. I know not if this worthy haunts the ruin, nor, if he does, whether in a spirit of contradiction to his stumping, creaking, countrywoman, he trips it daintily in white satin pumps, or sports Cinderella's wee glass slippers. "Puss" being in "boots," Grimalkin may choose to don light, broidered brodequins. We passed, in our drive through this splendid gorge, several rather substantial-looking negro houses. One boasted of a particularly beautiful, though small, bread-fruit tree. We stopped to ask if the fruit was ripe, and a civil, cheerful-looking old negro, came bustling out of his comfortable rustic habitation, but told us, "him no live ripe yet;" whereupon ensued one of those amusing conversations between him and Capt. G——, in nigger English, which are so much in favour in these parts. It always amused me to hear the whites most carefully adopting all the inaccuracies and mispronunciations of the blacks when ad-

dressing them — out-Heroding Herod sometimes in the extraordinary patchwork-gibberish they make of their mother-tongue. But for this curious custom, no doubt, long ago, the black gentry would have talked excellent English; but this adoption of all their own most incorrect phraseology was assuredly not the way to encourage them in acquiring the language properly. However, it is most amusing to hear it, everything that is said having an exquisite effect of comical nonsense, no matter how wise or grave the theme and discourse may be. How it ever began I cannot imagine. It could hardly be, one should think, that the negroes understood better when spoken to thus, than if in right and proper language. We should not think we made a Frenchman, with but a slight smattering of English, comprehend more easily our "hissing guttural," if we told him, "I dink dough dat dis dick dem of mine is doroughly cut droo dus dere, dankye;" or a German, if we remarked to him, "de beebles is braying;" neither do we think it necessary, when we address a Cockney, to say, mayhap, "It vould be werry wile o' them vicked wipers

to vatch us verever ve valk or vander," and so forth; and we certainly do not adopt the peculiar grammatical views of the gentleman who may ask us, if "nobody's not nohow seen never a nothing of no hat now, nowise hung up nowheres on none of those here pegs?" Why, then, are we to ask Quashy "if him go dat way, hearee?" or, "if him walk off dat buckra's book which lived on table?" &c. Of course, in the House of Assembly this practice is foregone (as it is naturally among all the well-educated blacks), otherwise it would have a curious effect to hear a white member asking his honourable black friend, "if him not knows why dat ar buckra t'other side,—who didn't talkee-talkee clar nuff out,—wantee to make dat ar change for,—hearee?" *Apropos* of "Quashy," I have lately learned, what I never before knew, and what, perhaps, my reader by chance may not guess, either, that this common negro name, "Quashy," means Sunday, and that it is a very usual practice to name both negroes and negresses after the different days in the week, the female name taking a feminine termination: thus, Sunday, Quáshe becomes Quásheba, and Thursday, Quamin, is turned into Mimba; the affix "ba," it is

said, is a mark of the feminine gender, while the prefix "Qua" is, though not so indispensably, the masculine distinction. There are slight indications here of a language of some regularity of construction.

The mosquitoes did not torment us so much at Jamaica as at the Havana, though it was at a very hot time of the year we were in the island. The winged creatures which seemed to swarm there the most, especially in the evening, around the numerous candles in the drawing-rooms at King's House, were moths—those true "children of burnt grandfathers." They collected in immense numbers inside the glass candle-shades, used there on account of the many open windows to admit cool breezes, where they soon fell, fluttering, to die the death of the scorched, poor things. It was really pitiable to see them.

Two negro gentlemen, members of the House of Assembly, dined at King's House one night while we were there, at a grand dinner given by the Governor. I was introduced to them, but in the crowd saw but little of them. I did not sit near them at dinner, and altogether could form but a slight opinion of their manners and

demeanour, but they appeared to be gentlemanlike and quiet, and not much, if at all, different from other people. A little while ago the captain of an American steamer gave a grand banquet on board his ship, and all the editors of the island were to be invited. The day arrived, and the guests made their appearance; but imagine the surprise of the captain, who was new to the customs of Jamaica, so different from those of even the free states of his own country, when two sable-complexioned editors made their appearance amongst the rest. The prejudices and opinions of the Americans must be well taken into account before the utter dismay and horror of the good captain can be comprehended and appreciated. However, there was nothing to be done but to submit to his dark destiny. He could not discard his own invited guests, so he made up his mind, shook the dusky hands graciously that were presented to him, and found the two *very* inky editors pleasing, well-informed, and well-conducted men. Even in repeating this tale to me (we came in his steamer from Chagres), the captain, who was an agreeable and gentleman-like person, could hardly repress a slight

shudder of horror. I was told afterwards, at Jamaica, another circumstance relating to this very dinner, that, recollecting the dismay the editorial coloured presence had caused, rather amused me. Mystification and perplexities were evidently the order of the day. The guests, on arriving at the steamer, were, it appears, first received by the steward, who shook hands with each guest in the most free-and-easy manner. This, in America, I suppose, would be nothing out of the way; but here it was as much opposed to all existing etiquette as it would be in England. It seems, probable, therefore, that the coloured gentlemen were as much surprised at this, as their host was afterwards at themselves. What would the white steward think, if he was told these black guests thought shaking hands with him was a condescension on their parts? I had an interview with one of these negro editors some little time after, respecting some literary business, and found him a sensible and highly-intelligent person. I believe his paper is one of the best-conducted in Jamaica, free from the violence of party rancour and the vulgarity of personal abuse, which, from what I have heard, cannot be said of all the papers

in the island. I believe this gentleman is also a member of the House of Assembly. Of course, as I remarked before, in addressing these well-educated gentlemen, nobody could ever dream for a moment of using that absurd broken English in which they speak to their poorer brethren. So, when education progresses among the black population, I suppose this ridiculous custom will die a natural death. Why, because a man has a black skin he is supposed to be incapable of pronouncing certain words, or putting together two consecutive sentences correctly, I cannot really see. This very inadequate cause reminds me a little of a good dear old nurse of ours, who was wont to set down all her little accidental grammatical inaccuracies, and provincialisms, and sins of articulation, and grievous mispronunciations occasionally, to the rather premature loss of certain teeth, for whose early departure she mourned with a touching and constant grief. If she informed us that she "had seed them there rubbishing" (pronounced "rubbaging") "people quite permiscuous," meaning she had met by accident some worthy clodhoppers peradventure, whom she was wont constantly to designate in this highly-disrespectful manner, her pert

charges, with grief I confess it, were sure to take her to task laughingly — "*Them there* again! You positively mustn't say *them there*, nor *rubbaging people!* It's really wrong to say *that*, you know, Giffy."

"Well, my dear, I dussay it's wrong; but you know it all comes from the loss of them there unlucky teeth"—(pointing with a sad expression of countenance to her mouth). "Laws! There now, if ye 're not all off in *his stirrups* (hysterics) agin! What *can* you be a laughing at?" Neat, and conducted on economical principles should have been the nursery in those days, for among other peculiarities this good creature, I remember, used to drain off all the heel-taps of senna tea and castor oil left on occasions by fastidious juveniles, "cos why, it's a crying shame to waste 'em — such good stuff as them are. Ah! now, my little ladies, you've supped up all the broth, cos you like *them* better," (broth was *they* in those times); in the meantime, while she dispatched those pleasing duties, one of the nursery-maids, not to be behind-hand, took it magnanimously on herself to devour incontinently all biscuits, cake, fruit, bon-bons, and such trash, that

we had borne in surreptitious triumph to our apartments, conscientiously, she said, that there should not be a *litter!*

One day, that very darling old nurse of ours (the best creature that ever lived she was, and very dear to us), brought us a letter to look over, that she had been writing, on matters of importance, to a distant daughter, and that she was anxious should be quite correct. We began the epistle,—"My dear Ellen. You are the best jug,——" (judge)

"Why, Giffy, this will never do; in this letter, you see, you call your daughter a jug."

"Ah, my dear," with a deep sigh, "it *is* purwoking, but it's all along of them teeth!"

I have alluded to the superstitious notions of the coloured natives of Jamaica. We heard of one gentleman who won the hearts of his black servants by keeping a select society of bogeys at bay with a good horsewhip. When he left the place, a deputation of negroes waited on him to request respectfully he would leave the "Duppy whip" behind, convinced that to lay well about them was the best way to lay these restless spirits; — these troublesome, uneasy customers.

CHAPTER XXX.

PINGUINS,

&c. &c.

THIS plant is met with in great profusion in Jamaica. The hedges are generally made of it; and it is so like the pine-apple, that strangers in the island have been led into the mistake occasionally of thinking they have pine-apple hedges in common use there. We fell at first into this error. This, however, is when it is not in flower or fruit. In March, when it is flowering, it is said to be very beautiful, the leaves in the middle being of an extremely bright and glowing scarlet, and the large spike of the blossom of an exquisitely tender rosy-tinted white, like that of a blush-rose. Afterwards the place of this is filled by a head of woody and hard capsules, not joined in a rich compound fruit, as in its likeness, the pine-apple, but distinct, although

crowded closely together. A sharp acid juice is contained in this, which it is not wholesome to imbibe much of, but is found agreeable and refreshing to moisten the palate and lips with. The pinguin (*Bromelia pinguin*) is far stronger and more adapted for offensive and defensive purposes than the pine-apple, being actually quite impenetrable, and provided with keen natural weapons, and, consequently, it is a very favourite fence here. The edges of the lengthy leaves are set with excessively sharp recurved spines, and would leave very ugly marks on any rash intruder who should venture to encroach where they are appointed to keep away all trespassers.

I should like much to have seen, while in the island, a singular kind of little dog, which I have heard of since as being a variety of the aboriginal dog the "Alco." As these little woolly dogs are called Mexican mopsies, I imagine they are commonly to be met with in Mexico (in the mountainous regions, I believe), but I was not aware of it when there. From what I hear of it, it must something resemble those little bosom-companions of the Peruvian ladies, those charming little minute lap-dogs they carry in the folds of their saya-

y-mantos and shawls. It is supposed that these little domesticated dogs, in old times, were so much beloved by the aboriginal natives of the place, that wherever they went they carried them with them on their shoulders, or nestled in their bosoms. In Hayti, it is said, that in the remotest caverns, far among solitary rocks, concealed in the mountain-heights, wherever the bones of the poor aborigines are found (who fled there in hopes to elude the pursuit of their remorseless conquerors, and at least to die free), there also are found the bones of their faithful and cherished little dogs. The "gasques" of Garcilasso and Peres, and the "goschis" of Charlevoix, which they spoke of as a dog absolutely mute and of small size, with soft, downy, or silken hair of divers, and frequently of bright colours, possessed by the inhabitants of St. Domingo and of the adjacent islands, (which they constantly employed in the chase of nearly their only quadruped, the agouti, before the discovery and conquest of their country by the Spaniards,) was a dog belonging to this same "alco" breed. The race of these dogs in the island is extinct.

No one who has not been in the tropics

can imagine the beauty of some of the peasants' villages here. This beauty depends not, certainly, on the architectural pretensions of any of the buildings—they are far from being model cottages—they have neither Elizabethan decorations nor rustic adornments, though the simplicity that characterises them agrees better with the scenery that surrounds them. It is that scenery and the adjuncts that form the charm. The houses, themselves, are rudely built of a sort of wattle or hurdle-work, and thatched over with palm-leaves or boughs. But the trees that embower them are worthy of kingly residences, and make them look altogether like a little Eden of beauty and enchantment. There you may see the glorious papaw, the bread-fruit tree, the calabash tree, with its useful product, the akee, perhaps (lately introduced from Africa), the avocada, or aguacate pear, the cocoa-nut tree, and others.

The fire-flies in Jamaica are lovely, though, as far as I saw, I did not think them nearly so numerous nor so brilliant as in the Isthmus of Panama; however, they are splendid notwithstanding that. The light they cast is sometimes extremely vivid and almost

dazzling. It is related that the aboriginal inhabitants of Hispaniola, at the period of the first discovery, were frequently in the habit of fastening one of the glow-flies (this is a kind of beetle, the family *Elateridæ*) to the extremities of each of their feet, in order that they might afford them light when they journeyed by night through the dense masses of the forests; and this appears by no means an unlikely circumstance. A couple of these little natural lamps would cast a considerable degree of luminosity around the wayfarer's footsteps; and if their light faded for a while, in consequence of the insect's withdrawing its radiance, which it is said it can do at will, they could readily supply its place by a freshly-caught one, since they abound on all sides in their gay splendour in these solitudes. It is said to be certainly ascertained that this fire-beetle, which some have called glow-fly, feeds upon the sugar-cane; and if the larva also do so, as it is xylophagous, this insect must do considerable mischief to the planter, taking into account the immense numbers, which in glittering swarms at particular seasons, are seen illuminating the fields of the sugar-plantation nightly. It must,

I think, have been this kind of phosphorescent beetle, the glow-fly (*Pyrophorus noctilucus*), or something of the same species, of which we saw a magnificent specimen at Panama. In that instance, with a brilliant light of candles in the room, it emitted a resplendent lustre. The sparkling light from the two oval tubercles upon the dorsal surface of the thorax was like the radiance of two rich starry diamonds, and seen even through a muslin covering, it shed a beautiful and distinct illumination around it. The colour of the light, as far as I can recollect, was rich, and a very golden green. The creature subsequently flew up to the top of the lofty room, and lit up the rafters (for the roofs, in Panama houses, are unceiled), with a brilliant vivid glow for some space around it. This fire-beetle with its blaze of lustre was a pre-eminently beautiful object. Mr. Gosse, in his interesting book, says, "In a dark room, *pitch* dark, this insect gives so much illumination as to cast a definite shadow of any object on the opposite wall; and when held two inches from a book, the whole line may be read *without moving it.*"

The same gentleman indignantly, and with

great truth, denies some of the commonplace, inconsiderate generalisations, which people are ordinarily fond of indulging in, without being able or willing to verify them by individual investigation, or to substantiate them by industriously-prosecuted inquiries. I allude to the constant repetition of the accusations brought against tropical flowers and birds, declaring the one not to be musical, and the other not to be fragrant. I cannot agree, for one, in this sweeping censure. Many of the tropical flowers are delicious in scent, and some of the tropical birds possess mellifluous voices, as well as dazzling and refulgent plumage. I would instance, first and foremost, the matchless mocking-bird—the most perfect of all plumaged musicians—capable of copying every songster to the very life, but all inimitable himself; his own especial song being the most extraordinarily rich gush of glorious melody that it is possible to conceive pouring from a bird's throat. There are such numbers of these exquisite mocking-birds in Jamaica, and their songs have such marvellous variety, and they are so indefatigably industrious in showering abroad their gushing souls of music, that it is said, if all the other Jamaica

birds were dumb, the pleasure-grounds, the plantations, and woods, would loudly resound with the enchanting harmony of this incomparable song—and no monotony could be complained of,—for the inexhaustible variety, as well as the thrilling, overburdening ecstacy of their melodious chant, would suffice to please the most fastidious auditor. The voice of the charming mocking-bird, it is said, can be heard at all seasons of the year, even when all his feathered companions are mute; and throughout the whole day—in short, by night and by day—he sings as though he would sing his very soul away, and expire in volumes of melody; thus exhaling that little ardent spirit to the skies, where his rapturous notes appear to ascend. The brilliant "mountain witch" sings sweetly; and the wood-thrush is thought by some to be a rival even to the all-delightful mocking-bird. The banana-bird is known to sing very melodiously. The white-eyed fly-catcher, too, has a pleasing voice, although variable, sometimes his notes being rather shrill and sharp. The solitaire, a mysterious melodist, is said to be a charming singer; his solemn tones appearing like the slow sacred sounds of some sweet psalm. Then there is the glass-eyed merle, that has

a beautiful voice; the black shrike, the pea-dove (*Zenaida amabilis*), among the vast number of wild doves here, the one that has the tenderest note; the tichicro, the red-eyed flycatcher (which calls "John to whip"), blue quits, and various others. One of the most interesting of all these winged harmonists is perhaps the exceedingly minute vervain humming-bird, about the size of a honey-bee, which utters a delicious little song, whose delicate sound seems breathed forth by some floating spirit of the air—some elfin minstrel, whose soft and exquisitely-attenuated song can hardly be caught or thoroughly appreciated by our gross mortal senses. If you look carefully around, you may chance, on the very highest branch of some golden-fruited orange-tree, to mark the infinitesimally small musician, whose little starry and burnished throat is quaking and quivering with the vehement exertions he is making, while his delicate beak is wide open, and his whole tiny frame is agitated with that ecstatic strife of song, as if he would die in his musical rage and rapture.

The blue martins have a rather sharp, but

not unpleasing note; the "hopping dick" (*Merula leucogenys*) is a charming songster; the cotton-tree sparrows waken the echoes with mellifluous calls, clear and ringing; and the swallows, too, twitter melodiously. As for sweetly-cooing doves, their name is legion, and they make the woods, the mangrove-swamps, the lowlands, and the hill-forests vocal with their pathetic music.

Among the multitudes of flowers is the humble wild coffee (*Tetramerium odoratissimum*), which, common and lowly as it is, is nearly as sweet and as pretty as the deliciously-fragrant and delicately-lovely cultivated species. But when the orange and citron-trees are in flower, they overpower almost all other scents. The Spanish jessamine is exquisitely odoriferous, and the night-blowing cereus, and some of the orchidaceous plants, have a sweet perfume also; among others, the *Epidendrum fragrans*. However, altogether, I should think Cuba surpasses Jamaica in her flowery wealth and splendour.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OLD JUAN,

&c. &c.

When we visited the Havana for the second time, a very unpleasant surprise awaited me on the morning of my arrival. The steamer in which we were had just anchored in the noble harbour, when a letter was brought to me which contained the unpleasant news that almost all the goods and chattels I had left behind me at the British Consulate in the Havana had been stolen a day or two before. The circumstances under which this robbery was effected were exceedingly shocking; and I was so horror-struck at the details, that I could not for some time dwell upon my own loss. The British Consulate at that time was uninhabited save by an old negro porter, who had been for a very long time in the service of the

English Consul at the Havana. (The actual Consul was then in England, and the acting Consul, *pro tem.*, lived at a villa in the Cerro, a little distance from the town.) It appeared that this poor old porter had been in the habit of allowing—doubtless for a pecuniary consideration—a number of negroes to come and play at *monté*, a strictly forbidden game of cards at the Havana, in the uninhabited, desolate chambers of the Consulate, at night. It appears probable, from various suspicious circumstances, afterwards discovered, that for some time previous to the event these negroes—reckless and desperate characters as too many of them are at the Havana—had entertained evil intentions of robbing the Consulate, and, it was supposed, had vainly endeavoured to persuade the unfortunate old slave to join them in their nefarious designs; but this proposition old Juan (the name of the negro porter) was too honest to agree to, although he had suffered himself to be tempted by a reward to permit them to meet in the Consulate for the purpose of playing at an illegal game; for which he was, of course, very greatly to blame. No doubt they attempted to shake his honest determination by every

means in their power, and when they found they could not succeed in overcoming the virtuous scruples of the old man, they resolved on murdering him. That they had threatened to kill him if he continued to refuse to co-operate with them in their wicked project I have reason for supposing, from what I subsequently heard. I am sorry to say that I was told it was thought that the circumstance of my having left two large trunks in the Consulate was one cause of the melancholy catastrophe: Rumour with her thousand tongues had magnified the trinkets I had left in one of the trunks into diamonds of inestimable value. These exaggerated reports inflamed their eager desire for gain into an ungovernable longing. Besides the treasures they expected to find in the trunks, they hoped to possess themselves of an immense sum that they believed was in the Consulate: they were disappointed in both. As to the diamonds, there were none; although there were a few trinkets: among others, some beautiful in themselves and incalculably precious to us, from their having been given to V—— by Her Majesty. I cannot forgive myself for having taken them abroad with me at all, though I certainly thought them as safe in

the British Consulate at Havana as if they were left in the Bank of England. Most fortunately, a pearl necklace given by the same illustrious personage had been left at home. The rumour so far was right, inasmuch as these trunks contained the few valuables I had brought with me from England (and some supernumerary articles of dress), because I was afraid of taking anything but absolutely indispensable necessaries with me across the Isthmus, having heard that robberies were frequent there, and indeed thinking generally, when travelling, that where even the very slightest danger of the sort is to be apprehended, it is better not to have anything valuable with one.

Little did I think how strangely this natural precaution would be defeated in its end. As it happened, we lost nothing whatever in crossing the Isthmus; but then it must be remembered how carefully we avoided having anything that could tempt a thief, or at all repay him for the trouble and risk attendant on committing a robbery. It appears that, on the night of the cruel murder of poor old Juan, the hardened wretches who secretly frequented the Consulate had been playing

at monté as usual, probably to deceive him as to their ultimate intentions, till it was too late for him to give the alarm, and till no passers-by were hurrying through the street in which the house was. The *sereno* (watchman), to be sure, would be pacing his stated rounds every half hour; but they well knew they could dispatch the old man in one of the intervals between his visits; and no doubt they did so. From various circumstances, the way in which the execution of this horrid crime was carried out appeared to be thus. When it was very late, they either called their unconscious, devoted victim, or he himself, as they expected, spontaneously proceeded, to the gloomy back room where they were engaged at their game; one or more of their number, concealed in a sort of antechamber that led into this apartment, then issued slowly and cautiously forth, coming behind the poor doomed old man, and just as his weak, tottering footsteps (he was above eighty years of age) had brought him near the door of the room where the rest of the vile gang were assembled, they seized him, threw a large sack over his head, and barbarously murdered him — so barbarously, that the surgeons who

were called in on the following morning to ascertain if life was quite extinct declared they had never beheld in their lives such awful and horrible wounds. The monsters had stabbed the wretched old man all round the body, burying their sharp long knives so deeply that they nearly passed entirely through —in fact, he was almost cut in two. We may hope that he must have died nearly instantaneously: so far their savage fury was mercy. Leaving him with his head and shoulders still enveloped in the huge sack, they proceeded up stairs, and began ransacking the house. They attempted in vain to open the great strong box of the Consulate, where, I believe, there was a considerable sum of money. It then would appear as though they had tried to drag it away; but all their efforts were futile. They then opened every drawer, turned everything inside out and upside down, visiting our ill-fated trunks with the most inquisitorial severity and rigour. There were some leathern straps buckled tightly over the contents; these they had cut through (not having the patience or the leisure to unfasten them) apparently at one stroke, with their exceedingly sharp knives. Of course, everything in the trunks had been

turned over and thoroughly examined; but they carried off with them hardly anything beside trinkets and one child's dress. One could not help rejoicing over several evidences of the disappointment they must have undergone. There were some things in one of the trunks that I was afraid might be injured by moths, and I had been strongly recommended in Canada to put a quantity of tarred twine with them. Almost innumerable bits of tarred twine were scattered about in the trunk (for in these hot countries the work of demolition is marvellously rapid, if once an insect gets in, and you must be defended at every point). These pieces were wrapped up in separate bits of paper, twisted round like the end of an alumette. These numerous bits of paper they had severally opened thoroughly, imagining evidently that they contained some treasure—gold dust, or something equally precious—and how bitterly, how charmingly, must they have been disappointed to find in every one a black rough piece of old tarred twine! They seemed, however, to have prosecuted their search most indefatigably. Notwithstanding the bad success that attended their efforts, they appeared to think the tarred twine was a "*ruse*," and that at length they should find the diamonds

or gold dust they were so eagerly seeking for: they thus had diligently opened every one of these rolled up and tightly-twisted bits of paper, which must have detained them a considerable time, taking into account, too, the life-and-death work they were engaged in. I had left some papers and some letters in those trunks. Every cover had been turned inside out; every atom of paper evidently thoroughly examined. It appeared, from several circumstances, as though they had precipitately retreated at last; perhaps from some sudden alarm, or on the appearance of daylight. Nothing of any value did they find (that they could carry off, at least) in the Consulate, except the few trinkets I mentioned, and a gold watch in my large trunk.

It was the Clerk of the Consulate who first discovered the perpetration of the crimes, the horrible murder and the robbery. He came at his usual hour in the morning, and was surprised not to find poor Juan at his post. He ran up stairs and found the most extraordinary confusion everywhere; the ransacked trunks, papers, books, and articles of clothing were lying littered about on all sides: he saw at once what had happened, and, without prosecuting any further search at the time, ran out to call the Vice-consul instantaneously.

He, I believe, was very shortly on the spot, and the two proceeded together to seek for old Juan. At first he was supposed to have been the guilty party. "Ah!" exclaimed the Cuban clerk, "Juan must have robbed the house, and then run away." Poor old Juan, had he attempted to commit this crime, he could not well have run away with the weight of his eighty and odd years besides his booty; but in the hurry and confusion his accuser of the moment thought not of this. At length they went to the room down stairs, where the poor victim had met his dreadful fate. There lay, with the head and shoulders still covered over with the sack, the body of the ill-fated old man, in an immense pool of blood. Life appeared to be quite extinct: however, they hurried off for a surgeon, and to give the alarm. The Vice-consul told me he had never beheld so horrible a sight, and that he felt quite sick and faint for some little time after he had first looked on the hideous and ghastly spectacle. Poor, good old Juan! we had often taken notice of him (the Consulate was next door to the hotel where we were staying), seated in the open air, before the house, in the evening, reading—no small accomplishment for a Cuban slave — enjoying the delicious sea-

breezes, and, lifting his venerable grey head and deep black wrinkled visage, to chat for a moment with some of the passing negroes of his acquaintance. Perhaps we have seen him speaking to the very wretches who murdered him, for subsequently great suspicion was attached to some negroes who lived in the same street. It would be difficult to find a more benevolent and amiable countenance than that of this poor old slave. We were told he was exceedingly pious, and that the little book we so often saw him absorbed in studying was a book of prayers and meditations. The Vice-consul told us, that every evening, when he left the Consulate, he was accustomed to say, "*Buenas noches, Juan, hasta mañana*"—"Good night, John, till to-morrow:" the Spanish way of saying "*au revoir.*" Juan always replied to this with a devout and humble expression, "*Si Dios quiere, Señor*"—"If the Lord pleases, sir:" but on the night of the fatal catastrophe he replied not; he seemed lost in profound thought, and appeared to pay no attention to the parting salutation of the Vice-consul. That gentleman, in mentioning this circumstance to us afterwards, told us that when the frightful assassination was discovered, the trembling clerk remarked to

him, "I observed, sir, that last night Juan omitted his previously invariable answer to your 'Hasta mañana;' he seemed buried in gloomy thought, as though he had a mysterious foreboding of his approaching doom: did you remark it?" "Yes," replied the Vice-consul; "I thought his manner altered and strange." I think, in all probability, this gloom and unwonted taciturnity were the effect of threats, by which the miscreants, in whom the poor old negro had reposed too blind a confidence, had sought to shake his resolution of remaining faithful to his duty and his employers: these menaces were probably then weighing on his mind; and he might, indeed, thus have a very natural foreboding of the dreadful fate that awaited him. It may seem strange that, under these circumstances, the aged porter should again admit the unprincipled gang into the Consulate, and thereby, as it were, once more voluntarily imperil his life by trusting himself in their reckless hands; but probably the awe in which he stood of them made him fearful of offending them: if he actually refused admittance to them in future, he would be certain of drawing down their hate and revengeful fury on his head, and they would find opportunities and means to glut their desperate

vengeance. He might have informed against them, but in doing this, he must have openly acknowledged his own serious fault and culpable weakness. Agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, and distracted by rankling disquietudes, the unhappy old man might well appear pensive, reserved, and overpowered by a burthen of gloomy thoughts. Perhaps, when he neglected to answer the Vice-consul, he was meditating a confession of his own grievous fault, or an accusation against those who had threatened his life; but either a false feeling of honour, that bound him to respect their secret, or a fatal irresolution or hesitation as to the best course to pursue, kept him silent, and his dark doom was accomplished: for that night he once more opened the doors of the Consulate to those villains who had, doubtless, become his tyrants and tormentors, and the melancholy sequel I have already related. A touching circumstance was narrated to me by Mr. Sidney Smith (the Vice-consul). In the afternoon of the day previous to his violent death, old Juan was visited by an ancient contemporary and comrade, an aged negro, whose years at least equalled those of Juan himself. It appeared to have been a very long while since the two old men had met,

and their greetings were very affectionate and friendly. Mr. Smith, sitting as usual in that suffocatingly hot weather—it was the hottest season at the Havana—with doors and windows wide open, near the place where they were talking together, could not possibly avoid hearing the eager conversation of the two hoary octogenarians, which even somewhat disturbed him in his occupation. The touching subject of their conversation was the days of their youth and childhood, which it appears they had passed together. Old Juan, inspired by these animating recollections of the past, talked in the most earnest manner; whatever were the gloomy anticipations or impressions that weighed upon his mind, they vanished before the newly-recalled images and associations of the days of his youth, and anecdote followed anecdote, and reminiscences seemed crowded on reminiscences, as the venerable old pair warmed in their discourse on the subject so interesting to them both. Occasionally exhilarated by their recital of the occurrences of Auld Lang Syne, they gave way to merriment, and bursts of joyous, though cracked, laughter broke on the ear of the patient Vice-consul, who did not like to interrupt the poor old men in their pleasant colloquy. It was late in the evening

when they separated, to meet no more on this side of the grave. Probably after his ancient friend and companion had departed, poor Juan's melancholy perplexities returned upon him with tenfold intensity, for Mr. Smith observed that after this he appeared in a state of the lowest spirits, which he partly attributed to the reaction after such an unwonted flow of gaiety and pleasureable excitement. There is something inexpressibly affecting in the thought that, just before his dreadful death, the poor old man's mind should have been thus filled to overflowing with the beloved thoughts and memories belonging to his childhood: those dear to him, and so long, long ago dead, had appeared once more to him to live; time seemed to roll back on its inexorable course; smiles, vanished years ago from earth, greeted him; voices, silent for so long, sounded in his ears; and soon—how soon!—he was to rejoin those dear ones for ever; time was to be exchanged for eternity, the inexorable hours were no more to reign over him.

Some time afterwards we went to see the chamber where the sad tragedy had taken place: a more gloomy-looking and repulsive place I have seldom seen, setting aside all associations. After crossing the hall of the

Consulate and a passage, leaving on your right the staircase which leads up to the principal rooms, and after going on a little distance, you find on your right hand a door which opens into a most desolate, unfurnished apartment, looking like the most dismal room in a dismal prison. To effect an entrance into this gloomy chamber, you have to clamber up an enormously high stone step, more like a rough rock than a step. At the farther end of this room, on the right side, there is another door, by which this apartment communicates with an inner one, still more gloomy and frowning, and equally unfurnished and desolate. The first chamber is the one where the wretched victim was murdered; the second, the one wherein the negroes were wont to assemble and play their forbidden game of monté.

In the first room we saw poor old Juan's slippers, which were left exactly in the spot where the body was found: in short, they had not been moved at all. From the position of the slippers, and that of the body itself, it was conjectured the ill-fated old man, when seized, had been drawn backward a little way *out* of his slippers, as it were, which were turned in the direction of the door of the inner apart-

ment, to which he was evidently going at the time, either to beg his vile guests to break up their illegal game, or in obedience to some signal from those within. Only a night or two before, a poor English tailor, out of work and in great distress, had been permitted to sleep there; but had been removed abruptly to the hospital, in consequence, I believe, of his being seized with a violent attack of cholera. Whether, if he had remained well, and stayed there, his presence would have proved a source of safety to poor old Juan (for it is supposed the wretches did not assemble in the Consulate while the English tailor slept there), or whether he also would have fallen a victim, it is impossible now to say. As for the poor man himself, he died in the crowded hospital very shortly after his admission there.

We saw at the Consulate the well-thumbed little book of sacred meditation which Juan was so constantly engaged in perusing; probably that very evening he had bent over it, wrapt in pious thought, meekly seeking a balm for his overburthened mind.

I must now mention that the Vice-consul, a little time previously, had himself had a very narrow escape. One evening, having remem-

bered that he had left something at the Consulate which he wanted,—his watch, I think, it was,—he returned there late; in short, at an hour when Juan was usually wrapt in deepest slumber. He knocked loudly and repeatedly, but could not gain admittance. However, as he really wanted the article in question, he resolutely persevered; and, after a considerable lapse of time, Juan appeared quite dressed, with a very bewildered countenance, and visibly trembling and alarmed. "Why, Juan!" exclaimed the Vice-consul, in Spanish, "what are you doing, up and dressed at this time of night?" For he well knew the old negro would not have taken the trouble to attire himself completely, merely to let him in. Juan muttered some unintelligible rejoinder; and on entering, as Mr. Smith glanced hastily round, it was evident the porter had not been in bed at all (he slept in that hall—the "zaguan"). This, together with Juan's strange and unwonted manner, and evident embarrassment, excited some suspicions, naturally enough, in Mr. Smith's mind; and as he was about to proceed up stairs he paused for an instant, and thought he would cast a glance at the two unfurnished and desolate rooms I have pre-

viously described. As he hesitated thus for a moment—while Juan, officiously advancing with the candle, seemed anxious he should ascend the stairs at once,—he thought he caught the glimmer of a light from the door that led to those rooms; he then hesitated no longer, but instantaneously bent his steps in that direction. He sprang up the rugged, rock-like step I mentioned before, and rushed forward to the inner chamber, in which he distinctly saw now there was a light burning. Indeed, when he first entered he saw a black face, with the most horrible and villanous expression, peering cautiously round, to see who it was that was talking to Juan, its owner perhaps thinking the latter had betrayed them. Mr. Smith pursued his way, and reaching the inner room, looked in; there he saw, crouched on the floor, with cards in their hands, a crowd of negroes, so deeply absorbed in their game that the only one who appeared to notice him was the desperate-looking villain who had peeped round the corner before, and who seemed to be on the watch. No sooner did the latter observe the intruder, than he rushed towards the door, calling to his companions, who bounded up like startled tigers from their

lair, and all sprang towards him. Single-handed, and without arms of any kind, it would have been madness to attempt to oppose such numbers of determined-looking villains: the Vice-consul, therefore, wisely resolved on making his escape out of their deadly clutches; but it was with the greatest difficulty he reached the great street-doors of the Consulate. He felt a fierce strong grasp on his shoulder, just as he was about to dart through the door; he extricated himself with a violent effort, and in another moment he was in the street. Poor Juan, overwhelmed with grief, horror, and contrition, afterwards endeavoured to explain to him the circumstances of the case: these men were friends of his, he said; it was an accidental occurrence, and should never happen again, he vowed, if Mr. Smith would pardon him this once. As to the rough treatment, to say the least of it, to which that gentleman appeared likely to have been exposed, had he not succeeded in effecting his escape, Juan was convinced his friends merely desired to detain Mr. Smith in order to exact from him a promise of secrecy—he was *so* certain they would not have hurt a hair of his head. With these

and similar explanations, and the most earnest and pathetic entreaties for forgiveness, joined to promises that nothing of the kind should ever take place again, the poor old man prevailed on the Vice-consul to pardon his serious misdemeanour, and not to repeat what had occurred. I have not the slightest doubt that the poor old porter fully meant to keep his promise; but the rascals whom he had most unfortunately become so intimately associated with, were not thus easily to be shaken off. Probably they turned a deaf ear to all his eager remonstrances, all his agonised entreaties; and against his will the unfortunate old man found himself dragged into a continued course of duplicity and concealment. Very much to blame certainly he was, but there were many extenuating circumstances: his death proved how faithful he was; and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt that he merely allowed the negroes to come to the Consulate in order to play at monté, and beyond that *very* bare accommodation which he thus afforded them (there was scarcely a stick of furniture there!) he had nothing to do with them or their designs. Nay, he would have recoiled

with shuddering horror from them from the very first, had he entertained the most distant suspicion of their wicked intentions.

With regard to our losses, we never recovered any of the stolen things. Some negroes were taken up on suspicion, but the greater part of them were soon afterwards set free again. Among others was the man whom Mr. Smith had seen on the night of his accidental visit to the Consulate, and of whose identity he was positively certain. This man was detained for a little while longer than the rest; but was, after a short incarceration, set at liberty. From a variety of circumstances, too long and tedious to detail here, it appeared to be very clear that this man was in the Consulate playing at monté, on the very night of Juan's murder and the robbery of the trunks; and altogether there seemed but little doubt (for he was said to be a reckless and desperate character) that he was engaged in the murder. Another of the gang, who it was almost equally certain was also deeply implicated, was not taken up at all. This individual was a slave in a family of high distinction; and it was said —but, of course, I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement—that it was owing to this cir-

cumstance that he was not apprehended; though, we should think, no family would willingly and knowingly harbour a wretch suspected of being guilty of such a crime. This man was pointed out to me afterwards, and a more villanous countenance it would be hardly possible to imagine: of course, one should not trust too much to such outward appearances; but if countenance be any index of the mind, that man must indeed be a monster. He had a terrible scowl, and yet seemed never to dare to raise his eyes to anybody's face. I did all I could in the way of offering handsome rewards, &c., to recover the lost treasures, which V—— and I so deeply valued; and went to the Alcalde, to talk the matter over with him personally. It appeared that nothing was to be done. They have no detective police at the Havana, and the machinery of justice in general seems loose and ineffective: robberies of all kinds are said to be very common there. —But let us turn to a more amusing subject, in a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOVE AND A LANDAU,

&c. &c.

One day, when we were driving along one of those beautiful "paseos" that adorn the Havana so greatly, we saw four old gentlemen taking a drive in a curious old-fashioned carriage, lumbering and frightful; but it would appear, from what I subsequently heard, this carriage is, according to the opinion of its doting owners, the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. Their greatest pride and sweetest pleasure is to drive in it, attended by a footman in a gaudy and over-done livery, on the paseos; and their very existence hangs, as it were, on the rather rough springs of this cherished old rattle-trap. A romantic history is attached —who would suspect it?—to the four old

gentlemen and their venerable-looking vehicle. These señores happen to be four old bachelors, devoted to single-blessedness and a double-seated landau. It is said that, some time since, one of the ancient brotherhood resolved on transferring some portion of his affections from the well-beloved, inanimate cynosure of his thoughts, to a living human being — he determined on marrying. A secret dread of their disapprobation made him act rather clandestinely in this matter, with regard to his brothers; he concealed this divided state of his affections from them. The preliminaries of this matrimonial engagement were satisfactorily arranged, ('twas supposed in the distracted state of his oscillating mind; he, in absent-mood, offered his "*fiancée*" linch-pin money by mistake,) and it became necessary at length to break the true state of affairs to the other brothers. Great was their disgust and consternation. There are people who pretend that they actually ordered the precious carriage to the door a whole quarter of an hour later on that momentous afternoon. Deep was their dismay. Imagine how horrified they must have been at the bare idea of a bodkin, perhaps, thrust into their inimitable carriage; that pos-

sible bodkin was truly a frightful vision! They felt the wretch deserved to be broken alive on the wheel—of the outraged landau! Hardly could they have been more profoundly shocked had you proposed to them to drive tandem, or to desert their sublime conveyance for a dog-cart. They threatened their recreant brother, that if the ill-advised measure took place, he must never again expect to set foot on the venerable steps of the famous old tub: in short, that step would bar him entirely from those steps for ever. They vowed to show him to the door—of the carriage, to banish him from its soft cushions, to allow the sole of his foot no rest upon its tender rug,—they vowed he should be driven from it, and not in it, for aye and evermore. They threatened to drop the curtain—or rather the blind—on the scene of his dearest joys, to hide from his fond eyes the hammer-cloth of his heart,—to bid him behold no more the dicky of his soul,—to deny to him the axletree of his existence, (the only tree beside whose shade he cared to dwell,) to quench for him the side-lamps that illumined his destiny. They swore to tear his heart-strings from the check-strings,—then roughly,

ah! roughly, pulled the viewless check-string of his illusions, stopping him in mid-career, and throwing his high-trotting hopes upon their haunches,—they swore to divide him from the deep boot of his affections, from the spokes of his sighs, the tires of his eyes, the varnish of his vows, the moveable head of his devotion, the patent-grease of his groans, the worsted-lace of all his wishes;—and they vowed to drag him piecemeal from the fair false-lining itself. (Ah! 'twas he that was false, fickle swain! he might then have sung with much effect the quaint little Mexican love-song that Madame Calderon de la Barca tells us of in her charming book—

"Aforrado de mi vida! como estás?
Como te va?" &c.

"Lining of my Life! How are you? How do you do?
How have you passed the night? Have you met with nothing new?"
"Lining of my Life! To thee I'd like to sing,
But that my eyes are weak, and tears might begin to spring!" &c.)

In short, his brothers declared the traitor should be forced to accept the Chiltern Hundreds of the coach-house, and resign his *seat.* Enough! immediately a counter-reso-

lution was taken. They had effectually put the drag on, and stayed his headlong course: his distress might have softened the very footboard, and melted the paint off the panels of the "*coche*," berouged and glaring as it was. Damages for breach of promise of marriage — (if there be such at the Havana) — were nothing to divorce from that delectable vehicular vision of glory and of delight. Love and the landau — good; but Love without the landau — death and fury! it was not to be contemplated for a single moment. And the penitent brother still drives triumphantly about on his four-wheeled throne, and no fifth inmate (which they would all have looked upon as an addition as ridiculously unnecessary and as preposterously supernumerary, as the proverbially-useless fifth wheel to a coach — to their own pet carriage, for instance) disturbs the grace and symmetry of that paragon of equipages. Observe a little that particular brother, leaning, in deep thought apparently, in a corner. Sad vestiges of a scheme frustrated are yet to be marked on his furrowed countenance, more care-worn than the features of the other three. Yet, no—not so; those traces are but of a pro-

found penitence,—traces attached to the carriage, as are those the horses draw it by—"The late remorse of love"—not for the lady, but the landau—has hollowed his cheek and dimmed his eye more than theirs. All are in the "sere and yellow leaf" of life, but *they* are proudly conscious of a virtuous fidelity, untainted by a single fickle wandering thought from the object of their devotion; and are still occasionally inclined to cast suspicious looks at that most disloyal and faithless one, whose heart now, however, is true as the needle to the pole—to the pole of that peerless old pipkin! They may at times feel a contemptuous pity for him, and think in their secret souls "'twas a weak, weak infatuation, and he was run away with by a rash fancy," (an accident never likely to happen to him in that sober ark, with those apoplectic horses, peace to their "manes"—and long tails!) "but he has repented, and is rehabilitated!" You can fancy him exclaiming, as you observe his mildly-lackadaisical expression: "Landau of my life! could I leave thee for any other love?—Preposterous delusion! unaccountable hallucination! Let me wander as thou wanderest, quiver as thou quakest, jog as thou

joggest, and shiver as thou shakest!" As we gazed upon this interesting sight, we observed that the beloved equipage bore some pleasing resemblance to a lord mayor's second-hand or fourth-hand gingerbread coach, open for the nonce.

I had intended, while at the Havana, to visit the interior of the island; but the weather was so broilingly hot, that I was advised to give up the intention. A line of railway forms a communication between the Havana and the centre of the island. It is said to be a capitally constructed road, and admirably worked by English machinery, English engineers, stokers, pokers, and English coals! The pace usually maintained is about thirty miles an hour. Liverpool sends the fuel; Manchester, most likely, supplies the engineers; the engines they have from Newcastle; Birmingham, we may readily suppose, contributes the pokers; while London may probably furnish various accessories to the carriages. Thus escorted, assisted, conveyed, accommodated, and propelled, you journey through sunny fields, golden with myriads of pine-apples, along railroads bordered with hedges

of rich ripe oranges and flowers, through groves of cocoa-nut palms, or the famous palma-real and plantains, and under skies of endless, indescribable tropical glory.

Just at the time of our second visit, Havana was half wild with excitement at the triumph over the Americans — their first triumph, the victory of Cardenas. The "nobles vecinos," a sort of militia raised, I believe, at the time of the alarm, strutted about with cockades in their caps all day; and the military bands played — and beautifully, too — triumphal marches all night. The Cubans have shown themselves brave, loyal, and truly patriotic; and the Spanish troops in the island have displayed the greatest possible intrepidity and fidelity. The Americans mis-"calkilated" amazingly on this occasion. However, it is, I believe, only a very limited number of hot young spirits who have been induced by interested, studied misrepresentations, to engage in this unfortunate enterprise. The United States Government discountenanced it, all the mass of the people of the United States showed disapprobation of it, I am glad to say. For I think a great country should not be, like a great cuttle-fish, spread-

ing forth devouring arms in all directions, to "annex" and to appropriate; and so evidently think the high-minded American people themselves. Their territory will, however, spread and increase, doubtless, enormously; but let it be by the natural course of events, and not by violence.

1851.

I.

BE glad, ye noble minds,—in the archive-scrolls
Of the universal history of the earth,
Ne'er dawned such days!—robed in the imperial stoles
Which Genius' sons don by their right of birth
(They wear the royal purple in their souls).—
Great Minds and Thoughts bless earth with all their worth,
For now Humanity wins loftier hopes
Even in this nether sphere, and seems to rise
Beyond the ignobler aims and pettier scopes
That mocked her oft—a Daughter of the Skies:
Now many a portal for her progress opes,—
Thrown wide for her with all her Majesties.

THEE, Freedom, let us hail, with triumphs rife,
Sweet Peace!—be known for the angel that thou art;
Smile, INDUSTRY! shake Earth with golden strife,
Her rest is on the beatings of thy heart;
Even as a Chief of Earth, a King of Life,
At last thou 'rt hailed, that long wert flung apart:
Too long disguised, thou wert despised and wronged,
But honour meet is shown at length to thee;
And to thy chosen Temple, there have thronged
Thousands and tens of thousands earnestly.
Thou knew'st not such great virtues rare belonged
To thy Estate till this year's jubilee;

Oh! World, through sharpest strifes hast thou arrived
At this fair period of thy peace;—what throes,
What tempests lately, thou hast well survived—
Strange prelude to this fullness of repose,
Within thy heart new wisdom hast thou hived,
And vast experiences,—nor more shalt lose,
Deafened and blinded by fierce noise and glare,—
Yet thus thou learnedst best to see and hear!—
The smoke of battle-fields choked up thine air,—
This taught thee even to breathe more free and clear;
Stretched wert thou on a rack of sick despair,
To be composed into a Calm so dear!
High thoughts have gone up from Thee: it may be
That all such thoughts are links 'twixt thee and Heaven,
And lighten back a hundredfold on thee
From thence, the Glory that they might have given
Ere they upsprang, with passionate soarings free;
Like sun-birds high they sprang, still heavenwards driven,
Up to the heights of heights with tireless wing,
But ne'er to pause, or flutter, or return;
No, still with quenchless zeal they soar and spring,
But glorious tokens of their triumphs burn
Back to thy bosom, and assurance bring
Of their glad victory, which we thus discern.

II.

Yet, Freedom! thy proud name, by wild, rash vows,
Hath been profaned of late: hot blushes deep
Should burn each other out upon their brows
And cheeks, who swore for *thee* they bade outleap

The gory faulchion, and with deadly ploughs
Of cannon-balls scored Earth with furrows steep,
Then soon o'erpast all bounds, and rushed beyond,
Or swerved from thee, and made with hurrying hands
Some wretched Idol, for their worship fond
Of anarchy and hate,—the injurious bands,
They make even *thy* uplifted heart despond,
Blotting thy lights out with their fiery brands,
'Gainst the calm, heavenly architrave they fling,
An hundred Earth-born storms, and dare prevent
The thunder, with the terrors that they bring,
To shake and wrong each ordered Element.
Yet, great souls struggled with them, and did spring
To lead the way, on wings of strong intent.
How was't such evil overcame such good?—
Too sudden, crude, and rash, the movement seemed,
The exotic offspring-enterprise of blood
At fever-heat; when men no longer dreamed
This could not bear, of the altered, sobered mood,
The temperature,—and drooped though suns still beamed,
High thoughts had fallen in showers of fire, such showers
As bring forth wondrous growths from teeming Earth;
Rank crops o' the lightnings flashed to star-like flowers,
But nought of fruit,—they shot to death from birth;
While flushed the treacherous outsides of the hours,
To look like them, and die in dust and dearth;
Still, wild, and strange, and hasty as they were,
They had a task to do, that they have done;
Like yon light clouds, free-floating through the air,
They tempted eyes to follow! and though spun
Of frailest vapour, that can dwell not there,
Thus drew men's eyes to the orient Realms of Sun!

III.

Nations! to wrestle and to work is yours,—
Ye seem to think, to play at being all
Ye deem most glorious, your great end ensures,
(To rise in such rash haste implies a fall)—
If sound and froth, and light sheen that allures
The gaze, make up the Sea,—it should, and shall.
Aye! that blithe child-sport, and that careless play,
Your grand end should and shall ensure, if Seas
Are made up but of froth, and sound, and spray,
But all their strength and depth lies *under* these,
Not tossed in scattering wreaths whose vain array
Gleams dallying with the sunbeam and the breeze.

Late the Oriflamme of the universal soul
Wide-fluttering streamed,—it fluttered as it flew;
Fast did its many-coloured folds unroll,
While Heaven's winds seemed to urge them as they blew.
Part ruled the glorious judgments that control
Mankind, and part the glorious errors, too!—
Full oft akin to virtues rare are they,
As comets wild to stars,—but needing sore
The wholesome help of a judicious sway;
Then should they grow all sound, through grain and core,
And pave with promise new our world's great way,
Shedding fresh lights o'er After and Before.

IV.

Faint not, ye struggling Nations! nor believe
That this fair land, or that, hath earn'd repose:

The difference is but in degree; they heave
With throes of new improvement still: even those
Which seem to ye to boast their long reprieve
From work,—the World's sharp work-day cannot close
'Tis our Condition's glory still to strive:
There is Infinity to do, and Earth
Hath not Eternity in which to live.

Oh, Nations! ye each moment should take birth
Anew unto some higher state,—arrive
At some fresh phase of wisdom or of worth.
* * * * *
No Christian Empire e'er should know an end;
To die were not a suffering, but a crime.
True Christian peoples to thy yoke can bend,
Oh! Death! alone through suicide. Grey Time,
Canst thou wrong Nations which on Heaven depend?—
They still but progress to a loftier prime!
Their graves are graves indeed if they should die.
Not like the separate tombs of mortals—bright
With rays of vision'd immortality,
Turning the gloom to something more than Light;
While that New Life, which men *call* Death, from Sky
To Earth seems streaming on our inner sight.

V.

Not such the graves of Nations! for the death
Of Nations is not sorrow, but a sin,
A scorching sin and shame,—a work of wrath.
Dare they refuse the immortal prize to win,
And ignominiously yield their vast breath
And the great chain unlink—the web unspin?—

The abomination of despair broods then!
No angel sits and watches at *that* Tomb
As at the severed sepulchres of men,
Where dust distinct lies mouldering calm in gloom.
Oh! the Opportunities that ne'er again
Chance brings,—seize, Nations, seize—and overcome!

VI.

Yet for a time may death-like stupor weigh
On ill-starr'd Lands—Communities oppress'd;
And they submit, as 'twere, even with the Clay,
While with the Spirit they do still contest.
But they shall start to life some future day,
To show the spark was *living* in their breast!

VII.

And yes! though hasty the Inspirations were
That lately ruled—a noble work they have done,
And light as cloud-wreaths hovering through the air,
They yet win eyes Earth's dustier paths to shun;
Win them to track their skyey footsteps there,—
Lead them and lift to the azured Realms of Sun!
And well that 'tis so! well, in sooth, it seems
That even such clouds should tempt, from time to time,
Man's fix'd regards from Earth's cold shores and streams,
And the old, dull dealings of its leaden clime.
Well thus to lean towards th'opening light of dreams,
Drawn towards the high-Celestial and Sublime!

Clouds?—Ah! when once the gaze is lured above,
Past them we glance, towards Suns and deathless Stars;
Shower through their veils th' unfading light of love,
Those bright-helm'd conquerors in the skyey wars.
Clouds?—Aye! but pilots of our thoughts they prove;
They point towards Hope's new-promised avatars.
Soar, then, winged Inspirations! soar and burn;
Light, cloud-like ye may be,—but if ye have won
Your pride of place, and taught our eyes to turn
Skywards, to track your flight—nor dared outrun
Due gracious limits—let us look and learn!
Still draw men's eyes to th'orient Realms of Sun!
And well your task—a lofty task, and fair!—
Despite some faults and flaws, shall ye have done.
Men cry, "Yea! still, they glancing through the air,
Tempt eyes to follow them—that stoop to none.
Hail to them!—though *they* fade, *they* perish there,
They draw men's eyes to th'orient Realms of Sun."

LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

00097265

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 March, 2016